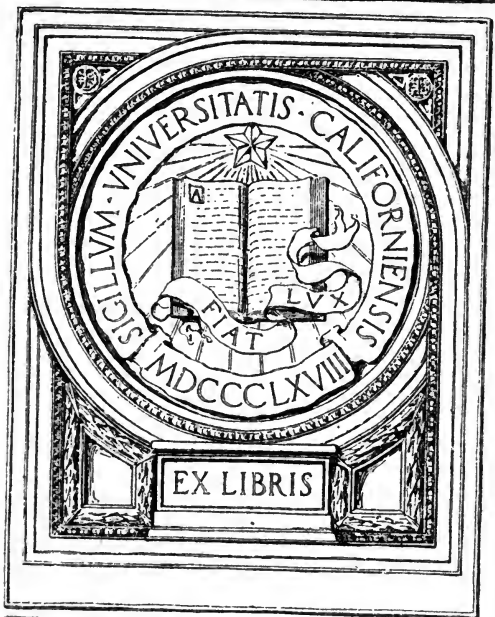
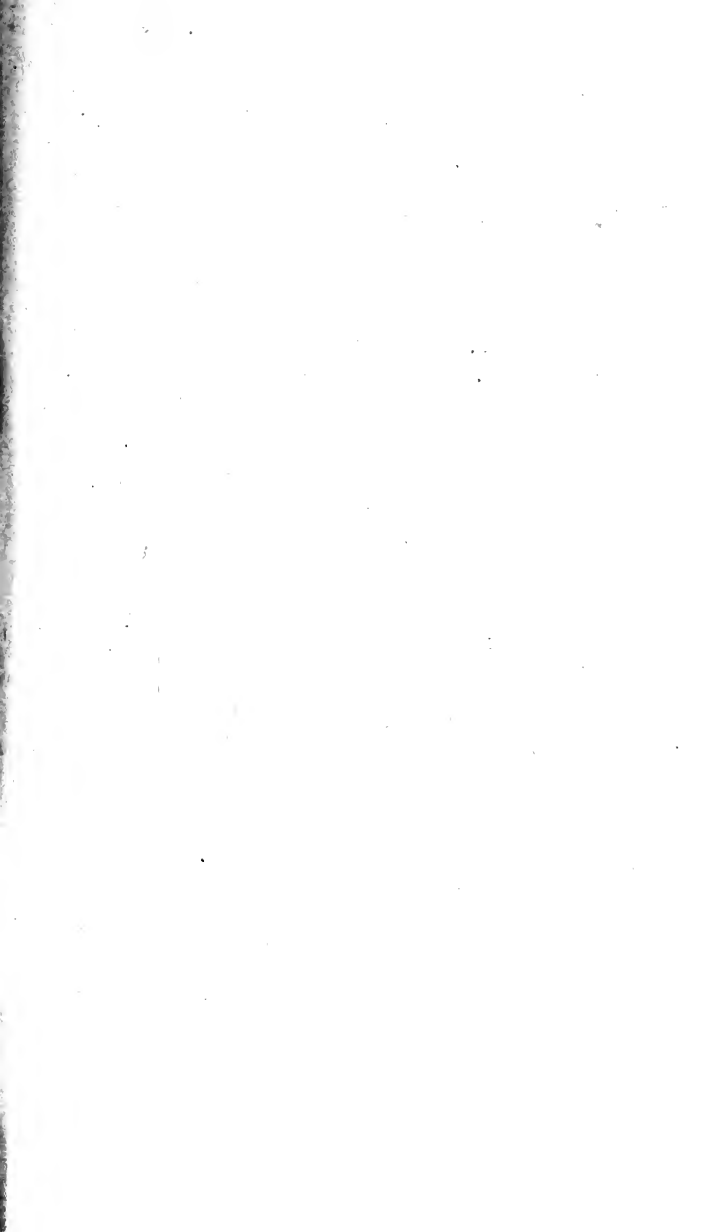


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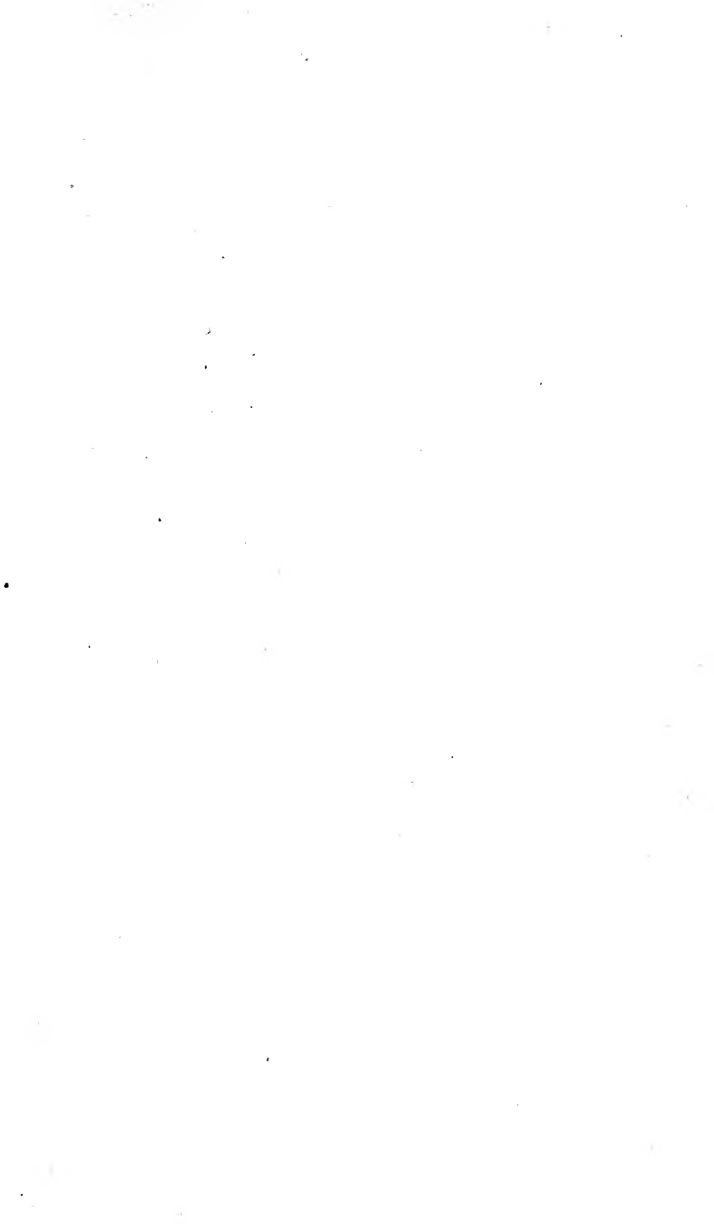


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SPECIMENS
OF
BRITISH POETESSES;

SELECTED

AND CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED,

BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.



LONDON:

T. RODD, 2 GREAT NEWPORT STREET;
S. PROWETT, 23 OLD BOND STREET.

1825.

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PREFACE.

OF the Selections which have been made from the chaos of our past Poetry, the majority has been confined almost entirely to the writings of men; and from the great Collections of the English Poets, where so many worthless compositions find a place, the productions of women have been carefully excluded. The small quantity of female effusions, and their concealment in obscure publications, have perhaps contributed to this neglect; and the object of the present volume is to exhibit the growth and progress of the genius of our country-women in the department of Poetry.

It is true that the grander inspirations of the Muse have not been often breathed into

the softer frame. The magic tones which have added a new existence to the heart—the tremendous thoughts which have impressed a successive stamp on the fluctuation of ages, and which have almost changed the character of nations,—these have not proceeded from woman; but her sensibility, her tenderness, her grace, have not been lost nor misemployed: her genius has gradually risen with the opportunities which facilitated its ascent.

The inglorious toils of compilation seldom excite the gratitude of readers, who only require to be amused, and are indifferent as to what has passed behind the scenes in the preparation of their entertainment; but we feel an honest satisfaction in the reflection, that our tedious chase through the jungles of forgotten literature must procure to this undertaking the good-will of our countrywomen. In the course of future centuries, new Anthologies will be formed, more interesting and more exquisite than our own, because the human mind, and, above all,

the female mind, is making a rapid advance ; but our work will never be deprived of the happy distinction of being one of the first that has been entirely consecrated to women.

The present volume was planned, and partly executed, before we were aware of the existence of perhaps the only similar publication in the language,—viz. *Poëms by Eminent Ladies*, in two small volumes, printed in 1755, and edited, as we have understood, by Colman and Bonnel Thornton. It contains, however, no extracts from rare books, in which our own Selection is so rich, and exhibits specimens of only eighteen Poetesses. A reprint of it appeared without a date, probably about 1780, with some alterations, and a few additional poems.

The modern orthography, which has been used by the best editors, Ellis and others, has been adopted throughout the following pages, except in the specimens of the first five authoresses,—in Queen Elizabeth's version of the XIVth Psalm,—and in the extract from Elizabeth Melvill's poem.

To the kindness of Mr. DAVID LAING, of Edinburgh, we are indebted for several communications, without which our work would have been much less perfect than it is.

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SPECIMENS
OF
BRITISH POETESSES.

JULIANA BERNERS,

Flourished about 1460.*

This female, daughter of Sir James Berners, of Roding-Berners, in Essex, knight, and sister of Richard Lord Berners, was prioress of the nunnery of Sopwell. She wrote three tracts on *Hawking*, *Hunting*, and *Armory* or *Heraldry*, which were first printed in the neighbouring monastery of St. Albans. "From an abbess disposed to turn author," says Warton, (*Hist. of English Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 172), "we might more reasonably have expected a manual of meditations for the closet, or select rules for making salves, or distilling strong waters. But the diversions of the field†

* According to Bale. See the *Prolegomena* to Mr. Haslewood's edition of her Works. Warton says, she wrote about 1481.

† That she followed the chase is by no means certain.

were not thought inconsistent with the character of a religious lady of this eminent rank, who resembled an abbot in respect of exercising an extensive manorial jurisdiction, and who hawked and hunted in common with other ladies of distinction.....The second of these treatises is written in rhyme. It is spoken in her own person; in which, being otherwise a woman of authority, she assumes the title of dame. I suspect the whole to be a translation from the French and Latin. The barbarism of the times strongly appears in the indelicate expressions which she often uses; and which are equally incompatible with her sex and profession."

The Opening of her Poem.

Mi dere sones, where ye fare, be frith, or by fell,
 Take good hede in his tyme how Tristrem wol tell;
 How many maner bestes of venery there were,
 Listenes now to oure Dame, and ye shullen here.
 Ffowre maner bestes of venery there are,
 The first of hem is a hert, the second is an hare;
 The boor is one of tho,
 The wolff, and no mo.
 And whereso ye comen in play or in place,
 Now shal I tel you which ben bestes of chace;
 One of tho a buk, another a doo,
 The ffox, and the marteryn, and the wilde roo;

And ye shall, my dere sones, other bestes all,
 Where so ye hem finde, rascall hem call,
 In frith or in fell,
 Or in fforest, y yow tell.
 And to speke of the hert, if ye wil hit lere,
 Ye shall cal him a calfe al the first yere;
 The seconde yere a broket, so shal he be,
 The third yere a spayard, lerneth this at me;
 The iiii yere calles hem a stagge, be eny way
 The fift yere a grete stagge, my dame bade you
 say.

The foregoing lines of Juliana's very curious production are quoted by Warton,* (H. of E. P.) from a MS. in the Bodleian, which differs considerably from the printed copies. The following specimen is given from Mr. Haslewood's beautiful reprint of *The Book of St. Albans, printed at Westminster, by Wynkyn de Worde, 1496.*

The season of the boore is from the Natyvyte,
 Tyll the purificacōn of our lady soo fre.
 For at the Natyvyte of our lady swete,
 He may fynde where he gooth onder his fete,

* Since the above transcript from Warton's work was made, I have found that the early part of the same MS. is quoted by Mr. Haslewood, with some variations; and, as I have no doubt that Mr. H. has given it most correctly, I have altered my specimen according to his text.

Bothe in wodes and feldes, corne and other frute,
Whan he after foode makyth ony sute:
Crabbes and oke cornes, and nottes there they
grow,
Hawys and hepes, and other thynges ynow:
That tyll the puryfycacōn lastyth as ye se,
And makyth the boore in season to be,
For whyle that fruyte maye laste, his tyme is
never paste.

QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN,

Born 1507, died 1536.

To this ill-fated queen the following verses have been ascribed. See the *History of Music*, vol. iii. p. 30. by Sir John Hawkins, who says, they were communicated to him by "a very judicious antiquary, lately deceased."

DEFILED is my name full sore,
Through cruel spyte and false report,
That I may say for evermore,
Farewell, my joy! adiewe, comfort!
For wrongfully ye judge of me,
Unto my fame a mortall wounde;
Say what ye lyst, it will not be,
Ye seek for that can not be found.

O death! rocke me on slepe,
Bringe me on quiet reste;
Let passe my verye guiltless goste
Out of my careful brest:
Toll on the passinge bell,
Ringe out the doleful knell,
Let the sounde my dethe tell,

For I must dye,
There is no remedy,
For now I dye.

My paynes who can expres?
Alas! they are so stronge,
My dolor will not suffer strength
My lyfe for to prolonge:
Toll on the passinge bell, &c.

Alone, in prison stronge,
I wayle my destenye;
Wo worth this cruel hap that I
Should taste this miserye.
Toll on the passinge bell, &c.

Farewell my pleasures past,
Welcum my present payne;
I fele my torments so increse,
That lyfe cannot remayne.
Cease now the passinge bell,
Rong is my doleful knell,
For the sound my deth doth tell;
Death doth draw nye,
Sound my end dolefully,
For now I dye.

ANNE ASKEWE,

Born about 1520, died 1546.

This glorious martyr, on account of the following production, is numbered among writers of poetry, by Phillips, in the *Theatrum Poetarum*; and by Ritson, in the *Bibliographia Poetica*.

The Balade whych Anne Askewe made and sange whan she was in Newgate. (At the end of "The lattare examinacyon of Anne Askewe, latelye martyred in Smythfelde, by the wycked Synagoge of Antichrist, with the Elucydacyon of Johan Bale." B. L.)

LYKE as the armed knyght
Appoynted to the fielde,
With thys world wyll I fyght,
And fayth shall be my shielde.

Faythe is that weapon stronge
Whych wyll not fayle at nede;
My foes therfor amonge
Therwith wyll I procede.

As it is had in strengthe
And force of Christes waye,
It wyll prevayle at lengthe,
Though all the devyls saye naye.

Faythe in the fathers olde
Obtayned ryghtwysnesse,
Whych make me verye bolde
To feare no worldes dystresse.

I now rejoyce in hart,
And hope byd me do so,
For Christ wyll take my part,
And ease me of my wo.

Thu sayst, Lorde, whoso knocke,
To them wylt thou attende;
Undo therfor the locke,
And thy stronge power sende.

More enmyes now I have
Than heeres upon my heed;
Lete them not me deprave,
But fyght thou in my steed.

On the my care I cast,
For all their cruell spyght,

I sett not by their hast,
For thu art my delyght.

I am not she that lyst
My anker to lete fall,
For everye dryslynge myst,
My shyppe substancyall.

Not oft use I to wryght
In prose nor yet in ryme,
Yet wyll I shewe one syght
That I sawe in my tyme.

I saw a ryall trone
Where Justyce shuld have sytt,
But in her stede was one
Of modye cruell wytt.

Absorpt was rygtwysnesse
As of the ragynge floude;
Sathan in hys excesse
Sucte up the gyltelesse bloude.

Then thought I, Jesus, Lorde,
Whan thu shalt judge us all,
Harde is it to recorde
On these men what wyll fall.

Yet, Lorde, I the desyre,
For that they do to me,
Lete them not taste the hyre
Of their inyquyte.

ANONYMOUS AUTHORESS.

In the University Library of Edinburgh, is a MS. volume, (presented by Drummond the poet, in the year 1627,) entitled "The Triumphs of the most famous Poet, Mr. Frances Petrarke, translated out of italian into inglish by Mr. Wm. Foular, P. of Hauicke," and dedicated "to the right honorable and most verteous Ladye Jeane Fleming, Ladye Thirlstaine," &c. 12 Decr. 1587.

Among the commendatory sonnets prefixed to it are two by a lady, E. D. The following is one of them.

E. D. in praise of Mr. WM. FOULAR her freind.

THE glorious Greiks dous praise thair Homer's
quill,
And citeis sevin dous strywe quhair he was borne;
The Latins dous of Virgill vant at will;
And Sulmo thinks her Ovid dous adorne;
The Spanzoll laughs (sawe Lucan) all to scorne,
And France for Ronsard stands, and settis him
owt;
The better sort for Bartas blawis the horne;
And Ingland thinks thair Surrye first but dout.

To praise thair owen these countreis gois about ;
Italians lyke Petrarcha's noble grace,
Who well deserwis first place amang that rout :
Bot Foular thow dois now thame all deface ;
No vantage Grece nor Romane now will strywe,
Thay all do yeild sen Foular doith arrywe.

ANNE, COUNTESS OF OXFORD,

..... died 1588,

Was the eldest daughter of Lord Burleigh. At the age of fifteen, she married Edward Vere, earl of Oxford.

In Soothern's *Diana*, are "Foure Epytaphes made by the countes of Oxenford, after the death of her young sonne, the lord Bulbecke, &c." The following is one of them; and Mr. Park (who has reprinted it in his edition of the R. and N. authors,) justly observes, that "it so much resembles the style of Soothern, that it may almost be suspected of being tricked out by his incomprehensible pen."

HAD with moorning the gods left their willes
undon,

They had not so soone herited such a soule :

Or if the mouth Tyme did not glotten up all,

Nor I, nor the world, were depriv'd of my sonne,
Whose brest Venus, with a face dolefull and
milde,

Dooth wash with golden teares, inveying the
skies ;

And when the water of the goddesses eyes
Makes almost alive the marble of my childe;

One byds her leave styll her dollor so extreme,
Telling her—it is not her young sonne Pa-
pHEME!

To which she makes aunswer, with a voice in-
flamed,

(Feeling therewith her venime to be more bitter)

“As I was of Cupid, even so of it, mother;
And a woman’s last chylde is the most beloved.”

QUEEN ELIZABETH,

Born 1533, died 1603.

The desire of shining as a poetess was one of the weaknesses of this illustrious queen; and her vanity, no doubt, made her regard as tributes justly paid, the extravagant praises, which the courtiers, and writers of her age, lavished on her royal ditties.

With the exception of her translation of *the speech of the Chorus in the second act of the Hercules Ætæus of Seneca*, (a long and tedious piece of fustian in blank verse, which is printed in Park's edition of Walpole's R. and N. authors,) the reader is here presented with the entire poetical remains of the "Flower of Troynovant;" they have never, I believe, been collected till now.

Verses written with Charcoal on a Shutter, at Woodstock.

[Preserved by Hentzner.]

OH Fortune! how thy restless wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled wit!
Witness this present prison, whither fate
* Could bear me, and the joys I quit:

* *Could bear* is an ancient idiom, equivalent to *did bear*, or *hath borne*.—PERCY.

Thou causedest the guilty to be loos'd
 From bands, wherein are innocents inclos'd :
 Causing the guiltless to be strait reserv'd,
 And freeing those that death had well deserv'd.
 But by her envy can be nothing wrought,
 So God send to my foes all they have thought.

ELIZABETH, Prisoner.

A. D. MDLV.

SONNET.

The following verses are preserved by Puttenham in his Art of English Poesy. "I find," says he, "none example in English metre, so well maintaining this figure [Exargasia, or the Gorgeous] as that ditty of her Majesty's own making, passing sweet and harmonical; which figure being, as his very original name purporteth, the most beautiful and gorgeous of all others, it asketh in reason to be reserved for a last compliment, and decyphered by a lady's pen, herself being the most beautiful, or rather beauty of queens. And this was the occasion: our sovereign lady perceiving how the Scottish queen's residence within this realm, at so great liberty and ease (as were scarce meet for so great and dangerous a prisoner,) bred secret factions among her people, and made many of the nobility incline to favour her party; some of them desirous of innovation in the state; others aspiring to greater fortunes by her liberty and life. The queen, our sovereign lady, to

declare that she was nothing ignorant of those secret practices, though she had long, with great wisdom and patience, dissembled it, writeth this ditty, most sweet and sententious, not hiding from all such aspiring minds the danger of their ambition and disloyalty; which afterward fell out most truly by the exemplary chastisement of sundry persons, who, in favour of the said Scottish queen, declining from her majesty, sought to interrupt the quiet of the realm by many evil and undutiful practices."

THE doubt of future foes
 Exiles my present joy,
 And wit me warns to shun such snares
 As threaten mine annoy.
 For falsehood now doth flow,
 And subject faith doth ebb;
 Which would not be if reason rul'd,
 Or wisdom weav'd the web.
 But clouds of toys untried
 Do cloak aspiring minds;
 Which turn to rain of late repent,
 By course of changed winds.
 The top of hope suppos'd
 The root of ruth will be;
 And fruitless all their grafted guiles,
 As shortly ye shall see.
 Then dazzled eyes with pride,
 Which great ambition blinds,

Shall be unseal'd by worthy wights,
 Whose foresight falsehood finds.
 *The daughter of debate,
 That eke discord doth sow,
 Shall reap no gain where former rule
 Hath taught still peace to grow.
 No foreign banish'd wight
 Shall anchor in this port;

* *The daughter of debate*—Mary, queen of Scots. The following *Farewell to France*, written by that lovely, unfortunate, but surely not guiltless woman, will shew how much her poetical powers were superior to those of Elizabeth :

Adieu, plaisant pays de France,
 O ma patrie
 La plus chérie,
 Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance !
 Adieu, France ! adieu, mes beaux jours !
 La nef qui dejoint mes amours
 N'a cy de moi que la moitié ;
 Une parte t'en reste ; elle est tienne ;
 Je la fie a ton amitié
 Pour que de l'autre il te souviene.

We are told in various publications, which echo the account of Tanner, that Mary composed verses in the Scotch language ; but as her knowledge of that tongue was very imperfect, such statements are of no authority.

Our realm it brooks no strangers' force,
Let them elsewhere resort.
Our rusty sword with rest
Shall first his edge employ,
Shall poll their tops that seek
Such change, and gape for joy.

*Verses from a Manuscript in the Ashmolean
Museum.*

[It is doubtful on what subject these lines were written,
the words after the signature being half obliterated.
See Headley's *Anc. Eng. Poet.*, where, I think, they
first appeared in print.]

1.

I GRIEVE, and dare not show my discontent;
I love, and yet am forc'd to seem to hate;
I do, yet dare not say I ever meant;
I seem stark mute, but inwardly do prate:
I am, and not; I freeze, and yet am burn'd,
Since from myself, my other self I turn'd.

2.

My care is like my shadow in the sun,
Follows me flying, flies when I pursue it;

Stands and lies by me, does what I have done ;
 This too familiar care does make me rue it :
 No means I find to rid him from my breast,
 Till by the end of things it be suppress.

3.

Some gentler passions slide into my mind,
 For I am soft, and made of melting snow ;
 Or be more cruel, Love, and so be kind,
 Let me or float or sink, be high or low :
 Or let me live with some more sweet content,
 Or die, and so forget what love e'er meant.

Signed, “ *Finis, Eliza. Regina*, upon
 Moun.....’s departure,” Ashmol.
 Mus. MSS. 6969 (781), p. 142.

*Epitaph, made by the Queen’s Majesty, at the
 Death of the Princess of ESPINOYE.*

[From Soothern’s *Diana*.]

WHEN the warriour Phœbus go’th to make his
 round,
 With a painful course, to t’other hemisphere,
 A dark shadow, a great horror, and a fear,
 In I know not what clouds environ the ground.

And even so for Pinoy, that fair virtuous lady,
 (Although Jupiter have in this horizon
 Made a star of her, by the Ariadnan crown,)
 Mourns, dolour, and grief, accompany our body.
 O Atropos! thou hast done a work perverst!
 And as a bird, that hath lost both young and nest
 About the place where it was, makes many a turn;
 Even so doth Cupid, that infant god of amore,
 Fly about the tomb where she lies all in dolore,
 Weeping for her eyes, wherein he made sojourn.

The XIIIJ Psalme of DAVID, called Dixit insipiens; touched afore of my Lady ELIZABETH.

[Printed at the end of her translation of the *Godly Meditation* of the queen of Navarre. In this Psalm I have retained the old orthography, which could not have been altered without injury to the rhyme in two places.]

FOOLES, that true fayth yet never hod,
 Sayth, in their hartes, There is no God!
 Fylthy they are in their practyse,
 Of them not one is godly wyse.
 From heaven the Lorde on man ded loke,
 To knowe what wayes he undertoke:
 All they were vayne, and went a straye,
 Not one he founde in the ryght waye;

In harte and tunge have they deceyte,
Their lyppes throwe fourth a poysened beyte;
Their myndes are mad, their mouthes are wode,
And swyft they be in shedynge blode.
So blynde they are, no truth they knowe,
No feare of God in them wyll growe.
How can that cruell sort be good,
Of God's dere folcke whych sucke the blood?
On hym ryghtly shall they not call,
Dyspayre wyll so their hartes appall.
At all tymes God is with the just,
Bycause they put in hym their trust:
Who shall therefor from Syon geve
That helthe whych hangeth in our beleve;
Whan God shall take from hys the smart,
Than will Jacob rejoyce in hart.

Prayse to God.

*ELIZABETH'S Answer to a Popish Priest, who
pressed her to declare her Opinion concerning
the Corporeal Presence.*

CHRIST was the Word that spake it;
He took the bread, and brake it:
And what that Word did make it,
That I believe, and take it.

A Rebus on MR. NOEL.

THE word of *denial*, and letter of *fifty*,
Is that gentleman's name that will never be thrifty.

Characters of Four Knights of Nottinghamshire.

Gervase the gentle, Stanhope the stout,
Markham the lion, and Sutton the lout.

Lines written in defiance of Fortune.

Never think you, Fortune can bear the sway,
Where Virtue's force can cause her to obey.

*An English Hexameter, composed in Imitation of
SIR P. SIDNEY.*

Persius, a crab-staff; bawdy Martial; Ovid, a fine
wag.

Sir Walter Raleigh having written on a window,
Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall;
Elizabeth wrote under it,
If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all.

ELIZABETH MELVILL,

Was daughter of Sir James Melvill of Halhill, and wife of Colvill of Culross. She wrote *Ane Godlie Dreame, compylit in Scottish Meter*, the first edition of which appeared at Edinburgh, 1603, 4to. In a volume of Various Poetry, in the British Museum, is an edition of her poem, printed at Aberdeen in 1644, "by E. Raban, Laird of letters:" Beloe, (*Anecdotes of Lit.*) speaking of this edition, observes, that "perhaps no printer or publisher, before or since, has assumed so strange and singular a title as Mr. Raban." I find in the same volume of V. P. an edition of *The Cherrie and the Slae*, printed in 1645, by the said Raban, who again styles himself "Laird of letters."

The following specimen of *Ane Godlie Dreame* is given from the first edition. In later editions the language has been Anglicised.

I LUIKIT down and saw ane pit most black,
Most full of smock, and flaming fyre most fell;
That vglie sicht maid mee to flie aback,
I feirit to heir so many shout and yell:
I him besocht that hee the treuth wald tell—
Is this, said I, the Papists' purging place,
Quhair they affirme that sillie saulles do dwell,
To purge thair sin, befor they rest in peace?

The braine of man maist warlie did invent
That Purging place, he answerit mee againe :
For grediness together they consent
To say that saulles in torment mon remaine,
Till gold and gudes releif them of thair paine.
O spytfull spreits that did the same begin !
O blindit beists, your thochts ar all in vaine,
My blude alone did saif thy saull from sin.

This Pit is Hell, quhairthrow thou now mon go.
Thair is thy way that leids thee to the land :
Now play the man, thou neids not trimbill so,
For I sall help and hald thee by the hand.
Allace ! said I, I have na force to stand,
For feir I faint to sie that vglie sicht :
How can I cum among that bailfull band ?
O help mee now, I have na force nor micht !

Oft have I heard, that they that enters thair,
In this greit golfe, sall never cum againe :
Curage, said hee, have I not bocht thee deir ?
My precious blude it was nocht shed in vaine.
I saw this place, my saull did taist this paine,
Or ever I went into my Father's gloir ;
Throw mon thou go, bot thou sall not remaine,
Thou neids not feir, for I sall go befor.

I am content to do thy haill command,
Said I againe, and did him fast imbrace :
Then lovenglie he held mee be the hand,
And in wee went into that feirfull place.
Hald fast thy grip, said hee, in any cace
Let mee not slip, quhat ever thou sall sie ;
Dreid not the deith, bot stoutlie forwart preis,
For Deith nor Hell sall never vanquish thee.

His words sa sweit did cheir my heavie hairt,
Incontinent I cuist my cair asyde :
Curage, said hee, play not ane cowart's part,
Thocht thou be waik, zit in my strenth confyde.
I thocht me blist to have sa gude ane guyde,
Thocht I was waik, I knew that he was strang ;
Under his wings I thocht me for to hyde,
Gif anie thair sould preis to do mee wrang.

Into that Pit, quhen I did enter in,
I saw an sicht quhilk maid my heart agast,—
Puir damnit saullis, tormentit sair for sin
In flaming fyre, war frying wonder fast :
And vglie spreits, and as we thocht them past,
My heart grew faint, and I begouth to tyre ;
Or I was war, ane gripit mee at last,
And held me heich above ane flaming fyre.

The fyre was greit, the heit did peirs me sair,
My faith grew waik, my grip was wonderous small,
I trimbellit fast, my feir grew mair and mair,
My hands did shaik, that I him held withall.
At length thay lousit, than they begouth to fall,
I cryet, O Lord ! and caught him fast againe,
Lord Jesus, cum, and red mee out of thrall :
Curage, said he, now thou art past the paine.

With this greit feir, I stackerit and awoke,
Crying, O Lord ! Lord Jesus, cum againe :
Bot efter this no kynde of rest I tuke,
I preisit to sleip, bot that was all in vaine.
I wald have dreamit of pleasur efter paine,
Becaus I knaw I sall it finde at last :
God grant my guyde may still with mee remaine,
It is to cum that I beleifit was past.

LADY ELIZABETH CAREW,

Is understood to be the authoress of *The tragedy of Mariam, the fair queen of Jewry, written by that learned, virtuous, and truly noble lady, E. C. 1613.*

In the MS. Notes of Oldys on Langbaine, in the British Museum, I find the following observation concerning her: "I believe her name should be spelt Cary, for John Davis of Hereford dedicates his *Muses' Sacrifice, or Divine Meditations*, to the noble and renowned ladies, darlings as well as patronesses of the Muses, Lucy, Countess of Bedford, Mary, Countess dowager of Pembroke, and Elizabeth, Lady Cary, wife of Sir Henry Cary, printed 12mo. 1612: and in the poetical dedication there are four or five stanzas upon her, wherein it appears that Davis was a writing-master; she had been his scholar," &c.

Chorus in Act III. of MARIAM.

"Tis not enough for one that is a wife
To keep her spotless from an act of ill;
But from suspicion she should free her life,
And bare herself of power as well as will.
"Tis not so glorious for her to be free,
As by her proper self restrain'd to be.

When she hath spacious ground to walk upon,
Why on the ridge should she desire to go?
It is no glory to forbear alone

Those things that may her honour overthrow:
But 'tis thankworthy, if she will not take
All lawful liberties for honour's sake.

That wife her hand against her fame doth rear,
That more than to her lord alone will give
A private word to any second ear;
And though she may with reputation live,
Yet tho' most chaste, she doth her glory blot,
And wounds her honour, tho' she kills it not.

When to their husbands they themselves do
bind,
Do they not wholly give themselves away?
Or give they but their body, not their mind,
Reserving that, tho' best, for others' prey?
No, sure, their thoughts no more can be their own,
And therefore should to none but one be known.

Then she usurps upon another's right,
That seeks to be by public language grac'd;
And tho' her thoughts reflect with purest light
Her mind, if not peculiar, is not chaste.
For in a wife it is no worse to find
A common body, than a common mind.

And every mind, tho' free from thought of ill,
That out of glory seeks a worth to show,
When any's ears but one therewith they fill,
Doth in a sort her pureness overthrow.
Now Mariam had (but that to this she bent)
Been free from fear, as well as innocent.

Chorus in Act IV.

The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie.
And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said,
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,
To yield to worth it must be nobly done;
But if of baser metal be his mind,
In base revenge there is no honour won.
Who would a worthy courage overthrow,
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe?

We say our hearts are great and cannot yield;
Because they cannot yield, it proves them
poor;

Great hearts are task'd beyond their power, but
seld

The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
Truth's school for certain doth this same allow,
High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn,
To scorn to owe a duty overlong ;
To scorn to be for benefits forborne,
To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong.
To scorn to bear an injury in mind,
To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind ;
Do we his body from our fury save;
And let our hate prevail against our mind ?
What can, gainst him a greater vengeance be,
Than make his foe more worthy far than he ?

Had Mariam scorn'd to leave a due unpaid,
She would to Herod then have paid her love ;
And not have been by sullen passion sway'd.
To fix her thoughts all injury above
Is virtuous pride. Had Mariam thus been proud,
Long famous life to her had been allow'd.

MARY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE,

..... died 1621.

This lady, born about the middle of the sixteenth century, was the sister of the all-accomplished Sir Philip Sidney, who dedicated to her his *Arcadia*; and she is mentioned by Spenser, as

“most resembling, both in shape and spirit,
Her brother dear.”

Of her poetry, various elegant specimens remain, and many writers have recorded her generous patronage of literary men.

A translation of the Psalms, the joint labour of Sir Philip Sidney and the Countess of Pembroke, was first printed in 1823.

*A Dialogue between two Shepherds, THENOT and
PIERS, in praise of ASTREA.*

[From DAVISON'S *Poetical Rhapsody*.]

THENOT.

I SING divine Astrea's praise,
O Muses! help my wits to raise,
And heave my verses higher.

PIERS.

Thou need'st the truth but plainly tell,
Which much I doubt thou can'st not well,
Thou art so oft a liar.

THENOT.

If in my song no more I shew,
Than heaven, and earth, and sea do know,
Then truly I have spoken.

PIERS.

Sufficeth not no more to name ;
But being no less, the like, the same,
Else laws of truth be broken.

THENOT.

Then say, she is so good, so fair,
With all the earth she may compare,
Not Momus' self denying.

PIERS.

Compare may think where likeness holds,
Nought like to her the earth enfolds,
I look'd to find you lying.

THENOT.

Astrea sees with Wisdom's sight,
Astrea works by Virtue's might,
And jointly both do stay in her.

PIERS.

Nay, take from them, her hand, her mind ;
The one is lame, the other blind :
Shall still your lying stain her ?

THENOT.

Soon as Astrea shews her face,
Straight every ill avoids the place,
And every good aboundeth.

PIERS.

Nay long before her face doth shew,
The last doth come, the first doth go,
How loud this lie resoundeth.

THENOT.

Astrea is our chiefest joy,
Our chiefest guard against annoy,
Our chiefest wealth, our treasure.

PIERS.

Where chiefest are, there others be,
To us none else but only she ;
When wilt thou speak in measure ?

THENOT.

Astrea may be justly said,
A field in flowery robe array'd,
In season freshly springing.

PIERS.

That spring endures but shortest time,
This never leaves Astrea's clime ;
Thou liest instead of singing.

THENOT.

As heavenly light that guides the day,
Right so doth shine each lovely ray,
That from Astrea flieth.

PIERS.

Nay, darkness oft that light inclouds,
Astrea's beams no darkness shrouds ;
How loudly Thenot lieth !

THENOT.

Astrea rightly term I may,
A manly palm, a maiden bay,
Her verdure never dying.

PIERS.

Palm oft is crooked, bay is low ;
She still upright, still high doth grow ;
Good Thenot leave thy lying !

THENOT.

Then Piers, of friendship tell me why,
My meaning true, my words should lie,
And strive in vain to raise her ?

PIERS.

Words from conceit do only rise,
Above conceit her honour flies ;
But silence, nought can praise her.

CHORUS.

From *the Tragedy of ANTONY*,—done into English by the Countess of PEMBROKE, 1595.

THE boiling tempest still
Makes not sea-waters foam,
Nor still the northern blast
Disquiets quiet streams,
Nor who, his chest to fill,
Sails to the morning beams,
On waves wind tosseth fast,
Still keeps his ship from home.

Nor Jove still down doth cast,
Inflam'd with bloody ire,
On man, on tree, on hill,
His darts of thundering fire:
Nor still the heat doth last
On face of parched plain,
Nor wrinkled cold doth still
On frozen furrows reign.

But still as long as we
In this low world remain,
Mishaps, our daily mates,
Our lives do entertain;

And woes which bear no dates,
Still perch upon our heads ;
None go, but straight will be
Some greater in their steads.

Nature made us not free,
When first she made us live :
When we began to be,
To be began our woe ;
Which growing evermore,
As dying life doth grow,
Do more and more us grieve,
And tire us more and more.

O blest who never breath'd,
Or whom, with pity mov'd,
Death from his cradle reav'd,
And swaddled in his grave.
And blessed also he
(As curse may blessing have)
Who low, and living free,
No prince's charge hath prov'd.

By stealing sacred fire,
Prometheus, then unwise,
Provoking Gods to ire,
The heap of ills did stur ;

And sickness, pale and cold,
Our end which onward spur
To plague our hands, too bold,
To filch the wealth of skies.

In heaven's hate since then,
Of ill with ill enchain'd,
We race of mortal men
Full fraught our breasts have borne ;
And thousand, thousand woes
Our heavenly souls now thorn,
Which free before from those,
No earthly passion pain'd.

War and war's bitter cheer
Now long time with us stay,
And fear of hated foe
Still still encreaseth sore.
Our harms worse daily grow :
Less yesterday they were
Than now, and will be more
To-morrow than to-day.

LADY MARY WROTH,

Daughter of Robert Earl of Leicester, (a younger brother of Sir P. Sidney), and wife of Sir Robert Wroth, is only remembered now as the distinguished female, to whom Ben Jonson dedicated *the Alchemist*; but, in her day, she enjoyed considerable reputation as authoress of the *Urania*, a romance interspersed with poetry, published in 1621.

SONG.

Who can blame me, if I love?
Since Love before the world did move.
When I lov'd not, I despair'd,
Scarce for handsomeness I car'd;
Since so much I am refin'd,
As new fram'd of state and mind,
Who can blame me if I love,
Since Love before the world did move?

Some in truth of Love beguil'd,
Have him blind and childish stil'd;
But let none in these persist,
Since so judging judgment mist.
Who can blame me?

Love in chaos did appear :
When nothing was, yet he seem'd clear :
Nor when light could be descried,
To his crown a light was tied.
Who can blame me ?

Love is truth, and doth delight,
Whereas Honour shines most bright :
Reason's self doth Love approve,
Which makes us ourselves to love.
Who can blame me ?

Could I my past time begin,
I would not commit such sin,
To live an hour, and not to love ;
Since Love makes us perfect prove.
Who can blame me ?

SONG.

LOVE, a child, is ever crying ;
Please him, and he straight is flying ;
Give him, he the more is craving,
Never satisfied with having.



His desires have no measure ;
Endless folly is his treasure ;
What he promiseth he breaketh ;
Trust not one word that he speaketh.

He vows nothing but false matter ;
And to cozen you will flatter ;
Let him gain the hand, he'll leave you,
And still glory to deceive you.

He will triumph in your wailing ;
And yet cause be of your failing :
These his virtues are, and slighter
Are his gifts, his favours lighter.

Fathers are as firm in staying ;
Wolves no fiercer in their preying :
As a child then, leave him crying ;
Nor seek him so given to flying.

ANNE, COUNTESS OF ARUNDEL,

..... died 1630,

Was the sister of Thomas, last Lord Dacre, and married Philip, Earl of Arundel, who died in the Tower, 1595. The following verses, written by her on the cover of a letter, have been preserved by Mr. Lodge, (*Illustr. of Brit. Hist. vol. iii.*), who is of opinion that they were called forth by the death of her husband.

In sad and ashy weeds I sigh,
I groan, I pine, I mourn;
My oaten yellow reeds I all
To jet and ebon turn.
My watery eyes, like winter's skies,
My furrow'd cheeks o'erflow:
All heavens know why, men mourn as I,
And who can blame my woe?

In sable robes of night my days
Of joy consumed be,
My sorrow sees no light; my lights
Through sorrow nothing see:

For now my sun his course hath run,
And from his sphere doth go
To endless bed of folded lead,
And who can blame my woe?

My flocks I now forsake, that so
My sheep my grief may know;
The lilies loth to take, that since
His death, presum'd to grow.
I envy air, because it dare
Still breathe, and he not so;
Hate earth, that doth entomb his youth,
And who can blame my woe?

Not I, poor I alone—(alone
How can this sorrow be?)
Not only men make moan, but more
Than men make moan with me:
The gods of greens, the mountain queens,
The fairy circled row,
The Muses nine, and Powers divine,
Do all condole my woe.

DIANA PRIMROSE.

A Chain of Pearl, or a Memorial of the peerless Graces, and heroic Virtues of Queen Elizabeth, of glorious memory, composed by the noble lady, Diana Primrose, London, 1630,—is a tract of twelve pages. The Pearls which form the Chain are, the Religion, Chastity, Prudence, Temperance, Clemency, Justice, Fortitude, Science, Patience, and Bounty of her majesty.

The fourth Pearl.

TEMPERANCE.

THE golden bridle of Bellerophon
Is Temperance, by which our Passion
And Appetite we conquer and subdue
To Reason's regiment; else may we rue
Our yielding to men's siren-blandishments,
Which are attended with so foul events.

This Pearl in her was so conspicuous,
As that the king her brother still did use
To style her his sweet sister Temperance;
By which her much-admired self-governance,
Her Passions still she check'd; and still she made
The world astonish'd, that so undismay'd

She did with equal tenor still proceed
In one fair course, not shaken as a reed ;
But built upon the rock of Temperance :
Not daz'd with fear, not maz'd with any chance ;
Not with vain hope (as with an empty spoon)
Fed or allur'd to cast beyond the moon :
Not with rash anger too precipitate,
Not fond to love, nor too too prone to hate :
Not charm'd with Parasites, or Sirens' songs
Whose hearts are poison'd, though their sugred
tongues

Swear, vow, and promise all fidelity,
When they are brewing deepest villainy.
Not led to vain or too profuse expence,
Pretending thereby state-magnificence :
Not spending on these momentary pleasures
Her precious time ; but deeming her best treasures
Her subjects' love, which she so well preserv'd
By sweet and mild demeanour, as it serv'd
To guard her surer than an army royal ;
So true their loves were to her, and so loyal :
O golden age ! O blest and happy years !
O music sweeter than that of the spheres !
When Prince and People mutually agree
In sacred concord, and sweet symphony !

The Eighth Pearl.

SCIENCE.

AMONG the virtues intellectual
The van is led by that we Science call;
A Pearl more precious than th' Egyptian queen
Quaft off to Anthony : of more esteem
Than Indian gold, or most resplendent gems,
Which ravish us with their translucent beams.
How many arts and sciences did deck
This Heroina ! who still had at beck
The Muses and the Graces, when that she
Gave audience in state and majesty :
Then did the goddess Eloquence inspire
Her royal breast : Apollo with his lyre
Ne'er made such music ; on her sacred lips
Angels enthron'd, most heavenly manna sips.
Then might you see her nectar-flowing vein
Surround the hearers : in which sugred stream
She able was to drown a world of men,
And drown'd, with sweetness to revive again.
Alasco, the ambassador Polonian,
Who perorated like a mere Slavonian,
And in rude rambling Rhetoric did roll,
She did with Attic eloquence control.

Her speeches to our Academians
 Well shew'd she knew among Athenians,
 How to deliver such well-tuned words
 As with such places punctually accords.
 But with what Oratory-ravishments
 Did she imparadise her Parliaments?
 Her last most princely speech doth verify,
 How highly she did England dignify.
 Her loyal Commons how did she embrace,
 And entertain with a most royal grace! *

* To the *Chain of Pearl* are prefixed the following
 verses :

To the excellent Lady, the Composer of this Work.

Shine forth (Diana), dart thy golden rays
 On her blest life and reign, whose noble praise
 Deserves a quill pluckt from an angel's wing,
 And none to write it but a crowned king.
 She, she it was, that gave us golden days,
 And did the English name to heaven raise ;

Blest be her name, blest be her memory,
 That England crown'd with such felicity !

And thou the *Prime-rose* of the Muses nine,
 (In whose sweet verse Eliza's fame doth shine
 Like some resplendent star in frosty night,)
 Hast made thy native splendor far more bright ;
 Since all thy Pearls are peerless-orient
 And to thyself a precious ornament.

This is my censure of thy Royal Chain,
Which a far better censure well may claim.

DOROTHY BERRY.

Note.—The poor play on words in the thirteenth line appears less forced in the old orthography ;

Since all thy Pearles are peerles-orient.

MARY FAGE

Is authoress of a very rare volume, (entitled *Fame's Route*, 1637), in which with the most patient ingenuity she has tortured into anagrams and acrosticks, the names of various illustrious personages, King Charles, his Queen Mary, "his most hopeful posterity," Dukes, Marquesses, &c. &c., to the number of four hundred and twenty.

To the Right Hon. JOHN Earl of CLARE, Lord HOUGHTON of Houghton.

John Hollis,

ANAGRAMMA,

Oh! on hy hills.

IN virtue when I see you make such speed,
Oh, it doth then no admiration breed,
Hy, on hy hills of honour that you stand:
Nature commandeth virtue such a band.
Honour on virtue ever should attend:
Oh, on hy hills you may forever wend:
Loving of virtue, which doth shine so clear,
Likely it is, you earl of *Clare* appear.
Insue then well, what you have well begun,
So *on hy hills* to stand you well have won.

*To the Right Hon. JOHN Earl of WEYMES,
Lord WEYMES.*

John Weymes,

ANAGRAMMA,

Shew men joy.

IN your great honour free from all alloy,
O truly noble *Weymes* you *shew men joy* ;
Having your virtues in their clearer sight,
Nothing there is can breed them more delight.
With *joy* your wisdom so doth men content ;
Ever we pray it might be permanent :
Your virtuous life doth breed so great delight,
Men wish you endless *joy*, you to requite ;
Eternal *joy* may unto you succeed,
Shewing men joy, who do our comfort breed.

ANNA HUME.

The Triumphs of Love, Chastity, Death: translated out of Petrarch, by Mrs. Anna Hume, Edinburgh, 1644, gives this lady a place in the present selection. She was the daughter of David Hume, of Godscroft.

To the Reader.

READER, I have oft been told,
Verse that speak not Love, are cold.
I would gladly please thine ear,
But am loath to buy't too dear.
And 'tis easier far to borrow
Lovers' tears, than feel their sorrow.
Therefore he hath furnisht me,
Who had enough to serve all three.

From *the Triumph of Death.* Chap. I.

Lauretta meeting cruel Death,
Mildly resigns her noble breath.

'THE fatal hour of her short life drew near,
'That doubtful passage which the world doth fear;

Another company, who had not been
 Freed from their earthy burden, there were seen,
 To try if prayers could appease the wrath,
 Or stay th' inexorable hand of death.
 That beauteous crowd conven'd to see the end
 Which all must taste ; each neighbour, every friend
 Stood by, when grim death with her hand took hold
 And pull'd away one only hair of gold.
 Thus from the world this fairest flower is taen
 To make her shine more bright, not out of spleen.
 How many moaning plaints, what store of cries
 Were utter'd there, when fate shut those fair eyes
 For which so oft I sung ; whose beauties burn'd
 My tortur'd heart so long ; whiles others mourn'd
 She pleas'd, and quiet did the fruit enjoy
 Of her blest life ; farewell, without annoy,
 True saint on earth, said they ; so might she be
 Esteem'd, but nothing bates death's cruelty.

* * * * *

Now at what rate I should the sorrow prize,
 I know not, nor have art that can suffice
 The sad affliction, to relate in verse
 Of these fair Dames, that wept about her hearse ;
 Courtesy, Virtue, Beauty, all are lost,
 What shall become of us ? none else can boast
 Such high perfection, no more we shall
 Hear her wise words, nor the angelical

Sweet music of her voice ; whiles thus they cried,
The parting spirit doth itself divide
With every virtue from the noble breast,
As some grave hermit seeks a lonely rest ;
The heavens were clear, and all the ambient air
Without a threatening cloud, no adversaire
Durst once appear, or her calm mind affright :
Death singly did herself conclude the fight ;
After, when fear, and the extremest plaint
Were ceas'd, th' attentive eyes of all were bent
On that fair face, and by despair became
Secure ; she who was spent, not like a flame
By force extinguish'd, but as lights decay,
And undiscerned waste themselves away :
Thus went the soul in peace, so lamps are spent,
As the oil fails which gave them nourishment ;
In sum, her countenance you still might know
The same it was, not pale, but white as snow
Which on the tops of hills in gentle flakes
Falls in a calm, or as a man that takes
Desired rest, as if her lovely sight
Were clos'd with sweetest sleep, after the spright
Was gone. If this be that fools call to die,
Death seem'd in her exceeding fair to be.

ANNE BRADSTREET.

The tenth Muse, lately sprung up in America, or Several Poems, compiled with great variety of wit and learning, full of delight; wherein especially is contained, &c. . . . also a Dialogue between Old England and New, concerning the late troubles, with divers other pleasant and serious poems. By a gentlewoman in those parts. London, 12mo, 1650. Is the production of Anne Bradstreet.

The writer of the preface informs us, that he has published the volume without her knowledge, being apprehensive that her poems, of which "divers had gotten some scattered papers," might be sent into the world in an imperfect state. He also tells us, "these poems are the fruit but of some hours curtailed from her sleep and other refreshments."

Philips in the *Theat. Poet.* gives the title of her work, the memory of which, he says, is not yet wholly extinct.

From a Poem called Spring.

Now goes the ploughman to his merry toil,
For to unloose his winter-locked soil;
The seedsman now doth lavish out his grain,
In hope the more he casts, the more to gain;

The gardener now superfluous branches lops,
And poles erects, for his green clambering hops :
Now digs, then sows, his herbs, his flowers, and
 roots,
And carefully manures his trees of fruits.
The Pleiades their influence now give,
And all that seem'd as dead afresh do live.
The croaking frogs, whom nipping winter kill'd,
Like birds, now chirp, and hop about the field ;
The nightingale, the blackbird, and the thrush,
Now tune their lays, on sprays of every bush :
The wanton frisking kids, and soft-fleeced lambs,
Now jump and play, before their feeding dams,
The tender tops of budding grass they crop,
They joy in what they have, but more in hope ;
For tho' the frost hath lost his binding power,
Yet many a fleece of snow, and stormy shower,
Doth darken Sol's bright face, makes us remember
The pinching Nor-west cold of fierce December.
My second month is April, green, and fair,
Of longer days, and a more temperate air ;
The Sun now keeps his posting residence
In Taurus' sign, yet hasteth straight from thence ;
For tho' in's running progress he doth take
Twelve houses of the oblique Zodiack,
Yet never minute still was known to stand,
But only once at Joshua's strange command ;

This is the month whose fruitful showers produces
All plants, and flowers, for all delights and uses ;
The pear, the plum, and apple-tree, now flourish,
And grass grows long, the tender lambs to nourish ;
The primrose pale, and azure violet,
Among the verduous grass hath nature set,
That when the sun (on 's love) the earth doth shine,
These might, as lace, set out her garments fine ;
The fearful bird his little house now builds,
In trees, and walls, in cities, and in fields ;
The outside strong, the inside warm and neat,
A natural artificer complete.
The clocking hen, her chipping brood now leads,
With wings, and beak, defends them from the
gleads.

My next, and last, is pleasant fruitful May,
Wherein the earth is clad in rich array :
The Sun now enters loving Gemini,
And heats us with the glances of his eye,
Our winter raiment makes us lay aside
Lest by his fervor we be terrified ;
All flowers before the sun-beams now discloses.
Except the double pinks, and matchless roses.
Now swarms the busy, buzzing, honey-bee,
Whose praise deserves a page from more than me.
The cleanly huswives' dairy now's i' th' prime,
Her shelves, and firkins fill'd for winter time.

The meads with cowslip, honeysuckle 's dight,
One hangs his head, the other stands upright,
But both rejoice at th' heaven's clear smiling face,
More at her showers, which water them a space.
For fruits, my season yields, the early cherry,
The hasty pease, and wholesome red strawberry.

Epitaph for Queen ELIZABETH.

HERE sleeps the Queen; this is the royal bed,
O' th' damask rose, sprung from the white and red,
Whose sweet perfume fills the all-filling air,
This Rose is wither'd, once so lovely fair;
On neither tree did grow such rose before,
The greater was our gain, our loss the more.

ANONYMOUS AUTHORESS.

The following extract is made from a small volume in the British Museum, entitled *Eliza's Babes, or the Virgin's Offering, being divine poems and meditations—written by a lady, who only desires to advance the glory of God and not her own.* London. 12mo. 1652.

To my Husband.

WHEN from the world I shall be taen,
And from earth's necessary pain,
Then let no blacks be worn for me,
Not in a ring, my dear, by thee.
But this bright diamond, let it be
Worn in remembrance of me.
And when it sparkles in your eye,
Think 'tis my shadow passeth by.
For why, more bright you shall me see,
Than that or any gem can be.
Dress not the house with sable weed,
As if there were some dismal deed
Acted to be when I am gone,
There is no cause for me to mourn.

And let no badge of herald be
The sign of my antiquity.
It was my glory I did spring
From heaven's eternal powerful King;
To his bright palace heir am I,
It is his promise, he'll not lie.
By my dear brother pray lay me,
It was a promise made by thee,
And now I must bid thee adieu,
For I'm a parting now from you.

ANN COLLINS

Wrote *Divine songs and meditations*, 1653.

SONG.

THE Winter being over,
In order comes the Spring,
Which doth green herbs discover,
And cause the birds to sing.
The night also expired,
Then comes the morning bright,
Which is so much desired
By all that love the light.
This may learn
Them that mourn,
To put their grief to flight :
The Spring succeedeth Winter,
And day must follow night.

He therefore that sustaineth
Affliction or distress,
Which every member paineth,
And findeth no release :

Let such therefore despair not,
But on firm hope depend,
Whose griefs immortal are not,
And therefore must have end.
They that faint
With complaint
Therefore are to blame :
They add to their afflictions,
And amplify the same.

For if they could with patience
Awhile possess the mind,
By inward consolations
They might refreshing find,
To sweeten all their crosses,
That little time they 'dure :
So might they gain by losses,
And sharp would sweet procure.
But if the mind
Be inclined
To unquietness,
That only may be called
The worst of all distress.

He that is melancholy,
Detesting all delight,
His wits by sottish folly
Are ruined quite.

Sad discontent and murmurs
To him are incident :
Were he possest of honours,
He could not be content.
Sparks of joy
Fly away,
Floods of care arise ;
And all delightful motions
In the conception dies.

But those that are contented,
However things do fall,
Much anguish is prevented,
And they soon freed from all.
They finish all their labours
With much felicity,
Their joy in trouble savours
Of perfect piety.
Cheerfulness
Doth express
A settled pious mind ;
Which is not prone to grudging,
From murmuring refin'd.

MARY MORPETH,

“ A Scotch Poetess, and a friend of the Poet Drummond, of whom, besides many other things in Poetry, she hath a large *Encomium* in verse.” — *Theatrum Poetarum*.

To the above account of this lady I can add no particulars.

To WILLIAM DRUMMOND of Hawthornden.

(Prefixed to his Poems, 1656.)

I NEVER rested on the Muses' bed,
Nor dipt my quill in the Thessalian fountain,
My rustic Muse was rudely fostered;
And flies too low to reach the double mountain.

Then do not sparks with your bright suns compare,
Perfection in a woman's work is rare;
From an untroubled mind should verses flow;
My discontents makes mine too muddy show;
And hoarse encumbrances of household care,
Where these remain the Muses ne'er repair.
If thou dost extol her hair,
Or her ivory forehead fair,

Or those stars whose bright reflexion
Thralls thy heart in sweet subjection :
Or when to display thou seeks
The snow-mixt roses on her cheeks,
Or those rubies soft and sweet,
Over those pretty rows that meet :
The Chian painter as asham'd
Hides his picture so far fam'd ;
And the queen he carv'd it by
With a blush her face doth dye,
Since those lines do limn a creature,
That so far surpass'd her feature.
When thou shew'st how fairest Flora
Prankt with pride the banks of Ora,
So thy verse her streams doth honour,
Strangers grow enamour'd on her ;
All the swans that swim in Po
Would their native brooks forego,
And as loathing Phœbus' beams
Long to bathe in cooler streams.
Tree-turn'd Daphne would be seen
In her groves to flourish green,
And her boughs would gladly spare
To frame a garland for thy hair,
That fairest nymphs with finest fingers
May thee crown the best of singers.

But when thy Muse dissolv'd in showers
Wails that peerless Prince of ours;
Cropt by too untimely fate,
Her mourning doth exasperate
Senseless things to see thee moan,
Stones do weep, and trees do groan,
Birds in air, fishes in flood,
Beasts in field forsake their food;
The Nymphs foregoing all their bowers
Tear the chaplets deckt with flowers;
Sol himself with misty vapour
Hides from earth his glorious taper,
And as mov'd to hear thee plain,
Shews his grief in showers of rain.

MARY MORPETH of Oxlie.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH,

(QUEEN OF BOHEMIA,)

Born 1597, died 1662,

*Was the daughter of James I.

*Verses by the PRINCESS ELIZABETH, given to
LORD HARRINGTON, of Exton, her Preceptor.*

[From the *Nugæ Antiquæ*.]

1.

THIS is joy, this is true pleasure,
If we best things make our treasure,
And enjoy them at full leisure,
Evermore in richest measure.

2.

God is only excellent,
Let up to him our love be sent,

* Mr. David Laing informs me that he possesses a Virgil which once belonged to this amiable princess, and in which she has written the parallel passages from Theocritus.

Whose desires are set or bent
On ought else, shall much repent.

3.

Theirs is a most wretched case,
Who themselves so far disgrace,
That they their affections place
Upon things nam'd vile and base.

4.

Let us love of heaven receive,
These are joys our hearts will heave
Higher than we can conceive,
And shall us not fail nor leave.

5.

Earthly things do fade, decay,
Constant to us not one day;
Suddenly they pass away,
And we can not make them stay.

6.

All the vast world doth contain,
To content man's heart, are vain,
That still justly will complain,
And unsatisfied remain.

7.

God, most holy, high, and great,
Our delight doth make complete;
When in us he takes his seat,
Only then we are replete.

8.

Why should vain joys us transport,
Earthly pleasures are but short,
And are mingled in such sort,
Griefs are greater than the sport.

9.

And regard of this yet have,
Nothing can from death us save,
Then we must into our grave,
When we most are pleasure's slave.

10.

By long use our souls will cleave
To the earth; then it we leave;
Then will cruel death bereave,
All the joys that we receive.

11.

Thence they go to hellish flame,
Ever tortur'd in the same,
With perpetual blot of name,
Flout, reproach and endless shame :

12.

Torment not to be exprest,
But, O then ! how greatly blest,
Whose desires are whole address
To the heavenly things and best.

13.

Thy affections shall increase,
Growing forward without cease,
Even until thou diest in peace,
And enjoyest eternal ease.

14.

When thy heart is fullest fraught
With heaven's love, it shall be caught
To the place it lov'd and sought,
Which Christ's precious blood hath bought.



15.

Joys of those which there shall dwell,
No heart can think, no tongue can tell;
Wonderfully they excell,
Those thy soul will fully swell.

16.

Are these things indeed even so?
Do I certainly them know,
And am I so much my foe,
To remain yet dull and slow?

17.

Doth not that surpassing joy,
Ever freed from all annoy,
Me inflame? and quite destroy
Love of every earthly toy?

18.

O how frozen is my heart!
O my soul, how dead thou art!
Thou, O God, we may impart,
Vain is human strength and art.

19.

O my God ! for Christ his sake,
Quite from me this dullness take ;
Cause me earth's love to forsake,
And of heaven my realm to make.

20.

If early thanks I render thee,
That thou hast enlighten'd me
With such knowledge that I see
What things most behoveful be ;

21.

That I hereon meditate,
That desire, I find (tho' late)
To prize heaven at higher rate,
And these pleasures vain to hate ;

22.

O enlighten more my sight,
And dispell my darksome night,
Good Lord, by thy heavenly light,
And thy beams most pure and bright.

23.

Since in me such thoughts are scant,
Of thy grace repair my want,
Often meditations grant,
And in me more deeply plant.

24.

Work of wisdom more desire,
Grant I may with holy ire
Slight the world, and me inspire
With thy love to be on fire.

25.

What care I for lofty place,
If the Lord grant me his grace,
Shewing me his pleasant face,
And with joy I end my race.

26.

This is only my desire,
This doth set my heart on fire,
That I might receive my hire,
With the saints' and angels' quire.

27.

O my soul of heavenly birth,
Do thou scorn this basest earth,
Place not here thy joy and mirth,
Where of bliss is greatest dearth.

28.

From below thy mind remove,
And affect the things above :
Set thy heart and fix thy love
Where thou truest joys shalt prove.

29.

If I do love things on high,
Doubtless them enjoy shall I,
Earthly pleasures if I try,
They pursued faster fly.

30.

O Lord, glorious, yet most kind,
Thou hast these thoughts put in my mind,
Let me grace increasing find,
Me to thee more firmly bind.

31.

To God glory, thanks, and praise,
I will render all my days,
Who hath blest me many ways,
Shedding on me gracious rays.

32.

To me grace, O Father, send,
On thee wholly to depend,
That all may to thy glory tend;
So let me live, so let me end.

33.

Now to the true Eternal King,
Not seen with human eye,
Th' immortal, only wise, true God
Be praise perpetually!

KATHERINE PHILIPS,

Born 1631, died 1664,

Known as a poetess by the name of Orinda, was the daughter of John Fowles of Bucklersbury, a London merchant. She married James Philips of the Priory, of Cardigan; nor did her devotion to the Muses (which had shewn itself at an early age) prevent her from discharging, in the most exemplary manner, the duties of domestic life. Her poems, which had been dispersed among her friends in manuscript, were first printed without her knowledge or consent; and the circumstance is said to have occasioned a fit of illness to the sensitive authoress. To this amiable woman Jeremy Taylor addressed a Discourse on the Nature, Offices, and Measures of Friendship, with Rules for conducting it: she is praised more than once by Dryden; and her death, caused by the small-pox, was mourned by Cowley in a long Pindaric.

The verses of Orinda appear to have been hastily composed: if they do not frequently gleam with poetry, they are generally impregnated with thought.

Against Pleasure,

AN ODE.

THERE'S no such thing as pleasure here,
'Tis all a perfect cheat,

Which does but shine and disappear,
Whose charm is but deceit;
The empty bribe of yielding souls,
Which first betrays, and then controuls.

'Tis true, it looks at distance fair,
But if we do approach,
The fruit of Sodom will impair,
And perish at a touch;
It being than in fancy less,
And we expect more than possess.

For by our pleasures we are cloy'd,
And so desire is done;
Or else, like rivers, they make wide
The channels where they run;
And either way true bliss destroys,
Making us narrow, or our joys.

We covet pleasure easily,
But ne'er true bliss possess;
For many things must make it be,
But one may make it less.
Nay, were our state as we could chuse it,
'Twould be consum'd by fear to lose it.

What art thou then, thou winged air,
More weak and swift than fame?
Whose next successor is despair,
And its attendant shame.
The experienc'd-prince then reason had,
Who said of pleasure "it is mad."

*To Lady ELIZABETH BOYLE, singing a Song
of which ORINDA was the Author.*

SUBDUING fair! what will you win,
To use a needless dart?
Why then so many to take in
One undefended heart?

I came expos'd to all your charms,
'Gainst which, the first half hour,
I had no will to take up arms,
And in the next, no power.

How can you choose but win the day?
Who can resist your siege?
Who in one action know the way
To vanquish and oblige?

Your voice, which can in melting strains
Teach beauty to be blind,
Confines me yet in stronger chains,
By being soft and kind.

Whilst you my trivial fancy sing,
You it to wit refine,
As leather once stamp'd by a king
Became a current coin.

By this my verse is sure to gain
Eternity with men,
Which by your voice it will obtain,
Though never by my pen.

I'd rather in your favour live,
Than in a lasting name,
And a much greater rate would give
For happiness than fame.

To my ANTENOR, March 16, 1660-1.

MY dear Antenor, now give o'er,
For my sake talk of graves no more ;

Death is not in our power to gain,
And is both wish'd and fear'd in vain.
Let's be as angry as we will,
Grief sooner may distract than kill,
And the unhappy often prove
Death is as coy a thing as love.
Those whose own sword their death did give,
Afraid were, or asham'd, to live;
And by an act so desperate,
Did poorly run away from fate;
'Tis braver much t' outride the storm,
Endure its rage, and shun its harm;
Affliction nobly undergone,
More greatness shews than having none.
But yet the wheel in turning round,
At last may lift us from the ground,
And when our fortune's most severe,
The less we have, the less we fear.
And why should we that grief permit,
Which cannot mend nor shorten it?
Let's wait for a succeeding good,
Woes have their ebb as well as flood:
And since the parliament have rescu'd you,
Believe that providence will do so too.

A Country Life.

How sacred and how innocent
A country-life appears,
How free from tumult, discontent,
From flattery or fears !

This was the first and happiest life,
When man enjoy'd himself ;
Till pride exchanged peace for strife,
And happiness for pelf.

'Twas here the poets were inspir'd,
Here taught the multitude ;
The brave they here with honour fir'd,
And civiliz'd the rude.

That golden age did entertain
No passion but of love :
The thoughts of ruling and of gain
Did ne'er their fancies move.

None then did envy neighbour's wealth,
Nor plot to wrong his bed :

Happy in friendship and in health,
On roots, not beasts, they fed.

They knew no law nor physic then,
Nature was all their wit :
And if there yet remain to men
Content, sure this is it.

What blessings doth this world afford
To tempt or bribe desire ?
Her courtship is all fire and sword,
Who would not then retire ?

Then welcome, dearest solitude,
My great felicity ;
Though some are pleas'd to call thee rude,
Thou art not so, but we.

Them that do covet only rest,
A cottage will suffice :
It is not brave to be possess
Of earth, but to despise.

Opinion is the rate of things,
From hence our peace doth flow ;
I have a better fate than kings,
Because I think it so.

When all the stormy world doth roar
How unconcern'd am I?
I cannot fear to tumble lower
Who never could be high.

Secure in these unenvy'd walls
I think not on the state,
And pity no man's case that falls
From his ambition's height.

Silence and innocence are safe;
A heart that's nobly true
At all these little arts can laugh
That do the world subdue.

While others revel it in state
Here I'll contented sit,
And think I have as good a fate
As wealth and pomp admit.

Let some in courtship take delight,
And to th' Exchange resort;
Then revel out a winter's night,
Not making love but sport.

These never know a noble flame,
'Tis lust, scorn, or design:

While vanity plays all their game,
Let peace and honour mine.

When the inviting spring appears,
To Hyde-Park let them go,
And hasting thence be full of fears
To lose Spring-Garden show.

Let others (nobler) seek to gain
In knowledge happy fate,
And others busy them in vain
To study ways of state.

But I resolved from within,
Confirmed from without,
In privacy intend to spin
My future minutes out.

And from this hermitage of mine,
I banish all wild toys,
And nothing that is not divine
Shall dare to tempt my joys.

There are below but two things good,
Friendship and Honesty,
And only those of all I would
Ask for felicity.

In this retir'd and humble seat,
Free from both war and strife,
I am not forc'd to make retreat,
But chuse to spend my life.

FRANCES BOOTHBY

Lived in the reign of Charles II. and was related to Lady Yate, of Harvington, in Worcestershire, as we learn from the dedication of the only piece she has written, a play called *Marcellia*, 1670.

SONG.

1.

You powerful Gods, if I must be
An injur'd offering to Love's deity,
Grant my revenge, this plague on men,
That women ne'er may love again.
Then I'll with joy submit unto my fate,
Which by your justice gives their empire date.

2.

Depose that proud insulting boy,
Who most is pleas'd when he can most destroy ;
O let the world no longer govern'd be
By such a blind and childish Deity !
For if you Gods be in your power severe,
We shall adore you, not from love, but fear.

3.

But if you'll his divinity maintain,
O'er men, false men, confine his tort'ring reign ;
And when their hearts love's greatest torments
 prove,

Let that not pity, but our laughter move.
Thus scorn'd and lost to all their wishes aim,
Let Rage, Despair, and Death, then end their
 flame.

MARGARET, DUTCHESS OF NEWCASTLE,

..... died 1673,

Was born at St. John's near Colchester, about the end of the reign of James the First, and was the youngest daughter of Sir Charles Lucas. From her infancy she had an inclination to study, and was educated by her mother with very great care. Having been appointed one of the maids of honour to Henrietta Maria, she attended that Queen, during the troubles, to her native country; and having met with the Marquis of Newcastle at Paris, she there became his wife, in 1645. Her lord, soon after their marriage, fixed his residence at Antwerp, and found her a most faithful and affectionate companion of his long and honourable exile. At the Restoration, they returned to England. The labours of no modern authoress can be compared, as to quantity, with those of our indefatigable Dutchess, who has filled nearly twelve volumes folio with plays, poems, orations, philosophical discourses, &c. Her writings shew that she possessed a mind of considerable power and activity, with much imagination, but not one particle of judgment or taste. According to Langbaine, the language and plots of her plays (nineteen in number, and some of them in two parts) are entirely her own.

Horace Walpole has exerted all his wit to make her and the Duke, who used to assist her in her compositions, appear as ridiculous as possible.

Of the Theme of Love.

O LOVE, how thou art tired out with rhyme !
Thou art a tree whereon all poets climb ;
And from thy branches every one takes some
Of thy sweet fruit, which Fancy feeds upon.
But now thy tree is left so bare and poor,
That they can hardly gather one plumb more.

*The Pastime and Recreation of the Queen
of Fairies, in Fairy-land, the Centre of
the Earth.*

[This Poem has been more than once reprinted, (the last time, I believe, in Park's edition of Walpole's R. and N. Authors,) but considerably curtailed from its original state. It is given here as it stands in the Dutchess's *Poems and Fancies*, 1653 ; and, perhaps, it would be difficult to point out a composition, which contains a more extraordinary mixture of imagination and coarse absurdity.

In the British Museum is a copy of the *Poems and Fancies*, with MS. notes by the authoress, which are

mentioned in the Catalogue, but are neither many, nor curious : they occasionally inform us, *these lines my lord writ.*]

WHERE this queen Mab, and all her fairy fry,
 Are dancing on a pleasant mole-hill high ;
 With fine small straw-pipes sweet Music's pleasure,
 By which they do keep just time and measure ;
 All hand in hand, around, around,
 They dance upon this fairy ground.
 And when the Queen leaves off to dance
 She calls for all her attendants,
 Her to wait on unto a bower,
 Where she doth sit under a flower,
 To shade her from the moonshine bright,
 Where Gnats do sing for her delight ;
 Some high, some low, some tenor strain,
 Making a concert very plain.
 The while the Bat doth fly about,
 To keep in order all the rout ;
 And with her wings she strikes them hard,
 Because no noise there should be heard.
 She on a dewy leaf doth bathe,
 And as she sits, the leaf doth wave.
 There, like a new-fall'n flake of snow,
 Doth her white limbs in beauty shew.
 Her garments fair her maids put on,
 Made of the pure light from the sun ;

From whence such colours she inshades,
In every object she invades.
Then to her dinner she goes straight,
Where every one in order wait ;
And on a mushroom there is spread
A cover fine of Spider's web.
And for her stool a thistle-down,
And for her cup an acorn's crown,
Wherein strong nectar there is fill'd
That from sweet flowers is distill'd.
Flies of all sorts, both fat and good,
Partridge, snipes, quails, and poul, her food,
Pheasants, larks, cocks, or any kind,
Both wild and tame, you there may find.
Amelets made of ants-eggs new,
Of these high meats she eats but few.
Her milk comes from the dormouse udder,
Making fresh cheese, cream, and butter ;
This milk doth make many a fine knack,
When they fresh ant's-eggs therein crack,
Both pudding, custards, and seed-cake,
As her skill'd cook knows how to make.
To sweeten them the bee doth bring
Pure honey gather'd by her sting ;
But for her guard serves grosser meat,
On stall-fed dormouse they do eat.

When din'd, she calls to take the air,
 In coach, which is a nut-shell fair;
 Lin'd soft it is, and rich within,
 Made of a glistening adder's skin.
 And there six crickets draw her fast,
 And she a journey takes in haste;
 Or else two serves to pace around,
 And trample on the fairy ground.
 To hawk sometimes she takes delight,
 Which is a hornet swift for flight,
 Whose horns do serve for talons strong,
 To gripe the partridge fly among.
 But if she will a hunting go,
 Then she the lizzard makes the doe:
 They are so swift, and fleet in chace,
 As her slow coach can never pace.
 Then on grass-hopper doth she ride,
 Who gallops far in forest wide.
 Her bow is of a willow branch,
 To shoot the lizzard on the haunch.
 Her arrow sharp, much like a blade
 Of a rosemary leaf is made.
 Then home she's called by the cock,
 Who gives her warning what's a clock.
 And when the Moon doth hide her head,
 Their day is done, so goeth to bed.

Meteors do serve, when they are bright,
 As torches do, to give her light.
 Glow-worms for candles are light up,
 Set on her table, while she sup.
 And in her chamber they are plac'd,
 Not fearing how the tallow waste.
 But women that inconstant are by kind,
 Can never in one place content their mind.
 For she her chariot calls, and will away,
 To upper earth, impatient is of stay.

The Funeral of Calamity.

CALAMITY was laid on Sorrow's hearse,
 And coverings had of melancholy verse;
 Compassion, a kind friend, did mourning go,
 And tears about the corpse, as flowers, strow;
 A garland of deep sighs by Pity made,
 Upon Calamity's sad corpse was laid;
 Bells of complaints did ring it to the grave,
 Poets a monument of fame it gave.

Mirth and Melancholy.

As I was musing by myself alone,
 My thoughts brought several things to work upon :
 At last came two, which diversely were drest,
 One Melancholy, t'other Mirth exprest ;
 Here Melancholy stood in black array,
 And Mirth was all in colours fresh and gay.

Mirth.

Mirth laughing came, and running to me, flung
 Her fat white arms about my neck, there hung,
 Embrac'd and kiss'd me oft, and stroak'd my
 cheek,
 Saying, she would no other lover seek ;
 I'll sing you songs, and please you every day,
 Invent new sports to pass the time away ;
 I'll keep your heart, and guard it from that thief,
 Dull Melancholy, Care, or sadder Grief,
 And make your eyes with Mirth to overflow ;
 With springing blood your cheeks soon fat shall
 grow ;
 Your legs shall nimble be, your body light,
 And all your spirits, like to birds in flight.
 Mirth shall digest your meat, and make you strong,
 Shall give you health, and your short days prolong ;

Refuse me not, but take me to your wife ;
 For I shall make you happy all your life.
 But Melancholy, she will make you lean,
 Your cheeks shall hollow grow, your jaws be seen ;
 Your eyes shall buried be within your head,
 And look as pale as if you were quite dead ;
 She'll make you start at every noise you hear,
 And visions strange shall to your eyes appear ;
 Thus would it be, if you to her were wed.
 Nay, better far it were that you were dead.
 Her voice is low, and gives an hollow sound,
 She hates the light, and is in darkness found ;
 Or sits with blinking lamps, or tapers small,
 Which various shadows make against the wall.
 She loves nought else but noise which discord
 makes,
 As croaking frogs, whose dwelling is in lakes ;
 The raven's hoarse, the mandrake's hollow groan,
 And shrieking owls, which fly i' th' night alone ;
 The tolling bell, which for the dead rings out ;
 A mill, where rushing waters run about ;
 The roaring winds, which shake the cedars tall,
 Plough up the seas, and beat the rocks withal.
 She loves to walk in the still moonshine night,
 And in a thick dark grove she takes delight ;
 In hollow caves, thatch'd houses, and low cells,
 She loves to live, and there alone she dwells.

Then leave her to herself alone to dwell,
 Let you and I in Mirth and Pleasure swell,
 And drink long lusty draughts from Bacchus' bowl,
 Until our brains on vaporous waves do roll;
 Let's joy ourselves in amorous delights;
 There's none so happy as the carpet knights.

Melancholy.

Then Melancholy, with sad and sober face,
 Complexion pale, but of a comely grace,
 With modest countenance thus softly spake;
 May I so happy be your love to take?
 True, I am dull, yet by me you shall know
 More of yourself, and so much wiser grow;
 I search the depth and bottom of mankind,
 Open the eye of ignorance that's blind;
 All dangers to avoid I watch with care,
 And do 'gainst evils that may come prepare;
 I hang not on inconstant fortune's wheel,
 Nor yet with unresolving doubts do reel;
 I shake not with the terrors of vain fears,
 Nor is my mind fill'd with unuseful cares;
 I do not spend my time like idle Mirth,
 Which only happy is just at her birth;
 And seldom lives so long as to be old,
 But if she doth, can no affections hold;

Mirth good for nothing is, like weeds doth grow,
Or such plants as cause madness, reason's foe.

Her face with laughter crumples on a heap,
Which makes great wrinkles, and ploughs furrows
deep ;

Her eyes do water, and her skin turns red,
Her mouth doth gape, teeth bare, like one that's
dead ;

She fulsome is, and gluts the senses all,
Offers herself, and comes before a call ;
Her house is built upon the golden sands,
Yet no foundation has, whereon it stands ;
A palace 'tis, and of a great resort,
It makes a noise, and gives a loud report,
Yet underneath the roof disasters lie,
Beat down the house, and many kill'd thereby :

I dwell in groves that gilt are with the sun,
Sit on the banks by which clear waters run ;
In summers hot down in a shade I lie,
My music is the buzzing of a fly ;
I walk in meadows, where grows fresh green grass,
In fields, where corn is high, I often pass ;
Walk up the hills, where round I prospects see,
Some brushy woods, and some all champains be ;
Returning back, I in fresh pastures go,
To hear how sheep do bleat, and cows do low ;
In winter cold, when nipping frosts come on,

Then I do live in a small house alone ;
Altho' 'tis plain, yet cleanly 'tis within,
Like to a soul that's pure and clear from sin ;
And there I dwell in quiet and still peace,
Not fill'd with cares how riches to increase ;
I wish nor seek for vain and fruitless pleasures,
No riches are, but what the mind intresures.
Thus am I solitary, live alone,
Yet better lov'd, the more that I am known ;
And tho' my face ill-favour'd at first sight,
After acquaintance it will give delight.
Refuse me not, for I shall constant be,
Maintain your credit and your dignity.

ANNE KILLEGREW,

..... died 1685.

This very accomplished young woman, whom Dryden has immortalised, was the daughter of Dr. Henry Killebrew, master of the Savoy, and one of the prebendaries of Westminster. She was maid of honour to the Dutchess of York; and died of the small-pox in her twenty-fifth year.

Of her poetical compositions, the thin quarto published after her death contains some pleasing specimens; and her portrait prefixed to it, a mezzotint from a picture by herself, is at once a proof of her beauty and of her skill in painting.

The Complaint of a Lover.

SEE'ST thou yonder craggy rock,
Whose head o'erlooks the swelling main,
Where never shepherd fed his flock,
Or careful peasant sow'd his grain?

No wholesome herb grows on the same,
Or bird of day will on it rest;
'Tis barren as the hopeless flame,
That scorches my tormented breast.

Deep underneath a cave does lie,
Th' entrance hid with dismal yew,
Where Phœbus never shew'd his eye,
Or cheerful day yet pierced through.

In that dark melancholy cell,
(Retreat and solace to my woe,)
Love, sad despair, and I, do dwell,
The springs from whence my griefs do flow.

Treacherous love that did appear,
(When he at first approach'd my heart,)
Drest in a garb far from severe,
Or threatening ought of future smart.

So innocent those charms then seem'd,
When Rosalinda first I spy'd,
Ah! who would them have deadly deem'd?
But flowers do often serpents hide.

Beneath those sweets concealed lay,
To love the cruel foe, disdain,
With which (alas) she does repay
My constant and deserving pain.

When I in tears have spent the night,
With sighs I usher in the sun,

Who never saw a sadder sight --
In all the courses he has run.

Sleep, which to others ease does prove,
Comes unto me, alas in vain ;
For in my dreams I am in love,
And in them too she does disdain.

Sometimes, t' amuse my sorrow, I
Unto the hollow rocks repair,
And loudly to the echo cry,
Ah ! gentle nymph, come ease my care.

Thou who, times past, a lover wert,
Ah ! pity me, who now am so,
And by a sense of thine own smart,
Alleviate my mighty woe.

Come flatter then, or chide my grief ;
Catch my last words, and call me fool ;
Or say she loves for my relief ;
My passion either soothe, or school.

*Upon the saying that my Verses were made by
Another.*

Next heaven, my vows to thee, O sacred Muse !
I offer'd up, nor didst thou them refuse.

O Queen of verse, said I, if thou'lt inspire,
And warm my soul with thy poetic fire,
No love of gold shall share with thee my heart,
Or yet ambition in my breast have part,
More rich, more noble I will ever hold
The Muse's laurel than a crown of gold.
An undivided sacrifice I'll lay
Upon thine altar, soul and body pay;
Thou shalt my pleasure, my employment be,
My all I'll make a holocaust to thee.

The deity that ever does attend
Prayers so sincere, to mine did condescend.
I writ, and the judicious prais'd my pen :
Could any doubt ensuing glory then ?
What pleasing raptures fill'd my ravish'd sense,
How strong, how sweet, Fame, was thy influence !
And thine, false hope, that to my flatter'd sight
Did'st glories represent so near and bright !
By thee deceiv'd, methought each verdant tree
Apollo's transform'd Daphne seem'd to be ;
And every fresher branch, and every bough,
Appear'd as garlands to empale my brow.
The learn'd in love say, thus the winged boy
Does first approach, drest up in welcome joy ;
At first he to the cheated lover's sight
Nought represents but rapture and delight,
Alluring hopes, soft fears, which stronger bind
Their hearts, than when they more assurance find.

Embolden'd thus, to fame I did commit
(By some few hands) my most unlucky wit.
But ah, the sad effects that from it came !
What ought t' have brought me honour, brought
me shame !

Like *Æsop's* painted jay, I seem'd to all,
Adorn'd in plumes, I not my own could call :
Rifled like her, each one my feathers tore,
And, as they thought, unto the owner bore.
My laurels thus another's brow adorn'd,
My numbers they admir'd, but me they scorn'd :
Another's brow, that had so rich a store
Of sacred wreaths that circled it before ;
Where mine quite lost (like a small stream that ran
Into a vast, and boundless ocean,)
Was swallow'd up with what it join'd, and drown'd,
And that abyss yet no accession found.
Orinda (*Albion's* and her sex's grace)
Ow'd not her glory to a beauteous face ;
It was her radiant soul that shone within,
Which struck a lustre thro' her outward skin ;
That did her lips and cheeks with roses dye,
Advanc'd her height, and sparkled in her eye.
Nor did her sex at all obstruct her fame,
But higher 'mong the stars it fix'd her name ;
What she did write, not only all allow'd,
But every laurel to her laurel bow'd !

The envious age, only to me alone,
Will not allow what I do write my own ;
But let them rage, and 'gainst a maid conspire,
So deathless numbers from my tuneful lyre
Do ever flow ; so, Phœbus, I by thee
Inspir'd divinely, and possest may be ;
I willingly accept Cassandra's fate,
To speak the truth, altho' believ'd too late.

ANNE, MARCHIONESS OF WHARTON,

..... died 1685,

Was the daughter of Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, and first wife of Thomas Wharton, Esq. afterwards Marquis of Wharton.

Waller has complimented her poetical powers in two copies of verses, and wrote his *Cantos of Divine Poesy* in consequence of seeing her paraphrase of the 53d chapter of Isaiah. Her effusions (which are but few, and scattered in different Miscellanies,) are by no means despicable.

Verses on the Snuff of a Candle, made in sickness.

SEE there the taper's dim and doleful light,
In gloomy waves silently rolls about,
And represents to my dim weary sight,
My light of life almost as near burnt out.

Ah health ! best part and substance of our joy,
(For without thee 'tis nothing but a shade,)
Why dost thou partially thyself employ,
Whilst thy proud foes as partially invade ?

What we, who ne'er enjoy, so fondly seek,
Those who possess thee still, almost despise ;

To gain immortal glory, raise the weak,
 Taught by their former want thy worth to prize.

Dear, melancholy Muse ! my constant guide,
 Charm this coy health back to my fainting heart,
 Or I'll accuse thee of vain-glorious pride,
 And swear thou dost but feign the moving art.

But why do I upbraid thee, gentle Muse,
 Who for all sorrows mak'st me some amends?
 Alas ! our sickly minds sometimes abuse
 Our best physicians and our dearest friends.

SONG.

How hardly I conceal'd my tears ?
 How oft did I complain ?
 When, many tedious days, my fears
 Told me I lov'd in vain.

But now my joys as wild are grown,
 And hard to be conceal'd ;
 Sorrow may make a silent moan,
 But joy will be reveal'd.

I tell it to the bleating flocks,
 To every stream and tree,

And bless the hollow murmuring rocks
For echoing back to me.

Thus you may see with how much joy
We want, we wish, believe ;
'Tis hard such passion to destroy,
But easy to deceive.

TAYLOR.

In a *Miscellany, being a collection of Poems, by several Hands*, published by Aphra Behn, in 1685, are the three following pieces, “made by Mrs. Taylor,” of whom I can give no account.

SONG.

YE virgin powers, defend my heart
From amorous looks and smiles,
From saucy Love, or nicer Art,
Which most our sex beguiles ;

From sighs, and vows, from awful fears
That do to Pity move,
From speaking silence, and from tears,
Those springs that water Love.

But if thro' Passion I grow blind,
Let Honour be my guide,
And where frail Nature seems inclin'd,
There fix a guard of Pride.

A heart whose flames are seen tho' pure,
Needs every Virtue's aid,
And those who think themselves secure,
The soonest are betray'd.

*To MERTILL, who desired her to speak to
CLORINDA of his Love.*

MERTILL, tho' my heart should break
In granting thy desire,
To cold Clorinda I will speak,
And warm her with my fire.

To save thee from approaching harm,
My death I will obey;
To save thee sinking in the storm,
I'll cast myself away.

May her charms equal those of thine,
No words can e'er express,
And let her love be great as mine,
Which thee would only bless!

May you still prove her faithful slave
And she so kind and true,
She nothing may desire to have,
Or fear to lose—but you.

SONG.

STREPHON has fashion, wit, and youth,
With all things else that please,
He nothing wants but love and truth,
To ruin me with ease.

But he is flint, and bears the art
To kindle strong desire,
His power inflames another's heart,
Yet he ne'er feels the fire.

Alas ! it does my soul perplex,
When I his charms recall,
To think he should despise the sex,
Or what's worse, love 'em all.

My wearied heart, like Noah's dove,
In vain may seek for rest,
Finding no hope to fix my love,
Returns into my breast.

APHRA BEHN,

..... died 1689.

This celebrated woman, whose maiden name was Johnson, was born in the reign of Charles the First. When very young, she accompanied her family to Surinam, of which her father (who died on the voyage thither) had been appointed lieutenant-governor. There she became acquainted with Oroonoko, whose adventures she turned into a novel, which afforded materials for Southern's pathetic tragedy. Having returned to London, she married Mr. Behn, a merchant of Dutch extraction. She then appeared at court ; and so favourable an opinion did Charles the Second conceive of her abilities, that he intrusted her with the management of some important affairs during the Dutch war. She, in consequence, went to Antwerp, where having found out the design of the Dutch, to sail up the Thames, and burn the English ships in their harbours, she communicated her discovery to the British government. Her intelligence, which the event shewed to be well grounded, being only laughed at, Mrs. Behn abandoned political intrigues, and, returning to England, devoted the rest of her life to literature.

Her fame is chiefly founded on her plays, in which many humorous scenes occur, but which are scarcely exceeded in licentiousness by those of any of her contemporary dramatists : their grossness does not consist of

occasional blots and incrustations on the surface, but forms an essential and inseparable portion of the composition. Some of her songs are spirited; the first of the following specimens, had it proceeded from the pen of Moore, would have been admired in the present day.

SONG

(In Abdelazer, or the Moor's Revenge).

Love in fantastic triumph sat,
 Whilst bleeding hearts around him flow'd,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
 And strange tyrannic power he shew'd.
From thy bright eyes he took his fires,
 Which round about in sport he hurl'd;
But 'twas from mine he took desires,
 Enough t' undo the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
 From thee his pride and cruelty;
From me his languishment and fears,
 And every killing dart from thee:
Thus thou, and I, the God have arm'd,
 And set him up a deity;
But my poor heart alone is harm'd,
 Whilst thine the victor is, and free.

SONG

(In the Lucky Chance, or an Alderman's Bargain).

O LOVE! that stronger art than wine,
Pleasing delusion, witchery divine,
Wont to be priz'd above all wealth,
Disease that has more joys than health;
Tho' we blaspheme thee in our pain,
And of thy tyranny complain,
We all are better'd by thy reign.

What Reason never can bestow,
We to this useful Passion owe.
Love wakes the dull from sluggish ease,
And learns a clown the art to please;
Humbles the vain, kindles the cold,
Makes misers free, and cowards bold.
'Tis he reforms the sot from drink,
And teaches airy fops to think.

When full brute Appetite is fed,
And choak'd the glutton lies, and dead;
Thou new spirits dost dispense,
And fin'st the gross delights of sense.
Virtue's unconquerable aid,
That against nature can persuade;

And makes a roving mind retire
Within the bounds of just desire ;
Cheerer of age, youth's kind unrest,
And half the heaven of the blest.

In Imitation of HORACE.

WHAT mean those amorous curls of jet ?

For what heart-ravish'd maid

Dost thou thy hair in order set,

Thy wanton trèsses braid ?

And thy vast store of beauties open lay,

That the deluded fancy leads astray ?

For pity hide thy starry eyes,

Whose languishments destroy ;

And look not on the slave that dies

With an excess of joy.

Defend thy coral lips, thy amber breath ;

To taste these sweets, alas ! is certain death.

Forbear, fond charming youth, forbear,

Thy words of melting love ;

Thy eyes, thy language well may spare,

One dart enough can move.

And she that hears thy voice, and sees thy eyes,
With too much pleasure, too much softness dies.

Cease, cease, with sighs to warm my soul,
Or press me with thy hand :
Who can the kindling fire control,
The tender force withstand ?
Thy sighs and touches like wing'd lightning fly,
And are the God of Love's artillery.

Scotch Song.

When Jemmy first began to love,
He was the gayest swain,
That ever yet a flock had drove,
Or danc'd upon the plain.
'Twas then that I, weys me poor heart,
My freedom threw away;
And finding sweets in every smart,
I could not say him nay.

And ever when he talk'd of love,
He would his eyes decline;
And every sigh a heart would move,
Gued faith, and why not mine?

He'd press my hand, and kiss it oft,
In silence spoke his flame,
And whilst he treated me thus soft,
I wish'd him more to blame.

Sometimes to feed my flocks with him
My Jemmy would invite me ;
Where he the gayest songs would sing,
On purpose to delight me :
And Jemmy every grace display'd,
Which were enough, I trow,
To conquer any princely maid ;
So did he me, I vow.

But now for Jemmy must I mourn,
Who to the wars must go ;
His sheep-hook to a sword must turn ;
Alack, what shall I do ?
His bag-pipe into warlike sounds
Must now exchanged be ;
Instead of bracelets, fearful wounds ;
Then what becomes of me ?

SONG.

DAMON, I cannot blame your will,
'Twas chance, and not design, did kill ;
For whilst you did prepare your charms,
On purpose Sylvia to subdue,
I met the arrows as they flew,
And sav'd her from their harms.

Alas ! she cannot make returns,
Who for a swain already burns,
A shepherd whom she does caress,
With all the softest marks of love ;
And 'tis in vain thou seek'st to move
The cruel shepherdess.

Content thee with this victory,
Think me as fair and young as she :
I'll make thee garlands all the day,
And in the groves we'll sit and sing ;
I'll crown thee with the pride o' the spring
When thou art lord of May.

SONG.

How strongly does my passion flow,
Divided equally 'twixt two?
Damon had ne'er subdu'd my heart,
Had not Alexis took his part;
Nor could Alexis powerful prove,
Without my Damon's aid, to gain my love.

When my Alexis present is,
Then I for Damon sigh and mourn;
But when Alexis I do miss,
Damon gains nothing but my scorn.
But if it chance they both are by,
For both alike I languish, sigh, and die.

Cure then, thou mighty winged God,
This restless fever in my blood;
One golden-pointed dart take back:
But which, O Cupid, wilt thou take?
If Damon, all my hopes are crost;
Or that of my Alexis, I am lost.

SONG.

As wretched, vain, and indiscreet,
Those matches I deplore,
Whose bartering friends in council meet
To huddle in a wedding sheet
Some miserable pair that never met before.

Poor love of no account must be,
Tho' ne'er so fix'd and true :
No merit but in gold they see ;
So portion and estate agree,
No matter what the bride and bridegroom do.

Curs'd may all covetous husbands be,
That wed with such design,
And curs'd they are ; for while they ply
Their wealth, some lover by the by
Reaps the true bliss, and digs the richer mine.

SONG.

IN vain does Hymen with religious vows
Oblige his slaves to wear his chains with ease,
A privilege alone that Love allows ;
'Tis Love alone can make our fetters please.

The angry tyrant lays his yoke on all,

Yet in his fiercest rage is charming still :

Officious Hymen comes whene'er we call,

But haughty Love comes only when he will.

ALICIA D'ANVERS.

Academia : or, the Humours of the University of Oxford, in burlesque verse ; by Mrs. Alicia D'Anvers. London, 1691,—forms a thin quarto.

John gives an account of what he has seen at the University to his fellow-servants.

A Door I spy'd was open standing,
I budg'd no farther than my Band in :
But by a Scollard I was holp in,
A civil youth, and a well spoken ;
We went together up the Stair case,
Going, till coming to a rare place,*
As thick of Books as one could thatch 'um,
And Ladders stood about to reach 'um.
On each side were two round things† standing,
Made so to turn about with handing :
By one‡ they knew, as I am told,
When Weather would be whot or cold,
What time for setting, and for sowing,
When to prune Trees the best for growing ;

* Library.

† Two globes.

‡ Celestial.



By this they make the *Almanacks*,
And twenty other harder knacks;
And 'tis by this they conjure too *Man*,
Knowing a *thief* from any *true Man*.
So that you'd think the *Devil's* in 'um,
Goods lost, or stole again to bring 'um;
And tho' a good while I have seen it,
I ne'er can count you half that's in it.
The other thing* when round it's whirl'd,
Shows all the roads about the *World*,
May find if well you look about,
There all the *Ponds* and *Rivers* out;
But that the *Schollard* was in haste so,
Hoa wou'd have shewn our House at last too.
So I went all about the *Meeting*,
Some People in their *Pews* were sitting,†
Tho' but a few, here and there one,
The Minister not being come;
I'll say't, I long'd to hear the *Preaching*,
I warrant ee, ay, 'twas dainty *Teaching*.
I ask'd a *young Youth* what it mean'd,
That all them *Conjuring Books* are chain'd:
Hoa said they being full of *Cunning*,
It seems would else have been for running;‡

* Terrestrial. † Scholars at study. ‡ Or stolen.

Before they had them *Chains*, they say,
A number of them run away.
There's such an *Oceant* still, I wonder'd,
How they could miss a *thousand hundred*.
But that indeed again is something,
They can know all things by the *round thing*.

As I went on, the Folk* that reads,
Would many times *pop up their heads*.
And douck 'um down (may hap) again,
And these are call'd the Learned Men.
And look for all the world as frightened,
But were I to be *hang'd*, or *knighted*,
I can't imagine what mought ail'd 'um,
For could they think one wou'd a *steal 'um* ;
Well, by and by, there's one comes to me,
I thought the Fellow might have knew me,
Hoa said, I must not make a *stomping*,
And that it was no place to *jump* in ;
Whop, Sir, thought I, and what ado's here,
About the nails that in one's shoes are ;
Hoa told me that the Men were earning,
A world of something by their Learning,
And that a noise might put them out,
So that they ne'er could bring't about.

* Students disturbed.

Well, cause *hoa made a din about 'um,*
I daff'd my *Shoes, and went without 'um.*
The Fellow gern'd,* and cry'd what's that for?
I said, *and what would you be at, Sir?*
My shoes I take under *my arm,*
Rather than do their *Worships* harm,
Because I would not leave the room,
Before the Minister be come.
At that, *hoa laugh'd*; so for my part,
I thought the Fool would break his Heart,
I was so mad to see 'n flout ma,
I long'd almost to lay about ma;
But thinking that might there be Evil,
I thought 't were better to be civil:
Tying my Shoes upon my Feet,
I went down Stairs into the Street.

* Or smiled.

MARY PIX

Was the daughter of a clergyman named Griffith. “ By the date of her writings, she flourished in King William III.’s reign ; but in what year she was born, to whom married, or when she died, are particulars which seem buried in obscurity and oblivion.”—*Biog. Dram.* She wrote eleven plays.

SONG

(In the third Act of *Ibrahim, the thirteenth Emperor of the Turks.* Printed 1696).

IMPERIAL sultan, hail,
To whom great kingdoms bow,
Whose vast dominion shall prevail .
O’er all below !
Commanding woman here
An humble vassal shall appear ;
No thunder in her voice we prize,
Or lightning in her eyes,
When our terrestrial God draws near.
Under our prophet’s influence live,
While wondering nations view
The deeds your conquering armies do,
And Christians to be made your subjects strive !

ANONYMOUS AUTHORESS.

*The Golden Island, or the Darian Song, in commendation of all concerned in that noble enterprise of the valiant Scots. By a Lady of Honour,—*was printed at Edinburgh in 1699. It consists of an hundred and fifty-two lines,—of which the following small portion will, no doubt, amply satisfy the reader.

REFRESHING spring and rivulets,
When we were landed there,
Came gliding with her jumbling notes,
Invites us to take share ;
The charming birds, that haunts the woods,
Meavis, peacock, and dow,
Brought presents in their mouths, and sang
We pay tribute to you.
We went in boats, and come to land,
Which banish'd all our fears :
The seas did mourn for want of us,
Each oar was dropping tears.
The wolf, the lion, and the boar,
The wild tiger, and fox,
Did fill their claws with golden dust,
Salutes us from the rocks.

The turtles in the Indian seas
Left eggs upon the land,
And came to see that noble fleet,
Was come from old Scotland.
The hurtchon came out of the woods,
Her prickles load with fruit,
She mumbled, but she could not speak;
Ye're welcome all come eat.
The balmy grass, and blooming flowers,
Were all cover'd with dew;
Then Phœbus bid them give a smell,
And that would pay their due.

LADY CHUDLEIGH,

Born 1656, died 1710,

Was the daughter of Richard Lee, Esq. of Winsloder, in Devonshire, and wife of Sir George Chudleigh, Bart. of Ashton, in the same county. Her poems were collected into a volume in 1703, and printed a third time in 1722. A volume of her Essays was published in 1710.

To the Ladies.

WIFE and servant are the same,
But only differ in the name :
For when that fatal knot is tied,
Which nothing, nothing can divide ;
When she the word obey has said,
And man by law supreme has made,
Then all that's kind is laid aside,
And nothing left but state and pride.
Fierce as an eastern prince he grows,
And all his innate rigour shows :
Then but to look, to laugh, or speak,
Will the nuptial contract break.

Like mutes, she signs alone must make,
And never any freedom take;
But still be govern'd by a nod,
And fear her husband as a God:
Him still must serve, him still obey,
And nothing act, and nothing say,
But what her haughty lord thinks fit,
Who, with the power, has all the wit.
Then shun, oh! shun that wretched state,
And all the fawning flatterers hate:
Value yourselves, and men despise:
You must be proud, if you'll be wise.

The Resolve.

For what the world admires I'll wish no more,
Nor court that airy nothing of a name:
Such fleeting shadows let the proud adore,
Let them be suppliants for an empty fame.
If reason rules within, and keeps the throne,
While the inferior faculties obey,
And all her laws without reluctance own,
Accounting none more fit, more just than they;
If virtue my free soul unsullied keeps,
Exempting it from passion and from stain;
If no black guilty thoughts disturb my sleeps,
And no past crimes my vext remembrance pain;

If, tho' I pleasure find in living here,
I yet can look on death without surprise;
If I've a soul above the reach of fear,
And which will nothing mean or sordid prize;
A soul which cannot be depress'd by grief,
Nor too much rais'd by the sublimest joy;
Which can, when troubled, give itself relief,
And to advantage all its thoughts employ;
Then, am I happy in my humbler state,
Although not crown'd with glory nor with bays;
A mind, that triumphs over vice and fate,
Esteems it mean to court the world for praise.

THE HON. MARY MONK,

..... died 1715,

Daughter of Lord Molesworth, and wife of George Monk, Esq., wrote various poems, which were printed soon after her death, and entitled, *Marinda ; Poems and Translations upon several occasions*. In the dedication to the Princess of Wales, written by her father, we are told “most of them are the product of the leisure hours of a young gentlewoman lately deceased ; who, in a remote country retirement, without omitting the daily care due to a large family, not only perfectly acquired the several languages* here made use of, but the good morals and principles contained in those books, so as to put them in practice, as well during her life and languishing sickness, as the hour of her death ; in short, she died not only like a Christian, but like a Roman lady, and so became at once the object of the grief and comfort of her relations.”

On Providence.

(From Filicaia.)

As a kind mother with indulgent eye
Views her fair charge, and melts with sympathy,

* Latin, Italian, Spanish, and French.

And one's dear face imprints with kisses sweet,
One to her bosom clasps, one on her knee
Softly sustains in pleasing dignity,

And one permits to cling about her feet ;
And reads their various wants, and each request
In look, or action, or in sigh express'd ;
This little suppliant in gracious stile
She answers ; that she blesses with a smile ;
Or if she blames their suit, or if approves,
And whether pleas'd or griev'd, yet still she loves :

With like regard high Providence divine
Watches affectionate o'er human race,
One feeds, one comforts, does to all incline,
And each assists with kind parental care ;
Or, once denying us some needful grace,
Only denies to move an ardent prayer :
Or, courted for imaginary wants,
Seems to deny, but in denying grants.

*Verses, written on her Death-bed at Bath, to her
Husband in London.*

THOU who dost all my worldly thoughts employ,
Thou pleasing source of all my earthly joy,
Thou tenderest husband and thou dearest friend,
To thee this first, this last adieu I send !

At length the conqueror death asserts his right,
And will for ever veil me from thy sight ;
He wooes me to him with a cheerful grace,
And not one terror clouds his meagre face ;
He promises a lasting rest from pain,
And shews that all life's fleeting joys are vain ;
Th' eternal scenes of heaven he sets in view,
And tells me that no other joys are true.
But love, fond love, would yet resist his power,
Would fain awhile defer the parting hour :
He brings thy mourning image to my eyes,
And would obstruct my journey to the skies.
But say, thou dearest, thou unwearied friend !
Say, should'st thou grieve to see my sorrows end ?
Thou know'st a painful pilgrimage I've past ;
And should'st thou grieve that rest is come at last ?
Rather rejoice to see me shake off life,
And die as I have liv'd, thy faithful wife.

ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA,

..... died 1720,

Was the daughter of Sir William Kingsmill, of Sidmonton, in the county of Southampton. She was maid of honour to the Dutchess of York, second wife of James II.; and married Heneage, second son of Heneage, earl of Winchelsea, to which title he succeeded on the death of his nephew. A collection of her poems was printed in 1713; several still remain unpublished.

“It is remarkable that, excepting a passage or two in the Windsor Forest of Pope, and some delightful pictures in the Poems of Lady Winchelsea, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the *Paradise Lost* and the *Seasons* does not contain a single new image of external nature.”—WORDSWORTH (*Essay in his Miscellaneous Poems*).

The Atheist and the Acorn.

METHINKS the world is oddly made,
And every thing's amiss,
A dull, presuming Atheist said,
As stretch'd he lay beneath a shade;
And instanc'd it in this;

Behold, quoth he, that mighty thing,
A Pumpkin large and round,
Is held but by a little string,
Which upwards cannot make it spring,
Or bear it from the ground.

Whilst on this Oak a fruit so small,
So disproportion'd grows ;
That who with sense surveys this all,
This universal casual ball,
Its ill contrivance knows.

My better judgment would have hung
That weight upon a tree,
And left this mast, thus slightly strung,
'Mongst things which on the surface sprung,
And small and feeble be.

No more the caviller could say,
Nor farther faults descry ;
For, as he upwards gazing lay,
An Acorn, loosen'd from the stay,
Fell down upon his eye.

'Th' offended part with tears ran o'er,
As punish'd for the sin ;

Fool! had that bough a pumpkin bore,
 Thy whimsies must have work'd no more,
 Nor scull had kept them in.

Life's Progress.

How gaily is at first begun
 Our life's uncertain race!
 Whilst yet that sprightly morning sun,
 With which we just set out to run,
 Enlightens all the place.

How smiling the world's prospect lies,
 How tempting to go through!
 Not Canaan to the prophet's eyes,
 From Pisgah, with a sweet surprise,
 Did more inviting shew.

How soft the first ideas prove,
 Which wander through our minds!
 How full the joys, how free the love,
 Which does that early season move,
 As flowers the western winds!

Our sighs are then but vernal air,
 But April drops our tears,

Which swiftly passing, all grows fair,
 Whilst beauty compensates our care,
 And youth each vapour clears.

But, oh! too soon, alas! we climb,
 Scarce feeling, we ascend
 The gently-rising hill of Time,
 From whence with grief we see that prime,
 And all its sweetness end.

The die now cast, our station known,
 Fond expectation past:
 The thorns which former days had sown,
 To crops of late repentance grown,
 Thro' which we toil at last.

Whilst every care's a driving harm,
 That helps to bear us down;
 Which faded smiles no more can charm
 But every tear's a winter-storm,
 And every look's a frown.

A Nocturnal Reverie.

IN such a night, when every louder wind
 Is to its distant cavern safe confin'd;

And only gentle Zephyr fans his wings,
 And lonely Philomel, still waking, sings;
 Or from some tree, fam'd for the owl's delight,
 She, hollowing clear, directs the wanderer right:
 In such a night, when passing clouds give place,
 Or thinly veil the heaven's mysterious face;
 When in some river, overhung with green,
 The waving moon, and trembling leaves are seen;
 When freshen'd grass now bears itself upright,
 And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite,
 Whence springs the woodbind, and the bramble-
 rose,

And where the sleepy cowslip shelter'd grows;
 Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,
 Yet chequers still with red the dusky brakes;
 When scatter'd glow-worms, but in twilight fine,
 Shew trivial beauties watch their hour to shine;
 Whilst Salisb'ry stands the test of every light,
 In perfect charms, and perfect virtue bright:
 When odours which declin'd repelling day,
 Thro' temperate air uninterrupted stray;
 When darken'd groves their softest shadows wear,
 And falling waters we distinctly hear;
 When thro' the gloom more venerable shows
 Some ancient fabrick, awful in repose;
 While sun-burnt hills their swarthy looks conceal,
 And swelling hay-cocks thicken up the vale:

When the loos'd horse now, as his pasture leads,
 Comes slowly grazing thro' th' adjoining meads,
 Whose stealing pace, and lengthen'd shade we fear,
 Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear ;
 When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,
 And unmolested kine rechew the cud ;
 When curlews cry beneath the village walls,
 And to her straggling brood the partridge calls ;
 Their short-liv'd jubilee the creatures keep,
 Which but endures whilst tyrant man does sleep ;
 When a sedate content the spirit feels,
 And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it reveals ;
 But silent musings urge the mind to seek
 Something too high for syllables to speak ;
 Till the free soul to a composedness charm'd,
 Finding the elements of rage disarm'd,
 O'er all below a solemn quiet grown,
 Joys in th' inferiour world, and thinks it like her
 own :

In such a night let me abroad remain,
 Till morning breaks, and all's confus'd again ;
 Our cares, our toils, our clamours are renew'd,
 Or pleasures, seldom reach'd, again pursu'd.

The Spleen.

A PINDARIC POEM.

WHAT art thou, Spleen, which every thing dost
ape?

Thou Proteus to abus'd mankind,
Who never yet thy real cause could find,
Or fix thee to remain in one continu'd shape.
Still varying thy perplexing form,
Now a dead sea thou'lt represent,
A calm of stupid discontent,
Then, dashing on the rocks, wilt rage into a storm.
Trembling sometimes thou dost appear,
Dissolv'd into a panic fear;
On sleep intruding dost thy shadows spread,
Thy gloomy terrors round the silent bed,
And crowd with boding dreams the melancholy
head:
Or, when the midnight hour is told,
And drooping lids thou still dost waking hold,
Thy fond delusions cheat the eyes,
Before them antic spectres dance,
Unusual fires their pointed heads advance,
And airy phantoms rise.

Such was the monstrous vision seen,
 When Brutus (now beneath his cares opprest,
 And all Rome's fortunes rolling in his breast,
 Before Philippi's latest field,
 Before his fate did to Octavius yield,)

Was vanquish'd by the spleen.
 Falsely the mortal part we blame
 Of our deprest and ponderous frame,
 Which, till the first degrading sin
 Let thee, its dull attendant, in,
 Still with the other did comply,
 Nor clogg'd the active soul dispos'd to fly,
 And range the mansions of its native sky.
 Nor whilst in his own heaven he dwelt,
 Whilst man his paradise possest,
 His fertile garden in the fragrant East,
 And all united odours smelt,
 No armed sweets, until thy reign,
 Could shock the sense, or in the face
 A flush'd, unhandsome colour place.
 Now the jonquille o'ercomes the feeble brain;
 We faint beneath the aromatic pain,
 Till some offensive scent thy powers appease,
 And pleasure we resign for short and nauseous
 ease.

In every one thou dost possess,
 New are thy motions, and thy dress;

Now in some grove a listening friend
 Thy false suggestions must attend,
 Thy whisper'd griefs, thy fancied sorrows hear,
 Breath'd in a sigh, and witness'd by a tear ;
 Whilst in the light and vulgar crowd,
 Thy slaves more clamorous and loud,
 By laughters unprovok'd, thy influence too confess.
 In the imperious wife thou vapours art,
 Which from o'er-heated passions rise
 In clouds to the attractive brain,
 Until descending thence again,
 Through the o'ercast and showering eyes,
 Upon her husband's soften'd heart,
 He the disputed point must yield,
 Something resign of the contested field ;
 Till lordly man, born to imperial sway,
 Compounds for peace to make that right away,
 And woman, arm'd with spleen, does servilely obey.
 The fool, to imitate the wits,
 Complains of thy pretended fits,
 And dulness, born with him, would lay
 Upon thy accidental sway ;
 Because sometimes thou dost presume
 Into the ablest heads to come :
 That often men of thoughts refin'd,
 Impatient of unequal sense,
 Such slow returns, where they so much dispense,

Retiring from the crowd are to thy shades inclin'd.

O'er me, alas! thou dost too much prevail :

I feel thy force whilst I against thee rail ;

I feel my verse decay, and my cramp'd numbers fail.

Through thy black jaundice I all objects see,

As dark and terrible as thee,

My lines decried, and my employment thought

An useless folly, or presumptuous fault ;

Whilst in the Muses' paths I stray,

Whilst in their groves, and by their sacred springs

My hand delights to trace unusual things,

And deviates from the known and common way :

Nor will in fading silks compose

Faintly th' inimitable rose,

Fill up an ill-drawn bird, or paint on glass

The sovereign's blurr'd and undistinguish'd face,

The threatening angel, and the speaking ass.

Patron thou art to every gross abuse,

The sullen husband's feign'd excuse,

When the ill humour with his wife he spends,

And bears recruited wit and spirits to his friends.

The son of Bacchus pleads thy power,

As to the glass he still repairs,

Pretends but to remove thy cares,

Snatch from thy shades one gay and smiling hour,

And drown thy kingdom in a purple shower.

When the coquette, whom every fool admires,

Would in variety be fair,
 And, changing hastily the scene
 From light, impertinent, and vain,
 Assumes a soft and melancholy air,
 And of her eyes rebates the wandering fires;
 The careless posture, and the head reclin'd,
 The thoughtful and composed face,
 Proclaiming the withdrawn, the absent mind,
 Allows the fop more liberty to gaze,
 Who gently for the tender cause inquires;
 The cause indeed is a defect in sense,
 Yet is the spleen alledg'd, and still the dull
 pretence.

But these are thy fantastic harms,
 The tricks of thy pernicious stage,
 Which do the weaker sort engage;
 Worse are the dire effects of thy more powerful
 charms.

By thee, Religion, all we know
 That should enlighten here below,
 Is veil'd in darkness, and perplex
 With anxious doubts, with endless scruples vex'd,
 And some restraint implied from each perverted
 text,

Whilst touch not, taste not, what is freely given,
 Is but thy niggard voice, disgracing bounteous
 Heaven.

From speech restrain'd, by thy deceits abus'd,
 To deserts banish'd, or in cells réclus'd,
 Mistaken votaries to thy powers divine,
 Whilst they a purer sacrifice design,
 Do but the spleen obey, and worship at thy shrine.
 In vain to chase thee every art we try,
 In vain all remedies apply,
 In vain the Indian leaf infuse,
 Or the parch'd Eastern berry bruise ;
 Some pass in vain those bounds, and nobler liquors
 use.

Now harmony in vain we bring,
 Inspire the flute, and touch the string.
 From harmony no help is had ;
 Music but soothes thee, if too sweetly sad,
 And if too light, but turns thee gaily mad.
 Tho' the physician's greatest gains,
 Altho' his growing wealth he sees
 Daily increas'd by ladies' fees,
 Yet dost thou baffle all his studious pains.
 Not skilful Lower thy source could find,
 Or thro' the well-dissected body trace
 The secret, the mysterious ways,
 By which thou dost surprize, and prey upon the
 mind.

Tho' in the search, too deep for human thought,
With unsuccessful toil he wrought,
Till thinking thee to've catch'd, himself by thee
 was caught,
Retain'd thy prisoner, thy acknowledg'd slave,
And sunk beneath thy chain to a lamented grave.

ESTHER VANHOMRIGH,

Born died 1721.

Swift's Vanesse.

Ode to Spring.

HAIL, blushing goddess, beauteous Spring !
Who, in thy jocund train dost bring
Loves and graces, smiling hours,
Balmy breezes, fragrant flowers ;
Come, with tints of roseate hue,
Nature's faded charms renew.

Yet why should I thy presence hail ?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with sweets, no more the rose
With such transcendant beauty blows,
As when Cadenus blest the scene,
And shar'd with me those joys serene.
When, unperceived, the lambent fire
Of friendship kindled new desire ;
Still listening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths which angels might have sung
Divine imprest their gentle sway,
And sweetly stole my soul away.

My guide, instructor, lover, friend,
Dear names, in one idea blend ;
Oh ! still conjoin'd, your incense rise,
And waft sweet odours to the skies.

RACHEL, LADY RUSSELL,

..... died 1723.

The admirable daughter of Southampton. She died in
her 87th year.

To the Memory of her Husband.

RIGHT noble twice, by virtue and by birth,
Of Heaven lov'd, and honour'd on the earth ;
His country's hope, his kindred's chief delight,
My husband dear, more than this world's light,
Death hath me reft. But I from death will take
His memory, to whom this tomb I make.
John was his name (ah was ! wretch, must I say,)
Lord Russell once, now my tear-thirsty clay.

SUSANNA CENTLIVRE,

Born died 1723,

Will be long remembered as the authoress of *The Wonder*,
and *The Busy Body*.

Her maiden name was Freeman. Her third husband,
Joseph Centlivre, was one of Queen Anne's cooks, and
fell in love with her at Windsor, where she performed
the part of Alexander the Great in Lee's *Rival Queens*.

Prologue to "A Bold Stroke for a Wife."

TO-NIGHT we come upon a bold design,
To try to please without one borrow'd line ;
Our plot is new and regularly clear,
And not one single tittle from Moliere.
O'er buried poets we with caution tread,
And parish sextons leave to rob the dead.
For you, bright British fair, in hopes to charm ye,
We bring to-night a lover from the army ;
You know the soldiers have the strangest arts,
Such a proportion of prevailing parts,
You'd think that they rid post to women's hearts.
I wonder whence they draw their bold pretence ;
We do not chuse them sure for our defence :

That plea is both impolitic and wrong,
And only suits such dames as want a tongue.
Is it their eloquence and fine address?
The softness of their language?—Nothing less.
Is it their courage, that they bravely dare
To storm the sex at once?—Egad! 'tis there;
They act by us as in the rough campaign,
Unmindful of repulses, charge again :
They mine and countermine, resolv'd to win,
And, if a breach is made, they will come in.
You'll think, by what we have of soldiers said,
Our female wit was in the service bred :
But she is to the hardy toil a stranger,
She loves the cloth indeed, but hates the danger :
Yet to this circle of the brave and gay,
She bids one, for her good intentions say,
She hopes you'll not reduce her to half-pay.
As for our play, 'tis English humour all :
Then will you let our manufacture fall ?
Would you the honour of our nation raise,
Keep English credit up, and English plays.

DE LA RIVIERE MANLY,

..... died 1724.

The father of this woman, Sir Roger Manly, was distinguished for his loyalty and bravery in the civil wars, as also for his literary talents. At an early age, she was drawn into a marriage with her cousin, Mr. Manly, to whose care her father, on his death-bed, had consigned her. This villain (who had another wife alive) dissipated her fortune, and, at the end of three years, abandoned her, and her child, to poverty and disgrace. Thus deserted, she became an authoress by profession, and wrote plays and novels with success; but, unfortunately, the applause and flattery, which she now received from the wits and fashionable gentlemen of the day, proved ruinous to her virtue. Her romance, the *Atalantis*, a satire on those who had effected the Revolution, caused a great sensation; and its printer and publisher were seized by a warrant from the Secretary of State's office. On this occasion, her friends advised her to retreat to France; but, determined that no innocent persons should suffer on her account, she presented herself before the Court of King's Bench, as the writer of the obnoxious volumes. A short confinement was the consequence of her generous conduct.



SONG

(In the First Act of *The Lost Lover*, or *The Jealous Husband*).

AH, dangerous swain, tell me no more,
Thy happy nymph you worship and adore!
When thy fill'd eyes are sparkling at her name,
I raving wish that mine had caus'd the flame.

If by your fire to her you can impart
Diffusive heat to warm another's heart;
Ah, dangerous swain, what would the ruin be,
Should you but once persuade you burn for me!

To J. M——e, Esq. of Worcester College, Oxon.

OXFORD, for all thy fops and smarts
Let this prodigious youth atone,
Whilst others frisk and dress at hearts,
He makes thy better part his own.

Yet small addition canst thou give,
Nature gave all her wealth before;
How little can this son receive!
How full already is his store!

Others advance by slow degrees,
Long, long they feed, before they taste,
Their letters but with years increase,
And good digestion comes the last.

But his vast mind completely form'd
Was thoroughly finish'd when begun ;
So all at once the world was warm'd
On the great birth-day of the sun.

JOHNSON,

Born died 1727.

The Stella of Swift.

On Jealousy.

O SHIELD me from his rage, celestial Powers !
This tyrant that embitters all my hours.
Ah, Love ! you've poorly play'd the hero's part,
You conquer'd, but you can't defend my heart.
When first I bent beneath your gentle reign,
I thought this monster banish'd from your train :
But you would raise him to support your throne,
And now he claims your empire as his own ;
Or tell me, tyrants, have you both agreed
That where one reigns, the other shall succeed ?

ELIZABETH THOMAS,

Born 1675, died 1730,

Received from Dryden the poetical name of Corinna.

The part which she took in that mysterious business, the publication of Pope's Letters, procured for her a place in the Dunciad.

Predestination, or the Resolution.

[In her fifteenth year, her mind was disturbed, by attending her grandmother to meetings, and reading to her the works of Dr. Goodwin, a rigid predestinarian. "In this perplexity," says Corinna, speaking of herself in the third person, "she languished for some time; when hearing Bishop Burnet's Exposition of the 39 Articles was in the press, she waited the publication with the utmost impatience. But, alas! never the near, the Bishop having stated the different opinion of each sect with such candour that it was impossible to find out which he most leaned to himself. Being thus frustrated in her long expectations, she retired to her closet, where, after a most serious discussion of this point with herself, she formed the following poem. this afforded her great consolation, and the oftener she read it, the more she was composed and confirmed in her resolution."—*Life of Mrs. T.*, prefixed to Pylades and Corinna, 2 vols. 2d edit. 1736.]

AH ! strive no more to know what fate
Is preordain'd for thee :

'Tis vain in this my mortal state,
For Heaven's inscrutable decree
Will only be reveal'd in vast Eternity.

Then, O my soul !
Remember thy celestial birth,
And live to Heaven, while here on earth :
Thy God is infinitely true,
All Justice, yet all Mercy too :
To Him, then, thro' thy Saviour, pray
For Grace, to guide thee on thy way,
And give thee Will to do.
But humbly, for the rest, my soul !
Let Hope, and Faith, the limits be
Of thy presumptuous curiosity !

CONSTANTIA GRIERSON,

Born 1706, died 1733.

An Irishwoman of extraordinary erudition. "She died," says Mrs. Barber, "at the age of 27, and was allowed, long before, to be an excellent scholar, not only in Greek and Roman literature, but in history, divinity, philosophy, and mathematics. She gave a proof of her knowledge in the Latin tongue, by her dedication of the Dublin edition of Tacitus to the Lord Carteret, and by that of Terence to his son, to whom she likewise wrote a Greek epigram." Mrs. Pilkington informs us, that she was also mistress of Hebrew—that her parents were poor, illiterate, country people—and that, when questioned how she had acquired such learning, she said 'she had received some little instruction from the minister of the parish, when she could spare time from her needlework, to which she was closely kept by her mother.' Her poems were published with those of Mrs. Barber.

*To Miss LÆTITIA VAN LEWEN (afterwards
Mrs. PILKINGTON), at a Country Assize.*

THE fleeting birds may soon in ocean swim,
And northern whales thro' liquid azure skim;

The Dublin ladies their intrigues forsake,
To dress and scandal an aversion take ;
When you can in the lonely forest walk,
And with some serious matron gravely talk
Of possets, poultices, and waters still'd,
And monstrous casks with mead and cider fill'd ;
How many hives of bees she has in store,
And how much fruit her trees this summer bore ;
Or, home returning, in the yard can stand,
And feed the chickens from your bounteous hand :
Of each one's top-knot tell, and hatching pry,
Like Tully waiting for an augury.

When night approaches, down to table sit
With a great crowd, choice meat, and little wit ;
What horse won the last race, how mighty Tray,
At the last famous hunting, caught the prey ;
Surely you can't but such discourse despise,
Methinks I see displeasure in your eyes :
O my Lætitia ! stay no longer there,
You'll soon forget that you yourself are fair ;
Why will you keep from us, from all that's gay,
There in a lonely solitude to stay ?
Where not a mortal through the year you view,
But bob-wigg'd hunters, who their game pursue
With so much ardour, they'd a cock or hare,
To thee in all thy blooming charms prefer.

You write of belles and beaux that there appear,
And gilded coaches, such as glitter here ;
For gilded coaches, each estated clown
That gravely slumbers on the bench has one ;
But beaux ! they're young attorneys sure you mean,
Who thus appear to your romantic brain.
Alas ! no mortal there can talk to you,
That love, or wit, or softness ever knew ;
All they can speak of 's *capias* and law,
And writs to keep the country fools in awe.
And if to wit, or courtship they pretend,
'Tis the same way that they a cause defend ;
In which they give of lungs a vast expence,
But little passion, thought, or eloquence :
Bad as they are, they'll soon abandon you,
And gain and clamour in the town pursue.
So haste to town, if even such fools you prize,
O haste to town ! and bless the longing eyes
Of your CONSTANTIA.

MARY BARBER,

Born died

Poems by Mrs. Barber were published in 1734, prefaced by a letter from Swift to John, Earl of Orrery. She was the wife of a tradesman in Dublin.

*On sending my Son as a Present to Dr. SWIFT,
Dean of St. Patrick's, on his Birthday.*

A CURIOUS statue, we are told,
Is priz'd above its weight in gold ;
If the fair form the hand confess
Of Phidias, or Phraxiteles :
But if the artist could inspire
The smallest spark of heavenly fire,
Tho' but enough to make it walk,
Salute the company, or talk,
This would advance the prize so high,
What prince were rich enough to buy ?
Such if Hibernia could obtain,
She sure would give it to the Dean :
So to her patriot should she pay
Her thanks upon his natal day.

A richer present I design,
A finish'd form, of work divine,
Surpassing all the power of art,
A thinking head, and grateful heart :
A heart that hopes, one day, to show
How much we to the Drapier owe.
Kings could not send a nobler gift,
A meaner were unworthy Swift.

ELIZABETH ROWE,

Born 1674, died 1736,

Was the daughter of Mr. Walter Singer, a gentleman of good family. In her twenty-second year she published a volume of Poems. In 1710 she married Mr. Thomas Rowe, a person of no mean literary acquirements, who, "some considerable time after his marriage, addressed to her, under the name of Delia, a very tender ode:" he died in 1715, in his twenty-eighth year. After his death, she retired to Frome, in the neighbourhood of which she possessed a paternal estate, and there composed her once celebrated work, *Letters from the Dead to the Living*.

She was warmly admired by Prior, among whose Poems will be found an "Answer to Mrs. Singer's Pastoral on Love and Friendship."

Despair.

OH! lead me to some solitary gloom,
Where no enlivening beams, nor cheerful echoes
come;
But silent all, and dusky let it be,
Remote, and unfrequented but by me;
Mysterious, close, and sullen as that grief,
Which leads me to its covert for relief.

Far from the busy world's detested noise,
Its wretched pleasures, and distracted joys ;
Far from the jolly fools, who laugh and play,
And dance, and sing, impertinently gay,
Their short, inestimable hours away ;
Far from the studious follies of the great,
The tiresome farce of ceremonious state.
There, in a melting, solemn, dying strain,
Let me all day upon my lyre complain,
And wind up all its soft harmonious strings,
To noble, serious, melancholy things.
And let no human foot, but mine, e'er trace
The close recesses of the sacred place :
Nor let a bird of cheerful note come near,
To whisper out his airy raptures here.
Only the pensive songstress of the grove,
Let her, by mine, her mournful notes improve ;
While drooping winds among the branches sigh,
And sluggish waters heavily roll by.
Here, to my fatal sorrows let me give
The short remaining hours I have to live.
Then, with a sullen, deep-fetch'd groan expire,
And to the grave's dark solitude retire.

A Laplander's Song to his Mistress.

SHINE out, resplendent god of day,
On my fair Orramoor;
Her charms thy most propitious ray,
And kindest looks allure.

In mountain, vale, or gloomy grove,
I'd climb the tallest tree,
Could I from thence my absent love,
My charming rover see.

I'd venture on a rising cloud,
Aloft in yielding air,
From that exalted station proud
To view the smiling fair.

Should she in some sequester'd bower,
Among the branches hide,
I'd tear off every leaf and flower,
Till she was there descry'd.

From every bird I'd steal a wing,
To Orramoor to fly;
And urg'd by love, would swiftly spring
Along the lightsome sky.

Return, and bless me with thy charms,
While yet the sun displays
His fairest beams, and kindly warms
Us with his vital rays.

Return, before that light be gone,
In which thou should'st appear;
Unwelcome night is hastening on
To darken half the year.

In vain, relentless maid, in vain,
Thou dost a youth forsake,
Whose love shall quickly o'er the plain
Thy savage flight o'ertake.

Should bars of steel my passage stay,
They could not thee secure;
I'd thro' enchantments find a way,
To seize my Orramoor.

JANE BRERETON,

Born 1685, died 1740,

Was the daughter of Thomas Hughes, of Bryn-Griffith, in Flintshire. She wrote under the name of Melissa.

*On Mr. NASH's Picture at full length, between
the Busts of Sir ISAAC NEWTON and
Mr. POPE.*

THE old Egyptians hid their wit
In hieroglyphic dress,
To give men pains to search for it,
And please themselves with guess.

Moderns, to tread the self-same path
And exercise our parts,
Place figures in a room at Bath;
Forgive them, God of Arts!

Newton, if I can judge aright,
All wisdom doth express,
His knowledge gives mankind new light,
Adds to their happiness.

Pope is the emblem of true wit,
The sunshine of the mind ;
Read o'er his works for proof of it,
You'll endless pleasure find.

Nash represents man in the mass,
Made up of wrong and right ;
Sometimes a knave, sometimes an ass,
Now blunt, and now polite.

The picture, plac'd the busts between,
Adds to the thought much strength,
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly's at full length.

MARY CHANDLER,

Born 1687, died 1745,

The daughter of a dissenting minister at Bath. Pope
commended her poetry.

Temperance.

FATAL effects of luxury and ease !
We drink our poison, and we eat disease,
Indulge our senses at our reason's cost,
Till sense is pain, and reason hurt, or lost.
Not so, O Temperance bland ! when rul'd by thee,
The brute's obedient, and the man is free.
Soft are his slumbers, balmy is his rest,
His veins not boiling from the midnight feast.
Touch'd by Aurora's rosy hand, he wakes
Peaceful and calm, and with the world partakes
The joyful dawns of returning day,
For which their grateful thanks the whole creation
pay,
All but the human brute : 'tis he alone,
Whose works of darkness fly the rising sun.
'Tis to thy rules, O Temperance ! that we owe
All pleasures, which from health and strength can
flow ;

Vigour of body, purity of mind,
Unclouded reason, sentiments refin'd,
Unmixt, untainted joys, without remorse,
Th' intemperate sinner's never-failing curse.

MARY LEAPOR,

Born 1722, died 1746,

Whose writings shew that she was endowed with no ordinary talents, was the daughter of the gardener of Judge Blencowe, of Marston St. Lawrence, in Northamptonshire. Her education, of course, was very slight ; and it is said that she was some time cookmaid in a gentleman's family. Two volumes of her poems have appeared.

The Temple of Love,

A DREAM.

WHEN lonely night compos'd the drowsy mind,
And hush'd the bosom of the weary hind,
Pleas'd with plain nature, and with simple life,
I read the scenes of Shore's deluded wife,
Till my faint spirits sought the silent bed,
And on its pillow dropp'd my aching head ;
Then fancy, ever to her Mira kind,
Prepar'd her phantoms for the roving mind.

Behold a fabrick rising from the ground,
To the soft timbrel, and the cittern's sound ;

Corinthian pillars the vast building hold,
Of polish'd silver and Peruvian gold ;
In four broad arches spread the shining doors,
The blazing roofs enlighten all the floors :
Beneath a sparkling canopy, that shone
With Persian jewels, like a morning sun,
Wrapp'd in a robe of purest Tyrian dye,
Cytherea's image met the ravish'd eye,
Whose glowing features would in paint beguile,
So well the artist drew her mimick smile.
Her shining eyes confess'd a sprightly joy,
Upon her knees reclin'd her wanton boy ;
On the bright walls around her and above,
Were drawn the statutes and the arts of love :
These taught the silent language of the eye,
The broken whisper, and amusing lie ;
The careless glance peculiar to the fair,
And vows of lovers that dissolve in air :
The graceful anger, and the rolling eyes ;
The practis'd blush, and counterfeit surprise ;
The language proper for pretending swains ;
And fine description for imagin'd pains ;
The friendly caution, and designing ease,
And all the arts that ruin while they please.

Now enter'd, follow'd by a splendid train,
A blooming damsel and a wealthy swain ;

The gaudy youth in shining robes array'd,
Behind him follow'd the unthinking maid :
Youth in her cheek like opening roses sprung,
Her careless tresses on her shoulders hung.
Her smiles were cheerful as enlivening May ;
Her dress was careless, and her eyes were gay.
Then to soft voices and melodious sound
The board was spread, the sparkling glasses
crown'd :

The sprightly virgin in a moment shines
In the gay product of the eastern mines ;
Then Pride comes in with patches for the fair,
And spicy odours for her curling hair ;
Rude Riot, in a crimson vest array'd,
With smooth-fac'd Flattery like a chambermaid ;
Soft Pomp, and Pleasure, at her elbow stand,
And Folly shakes the rattles in her hand.

But now her feeble structure seem'd to shake,
Its bases trembled, and its pillars quake ;
Then rush'd Suspicion thro' the lofty gate,
With heart-sick Loathing led by ghastly Hate ;
And foaming Rage, to close the horrid band,
With a drawn poniard in her trembling hand.
Now like an earthquake shook the reeling frame,
The lamps extinguish in a purple flame ;
One universal groan was heard, and then
The cries of women, and the voice of men ;

Some roar out vengeance, some for mercy call ;
And shrieks and tumult fill the dreadful hall.

At length the spectres vanish'd from my sight,
Again the lamps resum'd a feeble light,
But chang'd the place ; no splendor there was
shown,

But gloomy walls, that mirth had never known ;
For the gay dome where pleasure us'd to dwell,
Appear'd an abbey, and a doleful cell ;
And here the sad, the ruin'd nymph was found,
Her robe disorder'd, and her locks unbound,
While from her eyes the pearly drops of woe,
Wash'd her pale cheek, where roses us'd to blow :
Her blue and trembling lips prepar'd to breathe
The sighs that made her swelling bosom heave ;
Thus, stupid with her grief, she sat and prest
Her lily hands across her pensive breast ;
A group of ghastly phantoms stood behind,
Whose task it is to rack the guilty mind ;
Wide-mouth'd Reproach with visage rude and thin,
And hissing Scandal, made a hideous din,
Remorse, that darted from her deadly wings
Invenom'd arrows and a thousand stings :
Then with pale cheeks, and with a ghastly stare,
Peep'd o'er her shoulder hollow-ey'd Despair,
Whose hand extended bore a bleeding heart ;
And Death behind her shook his threatening dart :

These forms with horror fill'd my aching breast,
And from my eyelids drove the balm of rest :
I woke, and found old night her course had run,
And left her empire to the rising sun.

The Month of August.

SYLVANUS, a Courtier ; PHILLIS, a Country Maid.

SYLVANUS.

HAIL, Phillis, brighter than a morning sky,
Joy of my heart, and darling of my eye ;
See the kind year her grateful tribute yields,
And round-fac'd Plenty triumphs o'er the fields.
But to yon gardens let me lead thy charms,
Where the curl'd vine extends her willing arms,
Whose purple clusters lure the longing eye,
And the ripe cherries shew their scarlet dye.

PHILLIS.

Not all the sights your boasted gardens yield,
Are half so lovely as my father's field,
Where large increase has bless'd the fruitful plain,
And we with joy behold the swelling grain,
Whose heavy ears towards the earth reclin'd,
Wave, nod, and tremble to the whisking wind.

SYLVANUS.

But see, to emulate those cheeks of thine,
On yon fair tree the blushing nect'rins shine ;
Beneath their leaves the rosy peaches glow,
And the plump figs compose a gallant show.
With gaudy plums see yonder boughs recline,
And ruddy pears in yon espalier twine.
There humble dwarfs in pleasing order stand,
Whose golden product seems to court thy hand.

PHILLIS.

In vain you tempt me while our orchard bears
Long-keeping russets, lovely Cath'rine pears,
Pearmains and codlings, wheaten plums enow,
And the black damsons load the bending bough.
No pruning knives our fertile branches tease,
While yours must grow but as their masters please.
The grateful trees our mercy well repay,
And rain us bushels at the rising day.

SYLVANUS.

Fair are my gardens, yet you slight them all ;
Then let us haste to yon majestic hall,
Where the glad roofs shall to thy voice resound,
Thy voice more sweet than music's melting sound :
Orion's beam infests the sultry sky,
And scorching fevers thro' the welkin fly ;

But art shall teach us to evade his ray,
And the forc'd fountains near the windows play ;
There choice perfumes shall give a pleasing gale,
And orange-flowers their odorous breath exhale ;
While on the walls the well-wrought paintings
 glow,
And dazzling carpets deck the floors below :
O tell me, thou whose careless beauties charm,
Are these not fairer than a thresher's barn ?

PHILLIS.

Believe me, I can find no charms at all
In your fine carpets, and your painted hall.
'Tis true our parlour has an earthen floor,
The sides of plaster, and of elm the door :
Yet the rubb'd chest and table sweetly shines,
And the spread mint along the window climbs :
An aged laurel keeps away the sun,
And two cool streams across the garden run.

SYLVANUS.

Can feasts or music win my lovely maid ?
In both those pleasures be her taste obey'd.
The ransack'd earth shall all its dainties send,
Till with its load her plenteous table bend.
Then to the roofs the swelling notes shall rise,
Pierce the glad air, and gain upon the skies,

While ease and rapture spreads itself around,
And distant hills roll back the charming sound.

PHILLIS.

Not this will lure me, for I'd have you know,
This night to feast with Corydon I go :
To night his reapers bring the gather'd grain
Home to his barns, and leave the naked plain :
Then beef and coleworts, beans and bacon too,
And the plum-pudding of delicious hue,
Sweet-spiced cake, and apple-pies good store,
Deck the brown board, and who can wish for more ?
His flute and tabor too Amyntor brings,
And while he plays soft Amaryllis sings.
Then strive no more to win a simple maid,
From her lov'd cottage, and her silent shade ;
Let Phillis ne'er, ah ! never let her rove
From her first virtue, and her humble grove.
Go, seek some nymph that equals your degree,
And leave content and Corydon for me.

CATHARINE COCKBURN,

Born 1679, died 1749,

Was the daughter of a Scotch gentleman, Captain David Trotter. She wrote philosophical and theological treatises, plays, poems, &c.

Song—the Vain Advice.

Ah, gaze not on those eyes! forbear
That soft, enchanting voice to hear:
Not looks of basilisks give surer death,
Nor Syrens sing with more destructive breath.

Fly, if thy freedom thou'dst maintain;
Alas! I feel, th' advice is vain!
A heart, whose safety but in flight does lie,
Is too far lost to have the power to fly.

The Caution.

SOFT kisses may be innocent;
But ah! too easy maid, beware;
Tho' that is all thy kindness meant,
'Tis love's delusive, fatal snare.

No virgin e'er at first design'd
Thro' all the maze of love to stray ;
But each new path allures her mind,
Till wandering on, she lose her way.

'Tis easy ere set out to stay ;
But who the useful art can teach,
When sliding down a steepy way,
To stop, before the end we reach ?

Keep ever something in thy power,
Beyond what would thy honour stain :
He will not dare to aim at more,
Who for small favours sighs in vain.

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON,

Born 1712, died 1750,

Was the daughter of Dr. Van Lewen of Dublin, and wife of the Rev. Mr. Pilkington. The life of this talented but frail fair one, written by herself, is an amusing work.

Ode, in Imitation of HORACE.

I ENVY not the proud their wealth,
Their equipage and state;
Give me but innocence and health,
I ask not to be great.

I in this sweet retirement find
A joy unknown to kings,
For sceptres to a virtuous mind
Seem vain and empty things.

Great Cincinnatus at his plough
With brighter lustre shone,
Than guilty Cæsar e'er could shew,
Though seated on a throne.

Tumultuous days, and restless nights,
Ambition ever knows,
A stranger to the calm delights
Of study and repose.

Then free from envy, care, and strife,
Keep me, ye powers divine !
And pleas'd, when ye demand my life,
May I that life resign !

SONG.

LYING is an occupation
Us'd by all who mean to rise ;
Politicians owe their station
But to well-concerted lies.

These to lovers give assistance
To ensnare the fair one's heart ;
And the virgin's best resistance
Yields to this commanding art.

Study this superior science,
Would you rise in church or state ;
Bid to truth a bold defiance,
'Tis the practice of the great.

ELIZABETH TOLLET,

Born 1694, died 1754,

Is authoress of Poems, and Susanna, a sacred drama.

Winter Song.

ASK me no more, my truth to prove,
What I would suffer for my love :
With thee I would in exile go,
To regions of eternal snow ;
O'er floods by solid ice confin'd ;
Thro' forest bare with northern wind ;
While all around my eyes I cast,
Where all is wild and all is waste.
If there the timorous stag you chase,
Or rouse to fight a fiercer race,
Undaunted I thy arms would bear,
And give thy hand the hunter's spear.
When the low sun withdraws his light,
And menaces an half year's night,
The conscious moon and stars above
Shall guide me with my wandering love.

Beneath the mountain's hollow brow,
Or in its rocky cells below,
Thy rural feast I would provide ;
Nor envy palaces their pride ;
The softest moss should dress thy bed,
With savage spoils about thee spread ;
While faithful love the watch should keep,
To banish danger from thy sleep.

On a Death's Head.

ON this resemblance, where we find
A portrait drawn from all mankind,
Fond lover ! gaze awhile, to see
What beauty's idol charms shall be.
Where are the balls that once could dart
Quick lightning thro' the wounded heart ?
The skin, whose tint could once unite
The glowing red, and polish'd white ?
The lip in brighter ruby drest ?
The cheek with dimpled smiles opprest ?
The rising front, where beauty sate
Thron'd in her residence of state ;
Which, half-disclos'd and half-conceal'd,
The hair in flowing ringlets veil'd ?

Tis vanish'd all ! remains alone
The eyeless scalp of naked bone ;
The vacant orbits sunk within ;
The jaw that offers at a grin.
Is this the object then that claims
The tribute of our youthful flames ?
Must amorous hopes and fancied bliss,
Too dear delusions, end in this ?
How high does Melancholy swell !
Which sighs can more than language tell ;
Till Love can only grieve or fear :
Reflect a while, then drop a tear
For all that's beautiful or dear.

ELIZA HAYWOOD,

Born 1693, died 1756,

The daughter of a London tradesman, and authoress of various works, chiefly novels. Her *Betsey Thoughtless*, it has been said, suggested Madame D'Arblay's *Evelina*.

When Pope placed her in the *Dunciad*, it is probable that he was as much actuated by some provocation of a personal nature, as by indignation at the immorality of her early writings, for which, however, her later works greatly atoned.

*Ximene fearing to be forsaken by Palemon, desires
he would kill her.*

[From *The Tea-table*.]

IF by my words my soul could be exprest,
You will not wonder at my fond request :
But in compassion with my wish partake,
'Tis kinder far to kill, than to forsake.
'Tis not long life, but glorious death renowns
The hero's honours, and the martyr crowns ;
Laurels acquir'd in youth, in age decay,
Or by superior force are torn away,

To deck some new-made, hated, favourite's brow,
Who on the noble ruin great does grow.
A happy end is still the wise man's prayer,
Death is a safe, a sure retreat from care.
Should I live longer, I may lose your love,
And all the hells of desperation prove.
But now to die—now, in my joy's high noon,
Ere the cold evening of contempt comes on,
Were to die blest; and baffle cruel fate,
Which, envious, watches close to change my state.
Nay, more, to die *for thee!* and *by thee* too!
Would all my rival's happiness outdo:
My love would live forever in thy mind,
And I should pity those I left behind.
To have those eyes, dear heaven-drest orbs of light,
Convey soft pity to expiring sight,
That voice, whose every melting note inspires
Dissolving languishments, and warm desires,
Tun'd to kind, mournful, murmurings at my pain,
Would give a pride which life could never gain!
Haste then, the joys of passion to refine,
Let thro' my breast thy glittering weapon shine
Dispel my fears, and keep me ever thine!

HENRIETTA, LADY LUXBOROUGH,

..... died 1756,

Was half-sister to the famous Lord Bolingbroke.

In Dodsley's Collection, some pieces of poetry ascribed to a *Lady of Quality*, proceeded from her pen; one of them is given here. A volume of her letters to Shenstone was printed in 1775.

The Bulfinch in Town.

HARK to the blackbird's pleasing note,
Sweet usher of the vocal throng!
Nature directs his warbling throat,
And all that hear, admire the song.

Yon bulfinch with unvaried tone,
Of cadence harsh, and accent shrill,
Has brighter plumage to atone
For want of harmony and skill.

Yet discontent with nature's boon,
Like man, to mimick art he flies;
On opera-pinions hoping soon
Unrival'd he shall mount the skies.

And while to please some courtly fair,
He one dull tune with labour learns,
A well-gilt cage remote from air
And faded plumes, is all he earns !

Go, hapless captive ! still repeat
The sounds which nature never taught ;
Go, listening fair ! and call them sweet,
Because you know them dearly bought.

Unenvied both ! go hear and sing
Your studied music o'er and o'er ;
Whilst I attend th' inviting spring,
In fields where birds unfetter'd soar.

PENNINGTON,

..... died 1759,

At the age of twenty-five. Her poem *The Copper Farthing*, a poor imitation of *The Splendid Shilling*, has appeared in several collections.

Ode to Morning.

HAIL, roseate Morn ! returning light !
To thee the sable queen of night
Reluctant yields her sway ;
And, as she quits the dappled skies,
On glories greater glories rise,
To greet the dawning day.

O'er tufted meads gay Flora trips ;
Arabia's spices scent her lips,
Her head with rose-buds crown'd ;
Mild Zephyr hastes to snatch a kiss,
And, fluttering with the transient bliss,
Wafts fragrance all around.

The dew drops, daughters of the Morn,
With spangles every bush adorn,

And all the broider'd vales ;
Their voice to thee the linnets raise,
The lark, soft-trilling in thy praise,
Aurora, rising, hails !

While Nature, now in lively vest
Of glossy green, has gaily drest
Each tributary plain ;
While blooming flowers, and blossom'd trees,
Soft-waving with the vernal breeze,
Exult beneath thy reign ;

Shall I, with drowsy poppies crown'd,
By sleep in silken fetters bound,
The downy god obey ?
Ah, no !—thro' yon embowering grove,
Or winding valley, let me rove,
And own thy cheerful sway !

For short-liv'd are thy pleasing powers :
Pass but a few uncertain hours,
And we no more shall trace
Thy dimpled cheek, and brow serene ;
Or clouds may gloom the smiling scene,
And frowns deform thy face.

So in life's youthful bloomy prime,
We sport away the fleeting time,

Regardless of our fate ;
But, by some unexpected blow,
Our giddy follies we shall know,
And mourn them when too late !

MARY MASTERS,

Born died

Published Poems, which, as Boswell informs us, were
corrected by Dr. Johnson.

To LUCINDA.

LUCINDA, you in vain dissuade
Two hearts from mutual love,
What amorous youth, or tender maid,
Could e'er their flames remove?

What if the charms in him I see
Only exist in thought;
Yet Cupid, like the Mede's decree,
Is firm and changeth not.

Seek not to know my passion's spring,
The reason to discover;
For reason is an useless thing,
When we've commenc'd the lover.

Should lovers quarrel with their fate,
And ask the reason why
They are condemn'd to dote on that,
Or for this object die?

They must not hope for a reply,
And this is all they know;
They sigh, and weep, and rave, and die,
Because it must be so.

Love is a mighty God you know,
That rules with potent sway;
And when he draws his awful bow,
We mortals must obey.

Since you the fatal strife endur'd,
And yielded to his dart;
How can I hope to be secur'd,
And guard a weaker heart?

MADAN,

Born died

Was the wife of a Colonel Madan : her name before
marriage was Cowper.

*Verses, written in her Brother's Coke upon
Littleton.*

O THOU, who labour'st in this rugged mine,
May'st thou to gold th' unpolish'd ore refine !
May each dark page unfold its haggard brow !
Doubt not to reap, if thou can'st bear to plough.
To tempt thy care, may, each revolving night,
Purses and maces swim before thy sight !
From hence in times to come, advent'rous deed !
May'st thou essay to look and speak like Mead !
When the black bag and rose no more shall shade
With martial air the honours of thy head ;
When the full wig thy visage shall enclose,
And only leave to view thy learned nose ;
Safely may'st thou defy beaux, wits, and scoffers,
While tenants, in fee-simple, stuff thy coffers !

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU,

Born about 1690, died 1762,

Whose Letters every body reads, was the eldest daughter
of the Duke of Kingston.

The Lover,

A Ballad.

TO MR. CONGREVE.

1.

At length, by so much importunity press'd,
Take, Congreve, at once the inside of my breast.
This stupid indifference so often you blame,
Is not owing to nature, to fear, or to shame :
I am not as cold as a virgin in lead,
Nor is Sunday's sermon so strong in my head ;
I know but too well how time flies along,
That we live but few years, and yet fewer are young.

2.

But I hate to be cheated, and never will buy
Long years of repentance for moments of joy.

Oh! was there a man (but where shall I find
 Good sense and good-nature so equally join'd ?)
 Would value his pleasure, contribute to mine ;
 Not meanly would boast, nor lewdly design ;
 Not over severe, yet not stupidly vain,
 For I would have the power, tho' not give the pain.

3.

No pedant, yet learned ; no rake-helly gay,
 Or laughing, because he has nothing to say ;
 To all my whole sex obliging and free,
 Yet never be fond of any but me ;
 In public preserve the decorum that's just,
 And shew in his eyes he is true to his trust ;
 Then rarely approach, and respectfully bow,
 But not fulsomely pert, nor foppishly low.

4.

But when the long hours of public are past,
 And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last,
 May every fond pleasure that moment endear ;
 Be banish'd afar both discretion and fear !
 Forgetting or scorning the airs of the crowd,
 He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud,
 Till lost in the joy, we confess that we live,
 And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

5.

And that my delight may be solidly fix'd,
 Let the friend and the lover be handsomely mix'd,
 In whose tender bosom my soul may confide,
 Whose kindness can soothe me, whose counsel
 can guide.

From such a dear lover as here I describe,
 No danger should fright me, no millions should
 bribe ;

But till this astonishing creature I know,
 As I long have liv'd chaste, I will keep myself so.

6.

I never will share with the wanton coquet,
 Or be caught by a vain affectation of wit.
 The toasters and songsters may try all their art,
 But never shall enter the pass of my heart.
 I loath the lewd rake, the drest fopling despise ;
 Before such pursuers the nice virgin flies :
 And as Ovid has sweetly in parable told,
 We harden like trees, and like rivers grow cold.

To the Moon.

THOU silver deity of secret night,
 Direct my footsteps thro' the woodland shade,
 Thou conscious witness of unknown delight,
 The lover's guardian, and the muse's aid !

By thy pale beams I solitary rove,
 To thee my tender grief confide ;
 Serenely sweet, you gild the silent grove,
 My friend, my goddess, and my guide !

E'en thee, fair queen, from thy amazing height,
 The charms of young Endymion drew ;
 Veil'd with the mantle of concealing night ;
 With all thy greatness, and thy coldness too.

*An Answer to a Lady who advised Lady M. W. M.
 to retire.*

You little know the heart that you advise ;
 I view this various scene with equal eyes ;
 In crowded court I find myself alone,
 And pay my worship to a nobler throne.

Long since the value of this world I knew;
Pitied the folly, and despis'd the shew;
Well as I can, my tedious part I bear,
And wait dismissal without pain or fear.

Seldom I mark mankind's detested ways,
Not hearing censure, nor affecting praise;
And unconcern'd my future fate I trust,
To that sole Being merciful and just.

FRANCES SHERIDAN,

Born 1724, died 1767,

The mother of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Her maiden name was Chamberlaine.

Her *Sidney Biddulph* was once a popular novel, and her romance *Nourjahad* still finds readers. She also wrote two comedies.

Ode to Patience.

UNAW'D by threats, unmov'd by force,
My steady soul pursues her course,
Collected, calm, resign'd;
Say, you who search with curious eyes
The source, whence human actions rise,
Say, whence this turn of mind?

'Tis Patience! lenient goddess, hail!
O let thy votary's vows prevail,
Thy threaten'd flight to stay;
Long hast thou been a welcome guest,
Long reign'd an inmate in this breast,
And rul'd with gentle sway.

Thro' all the various turns of fate,
Ordain'd me in each several state,
My wayward lot has known ;
What taught me silently to bear,
To curb the sigh, to check the tear,
When sorrow weigh'd me down ?

'Twas Patience ! temperate goddess, stay !
For still thy dictates I obey,
Nor yield to passion's power ;
Tho' by injurious foes borne down,
My fame, my toil, my hopes o'erthrown,
In one ill-fated hour.

When robb'd of what I held most dear,
My hands adorn'd the mournful bier
Of her I lov'd so well ;
What, when mute sorrow chain'd my tongue,
As o'er the sable hearse I hung,
Forbade the tide to swell ?

'Twas Patience ! goddess ever calm !
O pour into my breast thy balm,
That antidote to pain ;
Which flowing from thy nectar'd urn,
By chemistry divine can turn
Our losses into gain.

When sick and languishing in bed,
Sleep from my restless couch had fled,
 (Sleep which e'en pain beguiles,)
What taught me calmly to sustain
A feverish being rack'd with pain,
 And dress'd my looks in smiles ?

'Twas Patience ! Heaven-descended maid
Implor'd, flew swiftly to my aid,
 And lent her fostering breast ;
Watch'd my sad hours with parent care,
Repell'd th' approaches of despair,
 And sooth'd my soul to rest.

Say, when dissever'd from his side,
My friend, protector, and my guide—
 When my prophetic soul,
Anticipating all the storm,
Saw danger in its direst form,
 What could my fears control ?

'Twas Patience ! gentle goddess, hear !
Be ever to thy suppliant near,
 Nor let one murmur rise ;
Since still some mighty joys are given,
Dear to her soul, the gifts of heaven,
 The sweet domestic ties.

ANNA, COUNTESS TEMPLE,

.....died 1777,

The daughter of Thomas Chambers, Esq. and wife of Richard, first Earl Temple. Horace Walpole printed a small volume of her poetry at his private press.

In Park's edition of the R. and N. Authors, a poem entitled *The Jewel in the Tower* is given as the composition of this lady: it is, however, merely an alteration of some verses which are to be found in *A Pill to purge State-Melancholy*, 1715.

*Lines sent with a Piece of painted flowered Silk,
to LADY CHARLES SPENCER, when she com-
plained of being low in Pocket.*

SINCE the times are so bad, and are still growing
worse,

You may call this your own without sinking your
purse.

The nymphs and fauns say that the pattern is new,
And that Flora's gay pencil design'd it, is true:
It was finish'd and destin'd for Beauty's gay queen,
So to whom it belongs is most easily seen.

Tho' flowerets soon wither, yet these will not die,
When fading, revived by a beam of your eye;

If you only breathe on 'em they'll fill the whole
room,

With sweets far surpassing Arabia's perfume.

Refuse not this trifle, your title is clear,

And Spencer will vouch it, tho' married a year.

MARY JONES,

..... died 1778.

“ Miss Jones lived at Oxford, and was often of our parties. She was a very ingenious poetess, and published a volume of poems ; and, on the whole, was a most sensible, agreeable, and amiable woman. She was sister to the Rev. River Jones, Chanter of Christ-church cathedral at Oxford, and Johnson used to call her the *Chantress*. I have heard him often address her in this passage from *Il Penseroso*, *Thee, chantress oft the woods among, I woo, &c.*”—Note on a Letter from Johnson to T. Warton in 1757, *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, vol. i.

An Epistle to LADY BOWYER.

How much of paper's spoil'd ! what floods of ink !
And yet how few, how very few can think !
The knack of writing is an easy trade ;
But to think well requires—at least a head.
Once in an age, one genius may arise,
With wit well cultur'd, and with learning wise :
Like some tall oak, behold his branches shoot !
No tender scions springing at the root.
Whilst lofty Pope erects his laurell'd head,
No lays, like mine, can live beneath his shade :

Nothing but weeds and moss, and shrubs are
found :

Cut, cut them down, why cumber they the ground ?
And yet you'd have me write ? For what ? for
whom ?

To curl a favourite in a dressing room ?
To mend a candle when the snuff's too short ?
Or save rappee for chamber-maids at court ?
Glorious ambition ! noble thirst of fame !
No, but you'd have me write—to get a name.
Alas ! I'd live unknown, unenvy'd too ;
'Tis more than Pope with all his wit can do ;
'Tis more than you, with wit and beauty join'd,
A pleasing form, and a discerning mind.
The world and I are no such cordial friends ;
I have my purpose, they their various ends.
I say my prayers, and lead a sober life,
Nor laugh at Cornus, or at Cornus' wife.
What's fame to me, who pray, and pay my rent ?
If my friends know me honest, I'm content.

Well, but the joy to see my works in print !
Myself too pictur'd in a mezzo-tint !
The preface done, the dedication fram'd,
With lies enough to make a lord asham'd !
Thus I step forth ; an authoress in some sort :
My patron's name ? “ O choose some lord at
court.

“ One that has money which he does not use,
“ One you may flatter much, that is, abuse.
“ For if you’re nice, and cannot change your note,
“ Regardless of the trimm’d, or untrimm’d coat,
“ Believe me, friend, you’ll ne’er be worth a groat.”

Well then, to cut this mighty matter short,
I’ve neither friend, nor interest, at court.
Quite from St. James’s to thy stairs, Whitehall,
I hardly know a creature, great or small,
Except one maid of honour,* worth them all.
I have no business there—Let those attend
The courtly levee, or the courtly friend,
Who more than fate allows them dare to spend.
Or those whose avarice, with much, craves more,
The pension’d beggar, or the titled poor.
These are the thriving breed, the tiny great!
Slaves! wretched slaves! the journeymen of state!
Philosophers! who calmly bear disgrace,
Patriots who sell their country for a place!
Shall I for these disturb my brains with rhyme?
For these, like Bavius, creep, or Glencus, climb?
Shall I go late to rest, and early rise,
To be the very creature I despise?
With face unmov’d, my poem in my hand,
Cringe to the porter, with the footman stand?

* Hon. Miss Lovelace.

Perhaps my lady's maid, if not too proud,
Will stoop, you'll say, to wink me from the crowd ;
Will entertain me till his lordship's drest,
With what my lady eats, and how she rests :
How much she gave for such a birth-day gown,
And how she tramt to every shop in town.
Sick at the news, impatient for my lord,
I'm forc'd to hear, nay smile, at every word.
Tom raps at last,—“ His lordship begs to know
“ Your name ? your business ? ”—Sir, I'm not a
foe ;

I come to charm his lordship's listening ears
With verses, soft as music of the spheres.
“ Verses !—alas ! his lordship seldom reads :
“ Pedants indeed with learning stuff their heads ;
“ But my good lord, as all the world can tell,
“ Reads not even tradesmen's bills, and scorns to
spell.
“ But trust your lays with me—some things I've
read,
“ Was born a poet, tho' no poet bred :
“ And if I find they'll bear my nicer view,
“ I'll recommend your poetry—and you.”

Shock'd at his civil impudence, I start,
Pocket my poem, and in haste depart ;
Resolv'd no more to offer up my wit,
Where footmen in the seat of critics sit.

Is there a Lord* whose great unspotted soul,
Not places, pensions, ribbons can controul ;
Unlac'd, unpowder'd, almost unobserv'd,
Eats not on silver while his train are starv'd ;
Who, tho' to nobles, or to kings ally'd,
Dares walk on foot, while slaves in coaches ride ;
With merit humble, and with greatness free,
Has bow'd to Freeman, and has din'd with me ;
Who, bred in foreign courts, and early known,
Has yet to learn the cunning of his own ;
To titles born, yet heir to no estate,
And harder still, too honest to be great ;
If such an one there be, well-bred, polite,
To him I'll dedicate, for him I'll write.

Peace to the rest — I can be no man's slave ;
I ask for nothing, tho' I nothing have.
By fortune humbled, yet not sunk so low
To shame a friend, or fear to meet a foe.
Meanness, in ribbons, or in rags, I hate ;
And have not learnt to flatter, even the great.
Few friends I ask, and those who love me well ;
What more remains, these artless lines shall tell.

Of honest parents, not of great, I came ;
Not known to fortune, quite unknown to fame,

* Right Hon. Nevil, Lord Lovelace, who died soon after,
in the 28th year of of his age.

Frugal and plain, at no man's cost they eat,
Nor knew a baker's or a butcher's debt.
O be their precepts ever in my eye!
For one has learnt to live, and one to die.
Long may her widow'd age by Heaven be lent
Among my blessings! and I'm well content.
I ask no more, but in some calm retreat,
To sleep in quiet, and in quiet eat.
No noisy slaves attending round my room;
My viands wholesome, and my waiters dumb.
No orphans cheated, and no widow's curse,
No household lord, for better or for worse.
No monstrous sums to tempt my soul to sin,
But just enough to keep me plain and clean.
And if sometimes, to smooth the rugged way,
Charlotte should smile, or you approve my lay,
Enough for me — I cannot put my trust
In lords; smile lies, eat toads, or lick the dust.
Fortune her favours much too dear may hold:
An honest heart is worth its weight in gold.

FRANCES BROOKE,

Born died 1789,

Was the daughter of a clergyman named Moore, and wife
of the Rev. J. Brooke.

Except her sweet and simple afterpiece *Rosina*, the
various works of this ingenious lady, novels, plays,
pastorals &c. are now forgotten.

Ode to Health.

THE Lesbian lute no more can charm,
Nor my once-panting bosom warm ;
 No more I breathe the tender sigh ;
Nor when my beauteous swain appears,
With downcast look, and starting tears,
 Confess the lustre of his eye.

With Freedom blest, at early dawn,
I wander o'er the verdant lawn,
 And hail the sweet, returning Spring ;
The fragrant breeze, the feather'd choir,
To raise my vernal joys conspire,
 While Peace and Health their treasures bring.

Come, lovely Health ! divinest maid !
And lead me thro' the rural shade,
 To thee the rural shades belong :
'Tis thine to bless the simple swain,
And, while he tries the tuneful strain,
 To raise the raptur'd Poet's song.

Behold the patient village-hind !
No cares disturb his tranquil mind ;
 By thee, and sweet Contentment, blest,
All day he turns the stubborn plain,
And meets at eve his infant train,
 While guiltless pleasure fills his breast.

O ever good, and bounteous ! still,
By fountain fresh, or murmuring rill,
 Let me thy blissful presence find !
Thee, Goddess ! thee my steps pursue,
When, careless of the morning dew,
 I leave the lessening vales behind.

GREVILLE,

Born died

Of Mrs. Greville, whose *Prayer for Indifference* has been so much admired, I can give no account.

Prayer for Indifference.

OFT I've implor'd the gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary ;
For once I'll seek my wish to gain
Of Oberon the fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton sprite,
Who lurk'st in woods unseen,
And oft by Cynthia's silver light,
Trip'st gaily o'er the green ;

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd,
As ancient stories tell,
And for th' Athenian maid* who lov'd,
Thou sought'st a wondrous spell ;

* See *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

O deign once more t' exert thy power !
 Haply some herb or tree,
 Sovereign as juice of western flower,
 Conceals a balm for me.

I ask no kind return of love,
 No tempting charm to please ;
 Far from the heart those gifts remove,
 That sighs for peace and ease :

Nor peace, nor ease, the heart can know,
 That, like the needle true,
 Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
 But turning, trembles too.

Far as distress the soul can wound,
 'Tis pain in each degree :
 'Tis bliss but to a certain bound,
 Beyond, is agony.

Then take this treacherous sense of mine,
 Which dooms me still to smart ;
 Which pleasure can to pain refine,
 To pain new pangs impart.

O haste to shed the sovereign balm,
 My shatter'd nerves new string ;

And for my guest serenely calm,
The nymph Indifference bring !

At her approach, see Hope, see Fear,
See Expectation fly !
And Disappointment in the rear,
That blasts the promis'd joy !

The tear which Pity taught to flow,
The eye shall then disown ;
The heart that melts for others' woe,
Shall then scarce feel its own ;

The wounds which now each moment bleed,
Each moment then shall close ;
And tranquil days shall still succeed
To nights of calm repose.

O Fairy Elf ! but grant me this,
This one kind comfort send,
And so may never-fading bliss
Thy flowery paths attend !

So may the glow-worm's glimmering light
Thy tiny footsteps lead
To some new region of delight,
Unknown to mortal tread !

And be thy acorn goblet fill'd
 With heaven's ambrosial dew,
 From sweetest, freshest flowers distill'd,
 That shed fresh sweets for you !

And what of life remains for me,
 I'll pass in sober ease ;
 Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
 Content but half to please.*

* *The Fairy's Answer to Mrs. Greville*, sometimes printed with the above beautiful poem, was written by Isabella, Countess of Carlisle ; who died in 1795.



HENRIETTA, LADY ONEIL,

Born 1758, died 1793,

The only daughter of Charles, Viscount Dungarvon, and wife of John Oneil, Esq. of Slanes Castle, in the county of Antrim, who was afterwards created an Irish peer.* The two following beautiful compositions have been preserved in the works of her friend Charlotte Smith.

Ode to the Poppy.

(First printed in Smith's *Desmond*.)

Not for the promise of the labour'd field,
Not for the good the yellow harvests yield,
I bend at Ceres' shrine;
For dull to humid eyes appear
The golden glories of the year;
Alas! a melancholy worship's mine:

I hail the goddess for her scarlet flower!
Thou brilliant weed,
That dost so far exceed

* Not, however, till about two months after the death of his wife.

The richest gifts gay Flora can bestow,
Heedless I pass'd thee in life's morning hour,
Thou comforter of woe,
Till sorrow taught me to confess thy power.

In early days, when Fancy cheats,
A varied wreath I wove,
Of laughing Spring's luxuriant sweets,
To deck ungrateful Love :

The rose, or thorn, my labours crown'd,
As Venus smil'd, or Venus frown'd,
But Love and Joy and all their train are flown ;
E'en languid Hope no more is mine,
And I will sing of thee alone ;
Unless perchance the attributes of Grief,
The cypress bud and willow leaf,
Their pale funereal foliage blend with thine.

Hail, lovely blossom ! thou canst ease
The wretched victims of Disease ;
Canst close those weary eyes in gentle sleep,
Which never open but to weep ;
For oh ! thy potent charm
Can agonizing Pain disarm ;
Expel imperious Memory from her seat,
And bid the throbbing heart forget to beat.

Soul-soothing plant, that can such blessings give,
By thee the mourner bears to live !

By thee the hopeless die !

Oh ! ever friendly to despair,

Might Sorrow's pallid votary dare,
Without a crime that remedy implore,

Which bids the spirit from its bondage fly,
I'd court thy palliative aid no more :

No more I'd sue that thou shouldst spread

Thy spell around my aching head,

But would conjure thee to impart

Thy balsam for a broken heart !

And by thy soft Lethean power,

Inestimable flower !

Burst these terrestrial bonds, and other regions try !

Verses written on seeing her Two Sons at Play.

(In the second volume of *C. Smith's Poems.*)

SWEET age of blest delusion ! blooming boys,
Ah ! revel long in childhood's thoughtless joys,
With light and pliant spirits, that can stoop
To follow sportively the rolling hoop ;

To watch the sleeping top with gay delight,
Or mark with raptur'd gaze the sailing kite ;
Or eagerly pursuing Pleasure's call,
Can find it centr'd in the bounding ball !
Alas ! the day *will* come, when sports like these
Must lose their magic, and their power to please ;
Too swiftly fled, the rosy hours of youth
Shall yield their fairy-charms to mournful Truth ;
Even now, a mother's fond prophetic fear
Sees the dark train of human ills appear ;
Views various fortune for each lovely child,
Storms for the bold, and anguish for the mild ;
Beholds already those expressive eyes
Beam a sad certainty of future sighs ;
And dreads each suffering those dear breasts may
 know
In their long passage through a world of woe ;
Perchance predestin'd every pang to prove,
That treacherous friends inflict, or faithless love ;
For ah ! how few have found existence sweet,
Where grief is sure, but happiness deceit !

MARY ROBINSON,

Born 1758, died 1800,

A native of Bristol, where her father, whose name was Darby, carried on commercial concerns. At the age of fifteen she married Mr. Robinson, a young lawyer in London. He was profligate and extravagant; she was vain and imprudent; and they were soon involved in the greatest difficulties. She now appeared on the stage, (to which she had turned her thoughts before marriage,) and played several characters with much applause. Unfortunately, as she was performing the part of Perdita, her beauty attracted the attention of a very illustrious personage, for whose protection she quitted the boards. The connexion with her royal lover lasted only about two years; but her wanderings from the path of virtue did not terminate with it. Her poems and novels, which the notoriety of the authoress once rendered popular, shew that she possessed a good deal of fancy, and a very pleasing facility of composition.

Mrs. Robinson was a signal sufferer from the personalities of Mr. Gifford's too angry muse.—Della Crusca, Arno, Anna Matilda, and the rest of that fluttering, tinselled crew, were undoubtedly fit objects of satire, but not of the merciless sort with which they were assailed. A whip would have been a sufficiently formidable weapon to have scared them from the fields of song, but Mr. Gifford pursued them with a drawn sword, cut them to pieces, and exulted over the slaughter.

SONNET.

HIGH on a rock, coeval with the skies,
A temple stands, rear'd by immortal powers
To Chastity divine! ambrosial flowers
Twining round icicles, in columns rise,
Mingling with pendent gems of orient dyes!
Piercing the air, a golden crescent towers
Veil'd by transparent clouds; while smiling
hours
Shake from their varying wings celestial joys!
The steps of spotless marble, scatter'd o'er
With deathless roses arm'd with many a thorn,
Lead to the altar. On the frozen floor,
Studded with tear-drops petrified by scorn,
Pale vestals kneel the Goddess to adore,
While Love, his arrows broke, retires forlorn.

Lines to him who will understand them.

THOU art no more my bosom's friend;
Here must the sweet delusion end,
That charm'd my senses many a year,
Thro' smiling summers, winters drear.—

O friendship ! am I doom'd to find,
Thou art a phantom of the mind ?
A glittering shade, an empty name,
An air-born vision's vapourish flame ?
And yet the dear deceit so long
Has wak'd to joy my matin song,
Has bid my tears forget to flow,
Chas'd every pain, sooth'd every woe ;
That truth, unwelcome to my ear,
Swells the deep sigh, recalls the tear,
Gives to the sense the keenest smart,
Checks the warm pulses of the heart,
Darkens my fate, and steals away
Each gleam of joy thro' life's sad day.

Britain, farewell ! I quit thy shore,
My native country charms no more ;
No guide to mark the toilsome road ;
No destin'd climes ; no fix'd abode ;
Alone and sad, ordain'd to trace
The vast expanse of endless space ;
To view, upon the mountain's height,
Thro' varied shades of glimmering light,
The distant landscape fade away
In the last gleam of parting day :—
Or, on the quivering, lucid stream,
To watch the pale moon's silvery beam ;

Or when, in sad and plaintive strains,
The mournful Philomel complains,
In dulcet notes bewails her fate,
And murmurs for her absent mate ;
Inspir'd by Sympathy divine,
I'll weep her woes—for they are mine.
Driven by my fate, where'er I go,
O'er burning plains, o'er hills of snow,
Or on the bosom of the wave,
The howling tempest doom'd to brave,
Where'er my lonely course I bend,
Thy image shall my steps attend ;
Each object I am doom'd to see,
Shall bid remembrance picture thee.

Yes ; I shall view thee in each flower,
That changes with the transient hour ;
Thy wandering fancy I shall find
Borne on the wings of every wind ;
Thy wild impetuous passions trace,
O'er the white wave's tempestuous space ;
In every changing season prove
An emblem of thy wavering love.

Torn from my country, friends, and you,
The world lies open to my view ;

New objects shall my mind engage ;
I will explore th' historic page ;
Sweet poetry shall soothe my soul ;
Philosophy each pang controul :
The Muse I'll seek, her lambent fire
My soul's quick senses shall inspire ;
With finer nerves my heart shall beat,
Touch'd by heaven's own Promethean heat ;
Italia's gales shall bear my song
In soft-link'd notes her woods among ;
Upon the blue hill's misty side,
Thro' trackless deserts waste and wide,
O'er craggy rocks, whose torrents flow
Upon the silver sands below.
Sweet land of melody ! 'tis thine
The softest passions to refine ;
Thy myrtle groves, thy melting strains,
Shall harmonize and soothe my pains.
Nor will I cast one thought behind,
On foes relentless, friends unkind ;
I feel, I feel their poison'd dart
Pierce the life-nerve within my heart ;
'Tis mingled with the vital heat,
That bids my throbbing pulses beat ;
Soon shall that vital heat be o'er,
Those throbbing pulses beat no more !

No! I will breathe the spicy gale;
Plunge the clear stream, new health exhale;
O'er my pale cheek diffuse the rose,
And drink Oblivion to my woes.

The Snow-drop.

THE snow-drop, Winter's timid child,
Awakes to life, bedew'd with tears;
And flings around its fragrance mild,
And where no rival flowerets bloom,
Amid the bare and chilling gloom,
A beauteous gem appears!

All weak and wan, with head inclin'd,
Its parent breast the drifted snow;
It trembles while the ruthless wind
Bends its slim form; the tempest lowers,
Its emerald eye drops crystal showers
On its cold bed below.

Poor flower! on thee the sunny beam
No touch of genial warmth bestows;
Except to thaw the icy stream

Whose little current purls along,
Thy fair and glossy charms among,
And whelms thee as it flows.

The night-breeze tears thy silky dress,
Which deck'd with silvery lustre shone;
The morn returns, not thee to bless,
The gaudy crocus flaunts its pride,
And triumphs where its rival died,
Unshelter'd and unknown!

No sunny beam shall gild thy grave,
No bird of pity thee deplore;
There shall no spreading branches wave,
For Spring shall all her gems unfold,
And revel 'mid her buds of gold,
When thou art seen no more!

Where'er I find thee, gentle flower,
Thou still art sweet and dear to me!
For I have known the cheerless hour,
Have seen the sunbeams cold and pale,
Have felt the chilling wintry gale,
And wept, and shrunk like thee!

My Native Home.

O'ER breezy hill or woodland glade,
At morning's dawn, or closing day,
In summer's flaunting pomp array'd,
Or pensive moonlight's silver grey,
The wretch in sadness still shall roam,
Who wanders from his native home.

While, at the foot of some old tree,
As Meditation soothes his mind,
Lull'd by the hum of wandering bee,
Or rippling stream, or whispering wind,
His vagrant fancy still shall roam,
And lead him to his native home.

Tho' Love a fragrant couch may weave,
And Fortune heap the festive board,
Still Memory oft would turn to grieve,
And Reason scorn the splendid hoard;
While he beneath the proudest dome,
Would languish for his native home.

To him the rushy roof is dear,
And sweetly calm the darkest glen;

While Pomp, and Pride, and Power appear,
At best, the glittering plagues of men ;
Unsought by those that never roam,
Forgetful of their native home.

Let me to summer shades retire,
With Meditation and the Muse !
Or, round the social winter fire,
The glow of temper'd mirth diffuse ;
Tho' winds may howl, and waters foam,
I still shall bless my native home !

HESTER CHAPONE,

Born 1727, died 1801,

Is well known from her *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind*. Her maiden name was Mulso.

Ode to Solitude.

THOU gentle nurse of pleasing woe,
To thee from crowds, and noise, and show,
With eager haste I fly;
Thrice welcome, friendly Solitude,
O let no busy foot intrude,
Nor listening ear be nigh!

Soft, silent, melancholy maid,
With thee, to yon sequester'd shade,
My pensive steps I bend;
Still at the mild approach of night,
When Cynthia lends her sober light,
Do thou my walk attend!

To thee alone, my conscious heart
Its tender sorrow dares impart,

And ease my lab'ring breast ;
To thee I trust the rising sigh,
And bid the tear that swells my eye,
No longer be supprest.

With thee among the haunted groves,
The lovely sorceress Fancy roves ;
O let me find her here !
For she can time and space controul,
And swift transport my fleeting soul
To all it holds most dear.

Ah ! no—ye vain delusions, hence !
No more the hallow'd innocence
Of Solitude pervert !
Shall Fancy cheat the precious hour,
Sacred to Wisdom's awful power,
And calm Reflection's part ?

O Wisdom ! from the sea-beat shore,
Where, listening to the solemn roar,
Thy lov'd Eliza* strays,
Vouchsafe to visit my retreat,
And teach my erring, trembling feet,
Thy heaven-protected ways !

* Eliza Carter.

O guide me to the humble cell,
Where Resignation loves to dwell,
Contentment's bower in view !
Nor pining grief with absence drear,
Nor sick suspense, nor anxious fear,
Shall there my steps pursue.

There, let my soul to Him aspire,
Whom none e'er sought with vain desire
Nor lov'd in sad despair ;
There, to his gracious will divine,
My dearest, fondest hope resign,
And all my tenderest care.

Then peace shall heal this wounded breast,
That pants to see another blest,
From selfish passion pure ;
Peace, which when human wishes rise,
Intense, for aught beneath the skies,
Can never be secure.

GEORGIANA, DUTCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE,

Born 1757, died 1806,

Was the daughter of John, Earl of Spencer. This beautiful woman, who shone a brilliant star in the fashionable world, cultivated, and liberally patronized, literature and the arts. Gibbon says, "she was made for something better than a dutchess." The following poem has been translated into French by the Abbé De Lille.

The Passage of the Mountain of St. Gothard:

TO MY CHILDREN.

I.

YE plains, where threefold harvests press the
ground,

Ye climes, where genial gales incessant swell,
Where Art and Nature shed profusely round
Their rival wonders—Italy, farewell!

2.

Still may thy year in fullest splendour shine !
Its icy darts in vain may Winter throw !
To thee, a parent, sister, I consign,
And wing'd with health, I woo thy gales to
blow.

3.

Yet pleas'd Helvetia's rugged brows I see,
And thro' their craggy steeps delighted roam :
Pleas'd with a people, honest, brave, and free,
Whilst every step conducts me nearer home.

4.

I wander where Tesino madly flows,
From cliff to cliff in foaming eddies tost ;
On the rude mountain's barren breast he rose,
In Po's broad wave now hurries to be lost.

*

5.

His shores neat huts and verdant pastures fill,
And hills, where woods of pine the storm defy ;
While, scorning vegetation, higher still,
Rise the bare rocks, coeval with the sky.

6.

Upon his banks a favour'd spot I found,
Where shade and beauty tempted to repose;
Within a grove, by mountains circled round,
By rocks o'erhung, my rustic seat I chose.

7.

Advancing thence, by gentle pace and slow,
Unconscious of the way my footsteps prest,
Sudden, supported by the hills below,
St. Gothard's summits rose above the rest.

8.

Midst towering cliffs, and tracts of endless cold,
Th' industrious path pervades the rugged stone,
And seems — Helvetia! let thy toils be told —
A granite girdle o'er the mountain thrown.

9.

No haunt of man the weary traveller greets,
No vegetation smiles upon the moor,
Save where the floweret breathes uncultur'd sweets,
Save where the patient monk receives the poor.

10.

Yet let not these rude paths be coldly trac'd,
Let not these wilds with listless steps be trod,
Here fragrance scorns not to perfume the waste,
Here charity uplifts the mind to God.

11.

His humble board the holy man prepares,
And simple food and wholesome lore bestows,
Extols the treasures that his mountain bears,
And paints the perils of impending snows.

12.

For whilst bleak Winter numbs with chilling
hand—
Where frequent crosses mark the traveller's fate—
In slow procession moves the merchant band,
And silent treads where tottering ruins wait.

13.

Yet midst those ridges, midst that drifted snow,
Can Nature deign her wonders to display;
Here Adularia shines with vivid glow,
And gems of crystal sparkle to the day.

14.

Here, too, the hoary mountain's brow to grace,
 Five silver lakes in tranquil state are seen ;
 While from their waters many a stream we trace,
 That, scap'd from bondage, rolls the rocks
 between.

15.

Hence flows the Reuss to seek her wedded love,
 And, with the Rhine, Germanic climes explore ;
 Her stream I mark'd, and saw her wildly move,
 Down the bleak mountain, thro' her craggy
 shore.

16.

My weary footsteps hop'd for rest in vain,
 For steep on steep in rude confusion rose ;
 At length I paus'd above a fertile plain
 That promis'd shelter, and foretold repose.

17.

Fair runs the streamlet o'er the pasture green,
 Its margin gay, with flocks and cattle spread ;
 Embowering trees the peaceful village screen,
 And guard from snow each dwelling's jutting
 shed.

18.

Sweet vale! whose bosom wastes and cliffs surround,

Let me a while thy friendly shelter share!
Emblem of life! where some bright hours are
found

Amidst the darkest, dreariest years of care.

19.

Delv'd thro' the rock, the secret passage bends;
And beauteous horror strikes the dazzled sight;
Beneath the pendent bridge the stream descends
Calm—till it tumbles o'er the frowning height.

20.

We view the fearful pass—we wind along
The path that marks the terrors of our way—
Midst beetling rocks, and hanging woods among,
The torrent pours, and breathes its glittering
spray.

21.

Weary at length, serener scenes we hail—
More cultur'd groves o'ershade the grassy
meads;

The neat, tho' wooden hamlets, deck the vale,
And Altorf's spires recall heroic deeds.

22.

But tho' no more amidst those scenes I roam,
My fancy long each image shall retain —
The flock returning to its welcome home —
And the wild carol of the cow-herd's strain.

23.

Lucernia's lake its glassy surface shows,
Whilst Nature's varied beauties deck its side;
Here rocks and woods its narrow waves enclose,
And there its spreading bosom opens wide.

24.

* And hail the chapel! hail the platform wild!
Where Tell directed the avenging dart,
With well-strung arm, that first preserved his
child,
Then wing'd the arrow to the tyrant's heart.

* On this stanza, Coleridge addressed to the Dutchess
a very striking Ode. Vide *Sibylline Leaves*, p. 244.

25.

Across the lake, and deep embower'd in wood,
Behold another hallow'd chapel stand,
Where three Swiss heroes lawless force withstood,
And stamp'd the freedom of their native land.

26.

Their liberty requir'd no rites uncouth,
No blood demanded, and no slaves enchain'd;
Her rule was gentle, and her voice was truth,
By social order form'd, by laws restrain'd.

27.

We quit the lake—and cultivation's toil,
With Nature's charms combin'd, adorns the way;
And well-earn'd wealth improves the ready soil,
And simple manners still maintain their sway.

28.

Farewell, Helvetia! from whose lofty breast
Proud Alps arise, and copious rivers flow;
Where, source of streams, eternal glaciers rest,
And peaceful Science gilds the plains below.

29.

Oft on thy rocks the wondering eye shall gaze,
Thy valleys oft the raptur'd bosom seek —
There, Nature's hand her boldest work displays,
Here, bliss domestic beams on every cheek.

30.

Hope of my life! dear children of my heart!
That anxious heart, to each fond feeling true,
To you still pants each pleasure to impart,
And more—oh transport!—reach its home
and you.

ELIZABETH CARTER,

Born 1717, died 1806,

The daughter of Dr. Nicholas Carter, minister of Deal, has justly acquired great celebrity by her Translation of Epictetus. She published a volume of poems in 1762: her Ode to Wisdom first appeared in Richardson's *Clarissa*.

Ode to Wisdom.

THE solitary bird of night
Through the thick shades now wings his flight,
And quits this time-shook tower ;
Where, shelter'd from the blaze of day,
In philosophic gloom he lay,
Beneath his ivy bower.

With joy I hear the solemn sound,
Which midnight echoes waft around,
And sighing gales repeat :
Favourite of Pallas ! I attend,
And, faithful to thy summons, bend
At Wisdom's awful seat.

She loves the cool, the silent eve,
Where no false shows of life deceive,
 Beneath the lunar ray.
Here Folly drops each vain disguise,
Nor sport her gaily-colour'd dyes,
 As in the beam of day.

O Pallas! queen of every art,
That glads the sense, and mends the heart,
 Blest source of purer joys :
In every form of beauty bright,
That captivates the mental sight,
 With pleasure and surprise :

To thy unspotted shrine I bow :
Attend thy modest suppliant's vow,
 That breathes no wild desires :
But, taught by thy unerring rules,
To shun the fruitless wish of fools,
 To nobler views aspires.

Not Fortune's gem, Ambition's plume,
Nor Cytherea's fading bloom,
 Be objects of my prayer :
Let avarice, vanity, and pride,
Those envied, glittering toys, divide,
 The dull rewards of care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart,
 By studious thoughts refin'd ;
For wealth, the smiles of glad content,
For power, its amplest, best extent,
 An empire o'er the mind.

When Fortune drops her gay parade,
When Pleasure's transient roses fade,
 And wither in the tomb,
Unchang'd is thy immortal prize ;
Thy ever-verdant laurels rise
 In undecaying bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid lie
 Of ignorance and spite :
Alike condemn the leaden fool,
And all the pointed ridicule
 Of undiscerning wit.

From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,
The dull impertinence of life,
 In thy retreat I rest :
Pursue thee to the peaceful groves,
Where Plato's sacred spirit roves,
 In all thy beauties drest.

He bade Ilissus' tuneful stream
Convey thy philosophic theme,
Of perfect, fair, and good :
Attentive Athens caught the sound,
And all her listening sons around
In awful silence stood :

Reclaim'd, her wild licentious youth
Confess'd the potent voice of truth,
And felt its just control :
The passions ceas'd their loud alarms,
And virtue's soft persuasive charms
O'er all their senses stole.

Thy breath inspires the poet's song,
The patriot's free, unbiass'd tongue,
The hero's generous strife ;
Thine are retirement's silent joys,
And all the sweet engaging ties
Of still, domestic life.

No more to fabled names confin'd,
To thee, supreme, all-perfect mind,
My thoughts direct their flight ;
Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force
From thee deriv'd, eternal source
Of intellectual light !

O send her sure, her steady ray,
To regulate my doubtful way,
Through life's perplexing road ;
The mists of error to control,
And through its gloom direct my soul
To happiness and good !

Beneath her clear, discerning eye,
The visionary shadows fly
Of folly's painted show :
She sees, through every fair disguise,
That all but virtue's solid joys
Is vanity and woe.

TO A GENTLEMAN,

*On his intending to cut down a Grove to enlarge
his Prospect.*

IN plaintive sounds, that tun'd to woe
The sadly-sighing breeze,
A weeping Hamadryad mourn'd
Her fate-devoted trees.

Ah ! stop thy sacrilegious hand,
Nor violate the shade,

Where nature form'd a silent haunt
For contemplation's aid.

Canst thou, the son of science, bred
Where learned Isis flows,
Forget that, nurs'd in sheltering groves,
The Grecian genius rose?

Within the plantane's spreading shade
Immortal Plato taught;
And fair Lyceum form'd the depth
Of Aristotle's thought.

To Latian groves reflect thy views,
And bless the Tuscan gloom;
Where eloquence deplor'd the fate
Of Liberty and Rome.

Retir'd beneath the beechen shade,
From each inspiring bough,
The muses wove th' unfading wreaths
That circled Virgil's brow.

Reflect, before the fatal axe
My threaten'd doom has wrought;
Nor sacrifice to sensual taste
The nobler growth of thought.

Not all the glowing fruits that blush
On India's sunny coast,
Can recompense thee for the worth
Of one idea lost.

My shade a produce may supply,
Unknown to solar fire ;
And what excludes Apollo's rage,
Shall harmonize his lyre.

ANN YEARSLEY,

Born died 1806,

A milkwoman of Bristol, was lifted from obscurity by Mrs. Hannah More, who published her poems, and prefaced them by a letter to Mrs. Montagu, in which their merit is somewhat overrated. It is said that Mrs. Yearsley treated her amiable patroness with ingratitude.

From Clifton Hill.

YE silent, solemn, strong, stupendous heights,*
Whose terror-striking frown the school-boy frights
From the young daw ; whilst in your rugged breast
The chattering brood, secur'd by Horror, rest.
Say, Muse, what arm the lowering brothers cleft,
And the calm stream in this low cradle left ?
Coeval with Creation they look down,
And, sunder'd, still retain their native frown. .
Beneath those heights, lo ! balmy springs arise,†
To which pale Beauty's faded image flies ;

* St. Vincent's rocks, between which flows the river Avon.

† The Hot Wells.

Their kindly powers life's genial heat restore,
 The tardy pulse, whose throbs were almost o'er,
 Here beats a livelier tune. The breezy air
 To the wild hills invites the languid fair;
 Fear not the western gale, thou timorous maid,
 Nor dread its blast shall thy soft form invade;
 Tho' cool and strong the quickening breezes blow,
 And meet thy panting breath, 'twill quickly grow
 More strong; then drink the odoriferous draught,
 With unseen particles of health 'tis fraught.
 Sit not within the threshold of Despair,
 Nor plead a weakness fatal to the fair;
 Soft term for Indolence, politely given,
 By which we win no joy from earth or heaven.
 Foul fiend! thou bane of health, fair virtue's bane,
 Death of true pleasure, source of real pain!
 Keen exercise shall brace the fainting soul,
 And bid her slacken'd powers more vigorous roll.

* * * * *

How thickly cloth'd, yon rock of scanty soil,*
 Its lovely verdure scorns the hand of toil.
 Here the deep green, and here the lively plays,
 The russet birch, and ever-blooming bays;
 The vengeful black-thorn, of wild beauties proud,
 Blooms beauteous in the gloomy-chequer'd crowd:

* Leigh Wood.

The barren elm, the useful feeding oak,
Whose Hamadryad ne'er should feel the stroke
Of axe relentless, till twice fifty years
Have crown'd her woodland joys, and fruitful cares.

The poisonous reptiles here their mischiefs bring,
And thro' the helpless sleeper dart the sting;
The toad envenom'd, hating human eyes,
Here springs to light, lives long, and aged dies.
The harmless snail, slow-journeying, creeps away,
Sucks the young dew, but shuns the bolder day.
The long-nos'd mouse, the woodland rat is here,
The sightless mole, with nicely-pointed ear;
The timid rabbit hails th' impervious gloom,
Eludes the dog's keen scent, and shuns her doom.

Various the tenants of this tangled wood,
Who skulk all day, all night review the flood,
Chew the wash'd weed driven by the beating wave,
Or feast on dreadful food, which hop'd a milder
grave.

Hail, useful Channel! Commerce spreads her
wings,

From either pole her various treasure brings;
Wafted by thee, the mariner, long stray'd,
Clasps the fond parent, and the sighing maid;
Joy tunes the cry; the rocks rebound the roar;
The deep vibration quivers 'long the shore;

The merchant hears, and hails the peeping mast,
The wave-drench'd sailor scorns all peril past ;
Now love and joy the noisy crew invite,
And clumsy music crowns the rough delight.

From a Poem " On Mrs. MONTAGU."

OFT as I trod my native wilds alone,
Strong gusts of thought would rise, but rise to die ;
The portals of the swelling soul ne'er op'd
By liberal converse, rude ideas strove
Awhile for vent, but found it not, and died.

Thus rust the mind's best powers. Yon starry
orbs,

Majestic ocean, flowery vales, gay groves,
Eye-wasting lawns, and heaven-attempting hills,
Which bound th' horizon, and which curb the view ;
All those, with beauteous imagery, awak'd
My ravish'd soul to ecstasy untaught,
To all the transport the rapt sense can bear ;
But all expir'd, for want of powers to speak ;
All perish'd in the mind as soon as born,
Eras'd more quick than ciphers on the shore,
O'er which the cruel waves unheedful roll.

CHARLOTTE SMITH,

Born 1749, died 1806,

The daughter of Nicholas Turner, Esq., who possessed estates in Surrey and Sussex, was married, when very young, to Mr. Smith, the son of a West India merchant. The affairs of her husband having proved unprosperous, Mrs. Smith experienced much harsh treatment from his creditors, shared his imprisonment, and, after a series of misfortunes, died at Thetford. Her poems, novels, and other works, which were favourably received by the public, gained her a subsistence.

Charlotte Smith, considered as a poetess, has been excelled by few of her countrywomen. Her *Sonnets*, once very popular, are not framed on the Italian model, and exhibit little of concentrated thought; but they are "most musical, most melancholy," and abound with touches of tenderness, grace, and beauty. Her descriptions of rural scenery, particularly those in her posthumous volume,* are fresh and vivid: and her love of botany, from the study of which she derived the greatest pleasure, has led her, in several of her pieces, to paint a variety of flowers with a minuteness and a delicacy rarely equalled.

* *Beachy Head, and other Poems.*

SONNET,

Written at the Close of Spring.

THE garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
Each simple flower, which she had nurs'd in
dew,
Anemonies, that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and harebell mildly blue.
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegated the plain,
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.
Ah, poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion, and corrosive care,
Bid all thy fairy colours fade away!
Another May new buds and flowers shall bring;
Ah! why has happiness—no second Spring?

SONNET,

To the Moon.

QUEEN of the silver bow! by thy pale beam,
Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,

And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.
And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;
And oft I think, fair planet of the night,
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest:
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
Releas'd by death, to thy benignant sphere,
And the sad children of despair and woe
Forget in thee, their cup of sorrow here.
Oh! that I soon may reach thy world serene,
Poor wearied pilgrim in this toiling scene!

SONNET,

On the Departure of the Nightingale.

SWEET poet of the woods, a long adieu!
Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year!
Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
And pour thy music on the night's dull ear.
Whether on Spring thy wandering flights await,
Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
The pensive muse shall own thee for her mate,
And still protect the song she loves so well.

With cautious step the love-lorn youth shall glide
Thro' the lone brake that shades thy mossy nest;
And shepherd girls from eyes profane shall hide
The gentle bird, who sings of pity best :
For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
And still be dear to sorrow, and to love !

SONNET.

SIGHING I see yon little troop at play,
By sorrow yet untouch'd, unhurt by care,
While free and sportive they enjoy to-day,
“ Content and careless of to-morrow's fare.”
O happy age ! when Hope's unclouded ray
Lights their green path, and prompts their simple
mirth,
Ere yet they feel the thorns that lurking lay
To wound the wretched pilgrims of the earth,
Making them rue the hour that gave them birth,
And threw them on a world so full of pain,
Where prosperous folly treads on patient worth,
And to deaf pride misfortune pleads in vain !
Ah ! for their future fate how many fears
Oppress my heart, and fill mine eyes with tears !

SONNET.

SHOULD the lone wanderer, fainting on his way,
Rest for a moment of the sultry hours,
And, tho' his path thro' thorns and roughness lay,
Pluck the wild rose or woodbine's gadding
flowers,
Weaving gay wreaths beneath some sheltering tree,
The sense of sorrow he awhile may lose ;
So have I sought thy flowers, fair Poesy !
So charm'd my way with Friendship and the
Muse.
But darker now grows life's unhappy day,
Dark with new clouds of evil yet to come,
Her pencil sickening Fancy throws away,
And weary Hope reclines upon the tomb,
And points my wishes to that tranquil shore,
Where the pale spectre Care pursues no more.

SONNET,

(From the novel of *Celestina*,)

*Supposed to have been written in a Churchyard,
over the Grave of a young Woman of Nineteen.*

OH thou who sleep'st, where hazle bands entwine
The vernal grass, with paler violets drest !

I would, sweet maid, thy humble bed were mine,
And mine thy calm and enviable rest !
For never more by human ills opprest,
Shall thy soft spirit fruitlessly repine :
Thou canst not now thy fondest hopes resign,
Even in the hour that should have made thee blest.
Light lies the turf upon thy virgin breast ;
And lingering here, to love and sorrow true,
The youth who once thy simple heart possest
Shall mingle tears with April's early dew ;
While still for him shall faithful memory save
Thy form and virtues from the silent grave.

SONNET.

The Glow-worm.

WHEN, on some balmy-breathing night of Spring,
The happy child, to whom the world is new,
Pursues the evening moth of mealy wing,
Or from the heath-bell beats the sparkling dew ;
He sees, before his inexperience'd eyes,
The brilliant Glow-worm, like a meteor, shine
On the turf bank ; — amaz'd and pleas'd he cries,
“ Star of the dewy grass, I make thee mine !”

Then, ere he sleep, collects the moisten'd flower,
And bids soft leaves his glittering prize enfold,
And dreams that fairy lamps illume his bower ;
Yet with the morning shudders to behold
His lucid treasure, rayless as the dust ;
So turn the World's bright joys to cold and blank
disgust.

From Beachy Head, a Poem.

I ONCE was happy, when, while yet a child,
I learn'd to love these upland solitudes,
And when, elastic as the mountain air,
To my light spirit care was yet unknown,
And evil unforeseen :—early it came,
And childhood scarcely past, I was condemn'd,
A guiltless exile, silently to sigh,
While Memory, with faithful pencil, drew
The contrast ; and regretting, I compar'd
With the polluted smoky atmosphere
And dark and stifling streets, the southern hills
That to the setting sun their graceful heads
Rearing, o'erlook the frith, where Vecta breaks
With her white rocks the strong impetuous tide,
When western winds the vast Atlantic urge
To thunder on the coast—Haunts of my youth !

Scenes of fond day-dreams, I behold ye yet !
Where 'twas so pleasant by thy northern slopes
To climb the winding sheep-path, aided oft
By scatter'd thorns ; whose spiny branches bore
Small woolly tufts, spoils of the vagrant lamb
There seeking shelter from the noonday sun :
And pleasant, seated on the short soft turf,
To look beneath upon the hollow way
While heavily upward mov'd the labouring wain,
And stalking slowly by, the sturdy hind
To ease his panting team, stopp'd with a stone
The grating wheel.

Advancing higher still,
The prospect widens, and the village church
But little, o'er the lowly roofs around,
Rears its gray belfrey, and its simple vane ;
Those lowly roofs of thatch are half conceal'd
By the rude arms of trees, lovely in spring,
When on each bough, the rosy-tinctur'd bloom
Sits thick, and promises autumnal plenty.
For even those orchards round the Norman farms,
Which, as their owners mark the promis'd fruit,
Console them for the vineyards of the south,
Surpass not these.

Where woods of ash, and beech,
And partial copses, fringe the green hill foot,
The upland shepherd rears his modest home ;

There wanders by, a little nameless stream
That from the hill wells forth, bright now and
clear,
Or after rain with chalky mixture gray,
But still refreshing in its shallow course
The cottage garden; most for use design'd,
Yet not of beauty destitute. The vine
Mantles the little casement; yet the briar
Drops fragrant dew among the July flowers;
And pansies ray'd, and freak'd and mottled pinks
Grow among balm, and rosemary and rue;
There honeysuckles flaunt, and roses blow
Almost uncultur'd: some with dark green leaves
Contrast their flowers of pure unsullied white;
Others like velvet robes of regal state
Of richest crimson, while, in thorny moss
Enshrin'd and cradled, the most lovely wear
The hues of youthful beauty's glowing cheek.—
With fond regret I recollect e'en now
In Spring and Summer, what delight I felt
Among these cottage gardens, and how much
Such artless nosegays, knotted with a rush
By village housewife or her ruddy maid,
Were welcome to me; soon and simply pleas'd.

An early worshipper at Nature's shrine,
I lov'd her rudest scenes — warrens, and heaths,

And yellow commons, and birch-shaded hollows,
And hedge rows, bordering unfrequented lanes
Bower'd with wild roses, and the clasping wood-
bine,

Where purple tassels of the tangling vetch
With bittersweet, and bryony inweave,
And the dew fills the silver bindweed's cups—
I lov'd to trace the brooks whose humid banks
Nourish the harebell, and the freckled pagil;
And stroll among o'ershadowing woods of beech,
Lending in Summer from the heats of noon
A whispering shade; while haply there reclines
Some pensive lover of uncultur'd flowers,
Who, from the tumps* with bright green mosses
clad,

Plucks the wood sorrel with its light thin leaves,
Heart-shap'd, and triply-folded, and its root
Creeping like beaded coral; or who there
Gathers, the copse's pride, anemones,
With rays like golden studs on ivory laid
Most delicate: but touch'd with purple clouds,
Fit crown for April's fair but cnaengeful brow.

* Tump—signifies a little rising ground, an hillock.

The Swallow.

THE gorse is yellow on the heath,
The banks with speedwell flowers are gay,
The oaks are budding; and beneath,
The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath,
The silver wreath of May.

The welcome guest of settled Spring,
The Swallow too is come at last;
Just at sunset, when thrushes sing,
I saw her dash with rapid wing,
And hail'd her as she pass'd.

Come, summer visitant, attach
To my reed-roof your nest of clay,
And let my ear your music catch,
Low twittering underneath the thatch,
At the gray dawn of day.

As fables tell, an Indian Sage,
The Hindostani woods among,
Could in his desert hermitage,
As if 'twere mark'd in written page,
Translate the wild bird's song.

I wish I did his power possess,
That I might learn, fleet bird, from thee,
What our vain systems only guess,
And know from what wide wilderness
You came across the sea.

I would a little while restrain
Your rapid wing, that I might hear
Whether on clouds that bring the rain,
You sail'd above the western main,
The wind your charioteer.

In Afric, does the sultry gale
Thro' spicy bower, and palmy grove,
Bear the repeated Cuckoo's tale?
Dwells *there* a time, the wandering Rail,
Or the itinerant Dove?

Were you in Asia? O relate,
If there your fabled sister's woes
She seem'd in sorrow to narrate;
Or sings she but to celebrate
Her nuptials with the rose?

I would inquire how journeying long
The vast and pathless ocean o'er,

You ply again those pinions strong,
And come to build anew among
The scenes you left before ;

But if, as colder breezes blow,
Prophetic of the waning year,
You hide, tho' none know when or how,
In the cliff's excavated brow,
And linger torpid here ;

Thus lost to life, what favouring dream
Bids you to happier hours awake ;
And tells, that dancing in the beam,
The light gnat hovers o'er the stream,
The May-fly on the lake ?

Or if, by instinct taught to know
Approaching dearth of insect food ;
To isles and willowy aits you go,
And crowding on the pliant bough,
Sink in the dimpling flood :

How learn ye, while the cold waves boom
Your deep and oosy couch above,
The time when flowers of promise bloom,
And call you from your transient tomb,
To light, and life, and love ?

Alas! how little can be known,
Her sacred veil where Nature draws;
Let baffled Science humbly own,
Her mysteries understood alone,
By *Him* who gives her laws.

The Calendar of Flora.

(From *Minor Morals*, vol. i.)

FAIR rising from her icy couch,
Wan herald of the floral year,
The snow-drop marks the Spring's approach,
Ere yet the primrose groups appear,
Or peers the arum from its spotted veil,
Or odorous violets scent the cold capricious gale.

Then, thickly strewn in woodland bowers,
Anemones their stars unfold:
Then spring the sorrel's veined flowers;
And, rich in vegetable gold,
From calyx pale the freckled cowslips born,
Receive in jasper cups the fragrant dews of morn.

Lo! the green thorn her silver buds
Expands to Maia's genial beam;

Hottonia blushes on the floods ;
And where the slowly-trickling stream
Mid grass and spiry rushes stealing glides,
Her lovely fringed flowers fair Menyanthus hides.

In the lone copse, or shadowy dale,
Wild cluster'd knots of harebells blow,
And droops the lily of the vale
O'er vinca's matted leaves below ;
The orchis race with varied beauty charm,
And mock the exploring bee, or fly's aerial form.

Wound o'er the hedge-row's oaken boughs,
The woodbine's tassels float in air,
And, blushing, the uncultur'd rose
Hangs high her beauteous blossoms there ;
Her fillets there the purple nightshade weaves,
And pale bryonia winds her broad and scallop'd
leaves.

To later summer's fragrant breath
Clematis' feathery garlands dance ;
The hollow foxglove nods beneath ;
While the tall mullein's yellow lance
(Dear to the mealy tribe of evening) towers,
And the weak gallium weaves its myriad fairy
flowers.

Sheltering the coot's or wild-duck's nest,
And where the timid halcyon hides,
The willow-herb, in crimson drest,
Waves with arundo o'er the tides ;
And there the bright nymphœa loves to lave,
Or spreads her golden orbs along the dimpling
wave.

And thou ! by pain and sorrow blest,
Papaver ! that an opiate dew
Conceal'st beneath thy scarlet vest,
Contrasting with cyanus blue ;
Autumnal months behold thy gauzy leaves
Bend in the rustling gale amid the tawny sheaves.

From the first bud, whose venturous head
The winter's lingering tempest braves,
To those which, mid the foliage dead,
Shrink latest to their annual graves ;
All are for use, for health, for pleasure given,
All speak in various ways the bounteous hand of
Heaven.

SONG.

(From *Beachy Head*.)

LET us to woodland wilds repair,
While yet the glittering night-dews seem
To wait the freshly-breathing air,
Precursive of the morning beam,
That rising with advancing day,
Scatters the silver drops away.

An elm uprooted by the storm,
The trunk with mosses gray and green,
Shall make for us a rustic form,
Where lighter grows the forest scene ;
And far among the bowery shades,
Are ferny lawns and grassy glades.

Retiring May to lovely June
Her latest garland now resigns ;
The banks with cuckoo-flowers are strewn,
The woodwalks blue with columbines,
And with its reeds, the wandering stream
Reflects the flag-flower's golden gleam.

There, feathering down the turf to meet,
Their shadowy arms the beeches spread,

While high above our sylvan seat,
Lifts the light ash its airy head ;
And later-leav'd, the oaks between
Extend their boughs of vernal green.

The slender birch its paper rind
Seems offering to divided love,
And shuddering even without a wind
Aspens their paler foliage move,
As if some spirit of the air
Breath'd a low sigh in passing there.

The squirrel in his frolic mood
Will fearless bound among the boughs ;
Yaffils laugh loudly thro' the wood,
And murmuring ring-doves tell their vows ;
While we, as sweetest woodscents rise,
Listen to woodland melodies.

And I'll contrive a sylvan room
Against the time of summer heat,
Where leaves, inwoven in Nature's loom
Shall canopy our green retreat ;
And gales that " close the eye of day"
Shall linger, ere they die away.

And when a sear and fallow hue
From early frost the bower receives,

I'll dress the sand-rock cave for you,
And strew the floor with heath and leaves,
That you, against the autumnal air
May find securer shelter there.

The nightingale will then have ceas'd
To sing her moonlight serenade ;
But the gay bird with blushing breast,
And woodlarks still will haunt the shade,
And by the borders of the spring
Reed wrens will yet be carolling.

The forest hermit's lonely cave
None but such soothing sounds shall reach,
Or hardly heard, the distant wave
Slow breaking on the stony beach ;
Or winds, that now sigh soft and low,
Now make wild music as they blow.

And then, before the chilling North
The tawny foliage falling light,
Seems, as it flits along the earth,
The footfall of the busy Sprite,
Who, wrapt in pale autumnal gloom,
Calls up the mist-born mushroom.

Oh ! could I hear your soft voice there,
And see you in the forest green,

All beauteous as you are, more fair
You'd look, amid the sylvan scene,
And in a wood-girl's simple guise,
Be still more lovely in mine eyes!

Ye phantoms of unreal delight,
Visions of fond delirium born!
Rise not on my deluded sight,
Then leave me drooping and forlorn
To know, such bliss can never be,
Unless Amanda lov'd like me.

Saint Monica.

AMONG deep woods is the dismantled site
Of an old Abbéy, where the chanted rite,
By twice ten brethren of the monkish cowl,
Was duly sung; and requiems for the soul
Of the first founder: for the lordly chief,
Who flourish'd paramount of many a fief,
Left here a stipend, yearly paid, that they,
The pious monks, for his repose might say
Mass and orisons to Saint Monica.

Beneath the falling archway overgrown
With briars, a bench remains, a single stone,

Where sat the indigent, to wait the dole
Given at the buttery; that the baron's soul
The poor might intercede for; there would rest,
Known by his hat of straw with cockles drest,
And staff and humble weed of watchet gray,
The wandering pilgrim; who came there to pray
The intercession of Saint Monica.

Stern Reformation and the lapse of years
Have reft the windows, and no more appears
Abbot or martyr on the glass anneal'd;
And half the falling cloisters are conceal'd
By ash and elder: the refectory wall
Oft in the storm of night is heard to fall,
When, wearied by the labours of the day,
The half-awaken'd cotters, starting say,
“ It is the ruins of Saint Monica.”

Now with approaching rain is heard the rill,
Just trickling thro' a deep and hollow gill*
By osiers and the alder's crowding bush,
Reeds, and dwarf elder, and the pithy rush,

* *Gill* is a word understood in many parts of England, and more particularly in the North, to mean an hollow watercourse, or an hollow overshadowed with coppice and brushwood, such as frequently occur in hilly countries.

Choak'd and impeded : to the lower ground
Slowly it creeps ; there traces still are found
Of hollow squares, embank'd with beaten clay,
Where brightly glitter'd in the eye of day
The peopled waters of Saint Monica.

The chapel pavement, where the name and date,
Or monkish rhyme, had mark'd the graven plate,
With docks and nettles now is overgrown ;
And brambles trail above the dead unknown—
Impatient of the heat, the straggling ewe
Tinkles her drowsy bell, as nibbling slow
She picks the grass among the thistles gray,
Whose feather'd seed the light air bears away,
O'er the pale relicks of Saint Monica.

Re-echo'd by the walls, the owl obscene
Hoots to the night ; as thro' the ivy green
Whose matted tods the arch and buttress bind,
Sobs in low gusts the melancholy wind :
The Conium there, her stalks bedropp'd with red,
Rears, with Circea, neighbour of the dead ;
Atropa too, that, as the beldams say,
Shews her black fruit to tempt and to betray,
Nods by the mouldering shrine of Monica.

Old tales and legends are not quite forgot.
Still Superstition hovers o'er the spot,

And tells how here, the wan and restless sprite,
By some way-wilder'd peasant seen at night,
Gibbers and shrieks, among the ruins drear ;
And how the friar's lanthorn will appear
Gleaming among the woods, with fearful ray,
And from the churchyard take its wavering way,
To the dim arches of Saint Monica.

The antiquary comes not to explore,
As once, the unrafter'd roof and pathless floor ;
For now, no more beneath the vaulted ground
Is crosier, cross, or sculptur'd chalice found,
Nor record telling of the wassail ale,
What time the welcome summons to regale,
Given by the matin peal on holyday,
The villagers rejoicing to obey,
Feasted in honour of Saint Monica.

Yet often still, at eve or early morn,
Among these ruins shagg'd with fern and thorn,
A pensive stranger from his lonely seat
Observes the rapid martin, threading fleet
The broken arch : or follows with his eye,
The wall-creeper that hunts the burnish'd fly ;
Sees the newt basking in the sunny ray,
Or snail that sinuous winds his shining way
O'er the time-fretted walls of Monica.

He comes not here, from the sepulchral stone
To tear the oblivious pall that Time has thrown,
But meditating, marks the power proceed
From the mapped lichen, to the plumed weed,
From thready mosses to the veined flower,
The silent, slow, but ever active power
Of Vegetative Life, that o'er Decay
Weaves her green mantle, when returning May
Dresses the ruins of Saint Monica.

O Nature! ever lovely, ever new,
He who his earliest vows has paid to you
Still finds that life has something to bestow;
And while to dark Forgetfulness they go,
Man, and the works of man—immortal Youth,
Unfading Beauty, and eternal Truth,
Your Heaven-indited volume will display,
While Art's elaborate monuments decay,
Even as these shatter'd aisles, deserted Monica!

ELIZABETH TREFUSIS,

Born died

Sister of the late Lord Clinton, published in 1808 “Poems and Tales,” in two volumes.

This very romantic lady figures in *The Sexagenarian* under the name of Ella: the account of her in that work, I have good authority for stating, is extremely incorrect.

Felix to Stella, on seeing her weep, on the Anniversary of their First Meeting.

(From my *Pastoral Romance*.)

1.

Al! why, my Stella, should a tear
Profane this blest auspicious day?
Have I not lov'd thee many a year?
And can *such* passion feel decay?
Thou sayst that “man was born to range!
“By nature and by custom taught,
“This strong impulsive wish to change
“Fills every avenue of thought!”

2.

In vain may yon fair flower disclose
Its opening beauties to the morn,
If mortals fear to pluck the rose,
Lest they should suffer from its thorn!
Why wilt thou, trembling for the morrow,
Scorn what the present can provide?
By searching for the thorns of sorrow,
The flowers of bliss are scatter'd wide!

The Boy and Butterfly.

PROUD of its little day, enjoying
The lavish sweets kind nature yields,
In harmless sports each hour employing,
Ranging the gardens, woods, and fields,
A lonely Butterfly extending
Its grateful wing to Sol's warm beams,
No dreaded danger saw impending,
But bask'd secure, in peaceful dreams.
A wandering urchin view'd this treasure
Of gaudy colours fine and gay;
Thoughtless, consulting but his pleasure,
He chas'd it through the live-long day.

At last the young but sly dissembler
Appear'd to follow other flies,
Then, turning, seiz'd the little trembler,
Who, crush'd beneath his fingers, dies !
Surpriz'd, he sees the hasty ruin
His reckless cruelty had wrought ;
The victim (which, so long pursuing,
Scarce rais'd a wish, or claim'd a thought,)
Now bids the tears of genuine sorrow
O'er his repentant bosom flow !
Yet—he'll forget it ere the morrow,
And deal to others equal woe !—
Thus the vain man, with subtle feigning,
Pursues, o'ertakes, poor woman's heart :
But soon his hapless prize disdaining,
She dies !—the victim of his art.

From a Valentine.

WHEN to Love's influence woman yields,
She loves for life ! and daily feels
Progressive tenderness !—each hour
Confirms, extends, the tyrant's power !
Her lover is her god ! her fate !—
Vain pleasures, riches, worldly state,



Are trifles all!—each sacrifice
Becomes a dear and valued prize,
If made for him, e'en tho' he proves
Forgetful of their former loves!

Eudora's Lamentation over her dead Child.

(From a Novel, which the Authoress destroyed.)

At the death of her child, and fifteen months after her marriage with Edmond, the unfortunate Eudora discovers that he is still tenderly attached to her rival, Enna, and that she is, herself, the only obstacle to their happiness. Full of love and grief, she determines to remove that obstacle by suicide. [*This explanation is by Miss Trefusis.*]

I.

MAKE it wide, make it deep, and with moss be
it lin'd,

His delicate limbs no rude pebbles shall wound;
My babe with its mother in death shall be join'd!
Then the lord of my wishes, no longer unkind,
May shed a fond tear on the grief-hallow'd
ground.

Lay it close by my side,

Lay it close by my side,

'Tis the child of my Edmond! and I—was his
bride!

2.

Who says that I murder'd the peace of my love,
That his heart was another's, his hand only
mine ?

Hush, hush ! 'tis not true !—her affection to prove,
His Eudora each obstacle soon will remove ;

Content for his sake every bliss to resign.

With my babe on my breast,

With my babe on my breast,

My heart's lord shall be happy ! and I—be at rest !

3.

Then if, hand lock'd in hand, o'er my grave they
should stray,

And vanity smile o'er the ruins of love,
Yet let justice and pity instruct them to say,

“ She merited better, but fate had its way ;

“ And now her pure spirit is soaring above !

“ With her babe on her breast,

“ With her babe on her breast,

“ Now earth shrinks from her view, and the
mourner's at rest !”

HANNAH COWLEY,

Born 1743, died 1809.

This successful dramatist was the daughter of a Mr. Parkhouse of Tiverton, and wife of a gentleman in the service of the East India Company. It is remarkable that she had very little pleasure in theatrical representations.

Besides her plays, of which the *The Belle's Stratagem* still continues deservedly popular, she wrote "a gazette in rhyme," called *The Siege of Acre*, poems under the name of Anna Matilda, &c.

Marriage.

(From *Edwina, the Huntress*, a Poem.)

O MARRIAGE! powerful charm, gift all divine,
Sent from the skies, o'er life's drear waste to shine;
What splendours from thy bright tiara spring,
What graces round thy chasten'd footsteps cling!
Vengeance will surely crush the idiot land,*
That drags the sceptre from thy hallow'd hand,

* France, during the Revolution.

That dares to trample on thy holy rites,
And nuptial perfidy, unaw'd, invites.
The weeping world to thee its solace owes,
From thee derives its truest, best repose ;
Not the cold compact subtle Interest twines,
Not that which pale Submission trembling signs,
Is *Marriage!* no ! 'tis when its polish'd chain
Binds those who in each other's bosom reign ;
'Tis when two minds form one ecstatic whole,
One sweetly blended wish, one sense, one soul !
This was the gift the exil'd seraph curst,
When from hell's blazing continent he burst ;
Eden's full charms he saw, without a groan,
Tho' Nature there had fix'd her gorgeous throne ;
Its rich ananas, and its aloes high,
Whose forms pyramidal approach'd the sky,
Its towering palms with luscious clusters crown'd,
Its shrubs, whose perfumes fill'd the region round ;
Its streams pellucid, and its bowers of shade,
Its flowers, that knew to bloom, but not to fade ;
Its orb, that gave the new-created day,
Night's lunar bow, that sooth'd with tender ray ;
Its fields of wavy gold, its slopes of green,
By the fell fiend without a pang were seen —
'Twas then fierce rancour seiz'd the demon's breast,
When, in the *married pair*, he felt mankind were
blest !

ANNA SEWARD,

Born 1747, died 1809,

With whose *Elegy on Cook*—*Monody on Andrè*—*Louisa*—and *Sonnets*—the readers of poetry during the last generation were familiarly acquainted,—was the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Seward, Rector of Eyam in Derbyshire, Prebendary of Salisbury, and Canon Residentiary of Litchfield. Her passion for poetry, which shewed itself in childhood, her father at first encouraged; but her mother being greatly alarmed lest their daughter should turn out a literary lady, he afterwards ceased to countenance it. When Miss Seward was of an age to choose her own studies, she became a professed votary of the Muses.—During almost her whole life, she resided at Litchfield.

That the poems of Anna Seward, which are now forgotten, should have excited much contemporary admiration, need not surprize us, if we consider that they were published at a period when Hayley's *Triumphs of Temper* was esteemed a work of first-rate ability. By this remark, however, I do not mean to insinuate that her writings scarcely rise above mediocrity. She was endowed with considerable genius, and with an ample portion of that fine enthusiasm, which sometimes may be mistaken for it; but her taste was far from good, and her numerous productions (a few excepted) are disfigured by florid ornament and elaborate magni-

ficence.—The pieces which she has addressed to her beloved Honora, and her allusions to that interesting creature, scattered through various poems, are full of sensibility and amiable feelings.

The Anniversary.

Written June 1769.

AN, lovely Litchfield ! that so long hast shone
In blended charms, peculiarly thine own ;
Stately, yet rural ; thro' thy choral day,
Tho' shady, cheerful, and tho' quiet, gay ;
How interesting, how lov'd, from year to year,
How more than beauteous did thy scenes appear !
Still, as the mild Spring chas'd the wintry gloom,
Devolv'd her leaves, and wak'd her rich perfume,
Thou, with thy fields and groves around thee
spread,
Lift'st, in unlesseu'd grace, thy spiry head ;
But many a lov'd inhabitant of thine
Sleeps where no vernal sun will ever shine.

Why fled ye all so fast, ye happy hours,
That saw Honora's* eyes adorn these bowers ?

* Honora Sneyd, the object of Major Andrè's attachment, afterwards Mrs. Edgeworth.—EDITOR.

These darling bowers, that much she lov'd to hail,
The spires, she called "the Ladies of the Vale!"

Fairest, and best!—Oh! can I e'er forget
To thy dear kindness my eternal debt?
Life's opening paths how tenderly it smooth'd,
The joys it heighten'd, and the pains it sooth'd?
No, no! my heart its sacred memory bears,
Bright mid the shadows of o'erwhelming years;
When mists of deprivation round me roll,
'Tis the soft sunbeam of my clouded soul.

Ah, dear Honora! that remember'd day,
First on these eyes when shone thy early ray!
Scarce o'er my head twice seven gay springs had
gone,
Scarce five o'er thy unconscious childhood flown,
When, fair as their young flowers, thy infant frame
To our glad walls an happy inmate came.
O summer morning of unrivall'd light!
Fate wrapt thy rising in prophetic white!
June, the bright month, when Nature joys to wear
The livery of the gay, consummate year,
Gave that envermeil'd day-spring all her powers,
Gemm'd the light leaves, and glow'd upon the
flowers;

Bade her plum'd nations hail the rosy ray
With warbled orisons from every spray.
Purpureal Tempe, not to thee belong
More poignant fragrance, or more jocund song.

Thrice happy day ! thy clear auspicious light
Gave " future years a tincture of thy white ;"
Well may her strains thy votive hymn decree,
Whose sweetest pleasures found their source in
thee ;

The purest, best that memory explores,
Safe in the past's inviolable stores.—
The ardent progress of thy shining hours
Beheld me rove thro' Litchfield's verdant bowers,
Thoughtless and gay, and volatile and vain,
Circled by nymphs, and youths, a frolic train ;
Tho' conscious that a little orphan child
Had to my parents' guidance, kind and mild,
Recent been summon'd, when disease and death
Shed dark stagnation o'er her mother's breath.
While eight sweet infants' wailful cries deplore
What not the tears of innocence restore ;
And while the husband mourn'd his widow'd doom,
And hung despondent o'er the closing tomb,
To us this loveliest scion he consign'd,
Its beauty blossoming, its opening mind.

His heartfelt loss had drawn my April tears,
But childish, womanish, ambiguous years
Find all their griefs as vanishing as keen,
Youth's rising sun soon gilds the showery scene.

On the expected trust no thought I bent,
Unknown the day, unheeded the event.
One sister dear, from spleen, from falsehood free,
Rose to the verge of womanhood with me;
Gloom'd by no envy, by no discord jarr'd,
Our pleasures blended, and our studies shar'd;
And when with day and waking thoughts they
 clos'd,
On the same couch our agile limbs repos'd.

Amplly in friendship by her virtues blest,
I gave to youthful gaiety the rest;
Considering not how near the period drew,
When that transplanted branch should meet our
 view,
Whose intellectual fruits were doom'd to rise,
Food of the future's heart-expanding joys;
Born to console me when, by Fate severe,
The Much Belov'd* should press a timeless bier,

* Miss Sarah Seward, who died in her 19th year, and
on the eve of marriage.

My friend, my sister, from my arms be torn,
Sickening and sinking on her bridal morn;
While Hymen, speeding from this mournful dome,
Should drop his darken'd torch upon her tomb.

"Twas eve;—the sun, in setting glory drest,
Spread his gold skirts along the crimson west;
A Sunday's eve!—Honora, bringing thee,
Friendship's soft Sabbath long it rose to me,
When on the wing of circling seasons borne,
Annual I hail'd its consecrated morn.

In the kind interchange of mutual thought,
Our home myself, and gentle sister sought;
Our pleasant home,* round which th' ascending
gale
Breathes all the freshness of the sloping vale;
On her green verge the spacious walls arise,
View her fair fields, and catch her balmy sighs;
See her near hills the bounded prospect close,
And her blue lake in glassy breadth repose.

With arms entwin'd, and smiling as we talk'd,
To the maternal room we careless walk'd,

* The Bishop's Palace at Litchfield.

Where sat its honour'd mistress, and with smile
Of love indulgent, from a floral pile
The gayest glory of the summer bower
Cull'd for the new-arriv'd,—the human flower,
A lovely infant-girl, who pensive stood
Close to her knees, and charm'd us as we view'd.

O! hast thou mark'd the Summer's budded rose,
When mid the veiling moss its crimson glows?
So bloom'd the beauty of that fairy form,
So her dark locks, with golden tinges warm,
Play'd round the timid curve of that white neck,
And sweetly shaded half her blushing cheek.
O! hast thou seen the star of eve on high,
Thro' the soft dusk of Summer's balmy sky,
Shed its green light,* and in the glassy stream
Eye the mild reflex of its trembling beam?
So look'd on us with tender, bashful gaze,
The destin'd charmer of our youthful days;
Whose soul its native elevation join'd
To the gay wildness of the infant mind,
Esteem and sacred confidence impress'd,
While our fond arms the beauteous child caress'd.

* The lustre of the brightest of the stars (says Miss Seward, in a note on her xciiid Sonnet,) always appeared to me of a green hue; and they are so described by Ossian.

Dear Sensibility! how soon thy glow
Dy'd that fair cheek, and gleam'd from that young
brow!

How early, Generosity, you taught
The warm disdain of every groveling thought,
Round sweet Honora, e'en in infant youth,
Shed the majestic light of spotless truth;
Bid her for others' sorrow pour the tear,
For others' safety feel th' instinctive fear;
But for herself, scorning the impulse weak,
Meet every danger with unaltering cheek;
And thro' the generally unmeaning years
Of heedless childhood, to thy guardian cares,
Angelic Friendship, her young moments give,
And, heedless of herself, for others live.

Time Past.

Written, January 1773.

RETURN, blest years! when not the jocund
Spring,
Luxuriant Summer, nor the amber hours
Calm Autumn gives, my heart invok'd, to bring
Joys, whose rich balm o'er all the bosom pours;

When ne'er I wish'd might grace the closing day,
One tint purpureal, or one golden ray ;
When the loud storms, that desolate the bowers,
Found dearer welcome than Favonian gales,
And Winter's bare, bleak fields than Summer's
 flowery vales.

Yet not to deck pale hours with vain parade,
Beneath the blaze of wide-illumin'd dome ;
Not for the bounding dance ;— not to pervade
And charm the sense with music ;— nor, as
 roam
The mimic passions o'er theatric scene,
To laugh, or weep ;—O ! not for these, I ween,
But for delights, that made the heart their home,
Was the grey night-frost on the sounding plain
More than the sun invok'd, that gilds the grassy
 lane.

Yes, for the joys that trivial joys excel,
My lov'd Honora, did we hail the gloom
Of dim November's eve ;— and, as it fell,
And the bright fire shone cheerful round the
 room,
Dropt the warm curtains with no tardy hand,
And felt our spirits and our hearts expand ;
Listening their steps, who still, where'er they
 come,

Make the keen stars, that glaze the settled snows,
More than the sun invok'd when first he tints the
 rose.

Affection — Friendship — Sympathy, — your
 throne
Is Winter's glowing hearth ; — and ye were ours,
Thy smile, Honora, made them all our own.
Where are they now ? — alas ! their choicest
 powers
Faded at thy retreat ; — for thou art gone,
And many a dark, long eve I sigh alone,
In thrill'd remembrance of the vanish'd hours,
When storms were dearer than the balmy gales,
And the gray barren fields than green luxuriant
 vales.

From an Invocation to the Genius of Slumber.

Written October 1787.

ONCE, as the taper's steady light convey'd
Upon the white expanse the graceful shade
Of sweet Honora's face, the traces fair
My anxious hand pursu'd, and fix'd them there ;
To throw, in spite of Fate's remorseless crimes,
Soft, soothing magic o'er succeeding times.

For this dear purpose, near my couch I plac'd
The shade, by Love assiduously trac'd ;
And, while no sullen curtain drops between,
The image consecrates the sombrous scene ;
Serenely sweet, it stands,—at morn, at eve,
The first, last object these fond eyes perceive,
And still my heart, and oft my lips address
The shadowy form of her who liv'd to bless.

SONG.

FROM thy waves, stormy Lannow, I fly ;
From the rocks, that are lash'd by their tide ;
From the maid, whose cold bosom, relentless as
they,
Has wreck'd my warm hopes by her pride !
Yet lonely and rude as the scene,
Her smile to that scene could impart
A charm, that might rival the bloom of the vale—
But away, thou fond dream of my heart !
From thy rocks, stormy Lannow, I fly !

Now the blasts of the winter come on,
And the waters grow dark as they rise !
But 'tis well !—they resemble the sullen disdain
That has lower'd in those insolent eyes.

Sincere were the sighs they repress,
But they rose in the days that are flown !
Ah, nymph ! unrelenting and cold as thou art,
My spirit is proud as thine own !

From thy rocks, stormy Lannow, I fly !

Lo ! the wings of the sea-fowl are spread
To escape the loud storm by their flight ;
And these caves will afford them a gloomy retreat
From the winds and the billows of night ;
Like them, to the home of my youth,
Like them, to its shades I retire ;
Receive me, and shield my vex'd spirit, ye groves,
From the pangs of insulted desire !

To thy rocks, stormy Lannow, adieu !

From an Elegy on CAPTAIN COOK.

SAY first, what Power inspir'd his dauntless breast
With scorn of danger and inglorious rest,
To quit imperial London's gorgeous domes,
Where, deck'd in thousand tints, young Pleasure
 roams ;
In cups of summer-ice her nectar pours,
Or twines, mid wintry snows, her roseate bowers ;

Where the warm Orient loads Britannia's gales
With all the incense of Sabæan vales;
Where soft Italia's silken sons prolong
The lavish cadence of the artful song;
Where Beauty moves with fascinating grace,
Calls the sweet blush to wanton o'er her face,
On each fond youth her soft artillery tries,
Aims the light smile, and rolls the frolic eyes:
What Power inspir'd his dauntless breast to brave
The scorch'd Equator, and th' Antarctic wave?
Climes, where fierce suns in cloudless ardours shine,
And pour the dazzling deluge round the Line?
The realms of frost, where icy mountains rise,
Mid the pale summer of the polar skies?
It was Benevolence!—on coasts unknown,
The shivering natives of the frozen zone,
And the swart Indian, as he faintly strays
“Where Cancer reddens in the solar blaze,”
She bade him seek;—on each inclement shore
Plant the rich seeds of her exhaustless store;
Unite the savage hearts and hostile hands
In the firm compact of her gentle bands;
Strew her soft comforts o'er the barren plain,
Sing her sweet lays, and consecrate her fane.

* * * * *

Lovely Benevolence!—O nymph divine!
I see thy light step print the burning Line!

Thy lucid eye the dubious pilot guides,
The faint oar struggling with the scalding tides.
On as thou leadst the bold, the glorious prow,
Mild, and more mild, the sloping sunbeams glow ;
Now weak and pale the lessen'd lustres play,
As round th' horizon rolls the timid day ;
Barb'd with the sleeted snow, the driving hail,
Rush the fierce arrows of the polar gale ;
And thro' the dim, unvaried, lingering hours,
Wide o'er the waves incumbent Horror lowers.

* * * * *

Gay Eden of the south, thy tribute pay,
And raise, in pomp of woe, thy Cook's Morai !
Bid mild Omiah bring his choicest stores,
The juicy fruits, and the luxuriant flowers ;
Bring the bright plumes, that drink the torrid ray,
And strew the lavish spoil on Cook's Morai !
Come, Oberea, hapless fair one ! come
With piercing shrieks bewail thy Hero's doom !—
She comes !—she gazes round with dire survey !—
Oh ! fly the mourner on her frantic way.
See, see ! the pointed ivory wounds that head
Where late the Loves impurpled roses spread ;
Now stain'd with gore her raven tresses flow,
In ruthless negligence of maddening woe ;
Loud she laments ! and long the Nymph shall stray
With wild unequal step round Cook's Morai !

But ah! — aloft on Albion's rocky steep,
That frowns incumbent o'er the boiling deep,
Solicitous, and sad, a softer form
Eyes the lone flood, and deprecates the storm.
Ill-fated Matron! — far, alas! in vain
Thy eager glances wander o'er the main!
'Tis the vex'd billows, that insurgent rave,
Their white foam silvers yonder distant wave,
'Tis not his sails! — thy Husband comes no more!
His bones now whiten an accursed shore!
Retire, — for hark! the sea-gull shrieking soars,
The lurid atmosphere portentous lowers;
Night's sullen spirit groans in every gale,
And o'er the waters draws the darkling veil,
Sighs in thy hair, and chills thy throbbing breast,
Go, wretched Mourner! weep thy griefs to rest!
Yet, tho' thro' life is lost each fond delight,
Tho' set thy earthly sun in dreary night,
Oh! raise thy thoughts to yonder starry plain,
And own thy sorrow selfish, weak, and vain;
Since, while Britannia, to his virtues just,
Twines the bright wreath, and rears th' immortal
bust;
While on each wind of heaven his fame shall rise
In endless incense to the smiling skies;
Th' Attendant Power, that bade his sails expand,
And waft her blessings to each barren land,

Now raptur'd bears him to the immortal plains,
Where Mercy hails him with congenial strains ;
Where soars, on Joy's white plume, his spirit free,
And angels choir him while he waits for thee.

Louisa's First Meeting with Eugenio.

(From *Louisa*, a Poetical Novel.)

Now expectation's fervour rose, to hail
The youthful master of this quiet vale,
My blooming brother — from Oxonia's towers,
Who sought, with tender haste, his native bowers.
'Twas noon, and ripen'd Summer's fervid ray
From cloudless ether shed oppressive day.
As on this shady bank I sat reclin'd,
My voice, that floated on the waving wind,
Taught the soft echoes of the neighbouring plains
Milton's sweet lays, in Handel's matchless strains.
Presaging notes my lips unconscious try,
And murmur — " Hide me from day's garish eye!"
Ah! blest, had Death beneath his sable shrine
Hid me from all the woes that since were mine!

Beneath my trembling fingers lightly rung
The lute's sweet chords, responsive while I sung.

Faint in the yellow broom the oxen lay,
And the mute birds sat languid on the spray;
And nought was heard, around the noontide bower,
Save, that the mountain bee, from flower to flower,
Seem'd to prolong, with her assiduous wing,
The soft vibration of the tuneful string;
While the fierce skies flam'd on the shrinking rills,
And sultry silence brooded o'er the hills!
As on my lip the lingering cadence play'd,
My brother gaily bounded down the glade,
And, while my looks the fire of gladness dart,
With ardour press'd me to his throbbing heart;
Then to a graceful stranger turn'd, whose feet,
With steps less swift, my coy welcome meet.
O'er his fine form, and o'er his glowing face,
Youth's ripen'd bloom had shed its richest grace;
Tall as the pine amidst inferior trees,
With all the bending osier's pliant ease.
O'er his fair brow, the fairer for their shade,
Locks of the warmest brown luxuriant play'd.
Blushing he bows! — and gentle awe supplies
Each flattering meaning to his downcast eyes;
Sweet, serious, tender, those blue eyes impart
A thousand dear sensations to the heart;
Mild as the evening star, whose shining ray
Soft in the unruffled water seems to play;

And when he speaks — not music's thrilling power,
No, not the vocal mistress of the bower,
When slow she warbles from the blossom'd spray,
In liquid blandishment, her evening lay,
Such soft insinuating sweetness knows,
As from that voice in melting accent flows!

SONNET

To the departing Spirit of an alienated Friend.

O EVER dear! thy precious vital powers
Sink rapidly! — the long and dreary night
Brings scarce an hope that morn's returning light
Shall dawn for thee! In such terrific hours,
When yearning fondness eagerly devours
Each moment of protracted life, his flight
The rashly-chosen of thy heart has ta'en,
Where dances, songs, and theatres invite.
Expiring sweetness! with indignant pain
I see him in the scenes where laughing glide
Pleasure's light forms; — see his eyes gaily glow,
Regardless of thy life's fast ebbing tide;
I hear him, who should droop in silent woe,
Decclaim on actors, and on taste decide!

SONNET.

Subject of the preceding Sonnet continued.

BEHOLD him now his genuine colours wear,
That specious false one, by whose cruel wiles
I lost thy amity; saw thy dear smiles
Eclips'd; those smiles, that us'd my heart to cheer,
Wak'd by thy grateful sense of many a year,
When rose thy youth, by Friendship's pleasing
toils
Cultur'd;—but dying!—O! for ever fade
The angry fires.—Each thought, that might
upbraid
Thy broken faith, which yet my soul deplores,
Now as eternally is past and gone
As are the interesting, the happy hours,
Days, years, we shar'd together. They are flown!
Yet long must I lament thy hapless doom,
Thy lavish'd life, and early-hasten'd tomb.

SONNET.

December Morning, 1782.

I LOVE to rise ere gleams the tardy light,
Winter's pale dawn;—and as warm fires illume

And cheerful tapers shine around the room,
Thro' misty windows bend my musing sight,
Where, round the dusky lawn, the mansions white,
With shutters clos'd, peer faintly thro' the gloom,
That slow recedes; while yon gray spires assume,
Rising from their dark pile, an added height
By indistinctness given. — Then to decree
The grateful thoughts to God, ere they unfold
To Friendship, or the Muse, or seek with glee
Wisdom's rich page: — O hours! more worth
than gold,
By whose blest use we lengthen life, and free
From drear decays of age, outlive the old!

The Grave of Youth.

WHEN life is hurried to untimely close,
In the years of crystal eyes and burnish'd hair,
Dire are the thoughts of death; — eternal parting
From all the precious soul's yet known delights,
All she had clung to here; — from youth and hope,
And the year's blossom'd April; — bounding
strength,
Which had out-leap'd the roes, when morning suns
Yellow'd their forest-glade; — from reaper's shout
And cheerful swarm of populous towns; — from
Time,

Which tells of joys forepast, and promises
The dear return of seasons, and the bliss
Crowning a fruitful marriage ; — from the stores
Of well-engrafted knowledge ; — from all utter-
 ance,
Since, in the silent grave, no talk ! — no music ! —
No gay surprise, by unexpected good,
Social, or individual ! — no glad step
Of welcome friend, with more intenseness listen'd
Than warbled melody ! — no father's counsel ! —
No mother's smile ! — no lover's whisper'd vow ! —
There nothing breathes save the insatiate worm,
And nothing is, but the drear altering corse,
Resolving silently to shapeless dust,
In unpierc'd darkness and in black oblivion.

M. TIGHE,

... .. died 1810.

Of this highly gifted Irishwoman I have not met with any biographical account; but I learn from the notes to her Poems, that she was the daughter of the Rev. William Blachford, and that she died in her 37th year. In the *Psyche* of Mrs. Tighe, are several pictures conceived in the true spirit of poetry; while over the whole composition is spread the richest glow of purified passion.

From Psyche.

(Canto I.)

PSYCHE carried by ZEPHYRS to the Island of Pleasure—
The Palace of LOVE—Banquet of LOVE—Marriage
of CUPID and PSYCHE.

WHEN lo! a gentle breeze began to rise,
Breath'd by obedient Zephyrs round the maid,
Fanning her bosom with its softest sighs,
Awhile among her fluttering robes it stray'd,
And boldly sportive, latent charms display'd:
And then, as Cupid will'd, with tenderest care
From the tall rock, where weeping she was laid

With gliding motion thro' the yielding air
To Pleasure's blooming isle their lovely charge
they bear.

On the green bosom of the turf reclin'd,
They lightly now the astonish'd virgin lay,
To placid rest they soothe her troubled mind ;
Around her still with watchful care they stay,
Around her still in quiet whispers play ;
Till lulling slumbers bid her eyelids close,
Veiling with silky fringe each brilliant ray,
While soft tranquillity divinely flows
O'er all her soul serene, in visions of repose.

Refresh'd she rose, and all enchanted gaz'd
On the rare beauties of the pleasant scene :
Conspicuous far, a lofty palace blaz'd
Upon a sloping bank of softest green ;
A fairer edifice was never seen ;
The high-rang'd columns own no mortal hand,
But seem a temple meet for Beauty's queen ;
Like polish'd snow the marble pillars stand
In grace-attemper'd majesty sublimely grand.

Gently ascending from a silvery flood,
Above the palace rose the shaded hill,
The lofty eminence was crown'd with wood,

And the rich lawns, adorn'd by nature's skill,
The passing breezes with their odours fill ;
Here ever-blooming groves of orange glow,
And here all flowers, which from their leaves
distil

Ambrosial dew, in sweet succession blow,
And trees of matchless size a fragrant shade
bestow.

The sun looks glorious mid a sky serene,
And bids bright lustre sparkle o'er the tide ;
The clear blue ocean at a distance seen
Bounds the gay landscape on the western
side,

While closing round it with majestic pride,
The lofty rocks mid citron groves arise ;
“ Sure some divinity must here reside,”
As trac'd in some bright vision, Psyche cries,
And scarce believes the bliss, or trusts her charmed
eyes.

When lo ! a voice divinely sweet she hears,
From unseen lips proceeds the heavenly sound ;
“ Psyche approach, dismiss thy timid fears,
“ At length his bride thy longing spouse has
found,
“ And bids for thee immortal joys abound ;

“ For thee the palace rose at his command,
“ For thee his love a bridal banquet crown’d ;
“ He bids attendant nymphs around thee stand,
“ Prompt every wish to serve,—a fond obedient
band.”

Increasing wonder fill’d her ravish’d soul,
For now the pompous portals open’d wide,
There, pausing oft, with timid foot she stole
Thro’ halls high-dom’d, enrich’d with sculptur’d
pride,
While gay saloons appear’d on either side,
In splendid vista opening to her sight ;
And all with precious gems so beautified,
And furnish’d with such exquisite delight,
That scarce the beams of heaven emit such lustre
bright.

The amethyst was there of violet hue,
And there the topaz shed its golden ray,
The chrysoberyl, and the sapphire blue
As the clear azure of a sunny day,
Or the mild eyes where amorous glances play ;
The snow-white jasper, and the opal’s flame,
The blushing ruby, and the agate gray,
And there the gem which bears his luckless name
Whose death, by Phœbus mourn’d, ensur’d him
deathless fame.

There the green emerald, there cornelians glow,
And rich carbuncles pour eternal light,
With all that India and Peru can shew,
Or Labrador can give so flaming bright
To the charm'd mariner's half-dazzled sight :
The coral-paved baths with diamonds blaze ;
And all that can the female heart delight
Of fair attire, the last recess displays,
And all that Luxury can ask, her eye surveys.

Now thro' the hall melodious music stole,
And self-prepar'd the splendid banquet stands,
Self-pour'd the nectar sparkles in the bowl,
The lute and viol, touch'd by unseen hands,
Aid the soft voices of the choral bands ;
O'er the full board a brighter lustre beams
Than Persia's monarch at his feast commands :
For sweet refreshment all inviting seems
To taste celestial food, and pure ambrosial
streams.

But when meek Eve hung out her dewy star,
And gently veil'd with gradual hand the sky,
Lo ! the bright folding doors retiring far,
Display to Psyche's captivated eye
All that voluptuous ease could e'er supply
To soothe the spirits in serene repose :
Beneath the velvet's purple canopy,

Divinely form'd, a downy couch arose,
While alabaster lamps a milky light disclose.

Once more she hears the hymeneal strain ;
Far other voices now attune the lay ;
The swelling sounds approach, awhile remain,
And then retiring, faint dissolv'd away ;
The expiring lamps emit a feebler ray,
And soon in fragrant death extinguish'd lie :
Then virgin terrors Psyche's soul dismay,
When thro' the obscuring gloom she nought can
 spy,
But softly-rustling sounds declare some Being nigh.

Oh, you for whom I write ! whose hearts can
 melt
At the soft thrilling voice whose power you prove,
You know what charm, unutterably felt,
Attends the unexpected voice of Love :
Above the lyre, the lute's soft notes above,
With sweet enchantment to the soul it steals,
And bears it to Elysium's happy grove ;
You best can tell the rapture Psyche feels,
When Love's ambrosial lip the vows of Hymen
 seals.

" 'Tis he, 'tis my deliverer ! deep imprest
" Upon my heart those sounds I well recall,"

The blushing maid exclaim'd, and on his breast
A tear of trembling ecstasy let fall.
But, ere the breezes of the morning call
Aurora from her purple, humid bed,
Psyche in vain explores the vacant hall,
Her tender lover from her arms is fled,
While Sleep his downy wings had o'er her eyelids
spread.

From Psyche.

(Canto II.)

*PSYCHE's return to the Palace of Love—Her disobedience
—Love asleep—PSYCHE's amazement—The flight of
Love—Sudden banishment of PSYCHE from the Island
of Pleasure.*

ILLUMIN'D bright now shines the splendid
dome,
Melodious accents her arrival hail :
But not the torch's blaze can chase the gloom,
And all the soothing powers of music fail ;
Trembling she seeks her couch with horror pale,
But first a lamp conceals in secret shade,
While unknown terrors all her soul assail.
Thus half their treacherous counsel is obey'd,
For still her gentle soul abhors the murderous
blade.

And now with softest whispers of delight,
Love welcomes Psyche still more fondly dear;
Not unobserv'd, tho' hid in deepest night,
The silent anguish of her secret fear.
He thinks that tenderness excites the tear
By the late image of her parents' grief,
And half-offended seeks in vain to cheer;
Yet, while he speaks, her sorrows feel relief,
Too soon more keen to sting from this suspension
 brief!

Allow'd to settle on celestial eyes
Soft Sleep exulting now exerts his sway,
From Psyche's anxious pillow gladly flies
To veil those orbs, whose pure and lambent ray
The powers of heaven submissively obey.
Trembling and breathless then she softly rose,
And seiz'd the lamp, where it obscurely lay,
With hand too rashly daring to disclose
The sacred veil which hung mysterious o'er her
 woes.

Twice, as with agitated step she went,
The lamp expiring shone with doubtful gleam,
As tho' it warn'd her from her rash intent:
And twice she paus'd, and on its trembling beam
Gaz'd with suspended breath, while voices seem

With murmuring sound along the roof to sigh;
As one just waking from a troublous dream,
With palpitating heart and straining eye,
Still fix'd with fear remains, still thinks the danger
nigh.

Oh, daring Muse! wilt thou indeed essay
To paint the wonders which that lamp could
shew?
And canst thou hope in living words to say
The dazzling glories of that heavenly view?
Ah! well I ween, that if with pencil true
That splendid vision could be well exprest,
The fearful awe imprudent Psyche knew
Would seize with rapture every wondering breast,
When Love's all-potent charms divinely stood
confest.

All imperceptible to human touch,
His wings display celestial essence light,
The clear effulgence of the blaze is such,
The brilliant plumage shines so heavenly bright,
That mortal eyes turn dazzled from the sight;
A youth he seems in manhood's freshest years;
Round his fair neck, as clinging with delight,
Each golden curl resplendently appears,
Or shades his darker brow, which grace majestic
wears:

Or o'er his guileless front the ringlets bright
Their rays of sunny lustre seem to throw,
That front than polish'd ivory more white !
His blooming cheeks with deeper blushes glow
Than roses scatter'd o'er a bed of snow :
While on his lips, distill'd in balmy dews,
(Those lips divine, that even in silence know
The heart to touch,) persuasion to infuse,
Still hangs a rosy charm that never vainly sues.

The friendly curtain of indulgent sleep
Disclos'd not yet his eyes' resistless sway,
But from their silky veil there seem'd to peep
Some brilliant glances with a soften'd ray,
Which o'er his features exquisitely play,
And all his polish'd limbs suffuse with light.
Thus thro' some narrow space the azure day
Sudden its cheerful rays diffusing bright,
Wide darts its lucid beams, to gild the brow of
 night.

His fatal arrows, and celestial bow
Beside the couch were negligently thrown,
Nor needs the god his dazzling arms to shew
His glorious birth, such beauty round him shone
As sure could spring from Beauty's self alone ;
The gloom which glow'd o'er all of soft desire
Could well proclaim him Beauty's cherish'd son :

And Beauty's self will oft these charms admire,
And steal his witching smile, his glance's living fire.

Speechless with awe, in transport strangely lost,
Long Psyche stood with fix'd adoring eye;
Her limbs immovable, her senses tost
Between amazement, fear, and ecstasy,
She hangs enamour'd o'er the Deity.
Till from her trembling hand extinguish'd falls
The fatal lamp—He starts—and suddenly
Tremendous thunders echo thro' the halls,
While ruin's hideous crash bursts o'er the affrighted
walls.

Dread horror seizes on her sinking heart,
A mortal chillness shudders at her breast,
Her soul shrinks fainting from death's icy dart,
The groan scarce utter'd dies but half exprest,
And down she sinks in deadly swoon opprest:
But when at length, awaking from her trance,
The terrors of her fate stand all confest,
In vain she casts around her timid glance,
The rudely frowning scenes her former joys
enhance.

No traces of those joys, alas, remain!
A desert solitude alone appears;
No verdant shade relieves the sandy plain,

The wide-spread waste no gentle fountain cheers,
One barren face the dreary prospect wears;
Nought thro' the vast horizon meets her eye
To calm the dismal tumult of her fears,
No trace of human habitation nigh,
A sandy wild beneath, above a threatening sky.

The Lily.

How wither'd, perish'd seems the form
Of yon obscure unsightly root!
Yet from the blight of wintry storm,
It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The lily wraps her silver vest,
Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap
The undelighting slighted thing;

There in the cold earth buried deep,
In silence let it wait the Spring.

Oh ! many a stormy night shall close
In gloom upon the barren earth,
While still, in undisturb'd repose,
Uninjur'd lies the future birth ;

And Ignorance, with sceptic eye,
Hope's patient smile shall wondering view ;
Or mock her fond credulity,
As her soft tears the spot bedew.

Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear !
The sun, the shower indeed shall come ;
The promis'd verdant shoot appear,
And nature bid her blossoms bloom.

And thou, O virgin Queen of Spring !
Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed ;

Unfold thy robes of purest white,
Unsullied from their darksome grave,
And thy soft petals' silvery light
In the mild breeze unfetter'd wave.

So Faith shall seek the lowly dust
Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,
And bid her thus her hopes intrust,
And watch with patient, cheerful eye ;

And bear the long, cold wintry night,
And bear her own degraded doom,
And wait till Heaven's reviving light,
Eternal Spring ! shall burst the gloom.

MARY BRUNTON,

Born 1778, died 1818.

The following is one of three poetical compositions in the posthumous volume of the excellent authoress of *Self-Control* and *Discipline*. Her maiden name was Balfour.

Stanzas for Music.

WHEN thou at eventide art roaming
Along the elm-o'ershaded walk,
Where, past, the eddy stream is foaming
Beneath its tiny cataract,—
Where I with thee was wont to talk,—
Think thou upon the days gone by,
And heave a sigh!

When sails the moon above the mountains,
And cloudless skies are purely blue,
And sparkle in the light the fountains,
And darker frowns the lonely yew,—
Then be thou melancholy too,
When musing on the hours I prov'd
With thee, belov'd!

When wakes the dawn upon thy dwelling,
And lingering shadows disappear,
And soft the woodland songs are swelling
A choral anthem on thine ear,—
Think—for that hour to thought is dear!
And then her flight remembrance wings
To by-past things.

To me, thro' every season, dearest,
In every scene—by day, by night,
Thou present to my mind appearest
A quenchless star—for ever bright!
My solitary, sole delight!
Alone—in grove—by shore—at sea,
I think of thee!

ANNE HUNTER,

Born died 1821,

Wife of the celebrated John Hunter, and sister of the present Sir Everard Home, published a volume of Poems, some of which are written with much elegance and feeling. Several of her songs had previously been set to music ; one or two are embalmed in the eternal melodies of Haydn. She died in her 79th year.

SONG.

FAR, far from me my love is fled,
In a light skiff he tempts the sea,
The young Desires his sails have spread,
And Hope his pilot deigns to be.

The promis'd land of varied joys,
Which so delights his fickle mind,
In waking dreams his days employs,
While I, poor I, sing to the wind.

But young Desires grow old and die,
And Hope no more the helm may steer ;

Beneath a dark and stormy sky
Shall fall the late repentant tear.

While I, within my peaceful grot,
May hear the distant tempest roar,
Contented with my humble lot,
In safety on the friendly shore.

A Vow to Fortune.

IF e'er the moment should arrive,
Which hope herself despairs to see,
Fortune, thy suppliant shall strive
To raise a votive pile to thee.

Bona Fortuna shall be plac'd
In golden letters round the dome,
The weary pilgrim there shall rest,
And wait for happier days to come.

A curious lamp of bold design,
With emblematic sculpture crown'd,
Shall burn before thy sacred shrine,
And cast its cheering rays around.

It shall be form'd of silent tears,
Slow dropping in the cave of care,
Thro' the cold gloom of lingering years
Congeal'd to crystal by despair.

It shall be wrought with tales of woe,
Where Fortune turn'd the adverse tide,
And taught the stream of chance to flow
In channels hope herself denied.

There expectation's light shall burn,
And watchful faith the flame preserve;
If doubts and fears perchance return,
Hope shall have patience in reserve.

Bright lambent flame! till death shall end
This mortal coil, and sorrow cease,
Thy beams shall consolation lend,
And light us on the way to peace.

O goddess Fortune!, from thine eyes
The mystic fillet straight unbind,
See what thy random power denies,
And own thyself unjust and blind.

SONG.

THE season comes when first we met,
But you return no more ;
Why cannot I the days forget,
Which time can ne'er restore ?
O days too sweet, too bright to last,
Are you indeed forever past ?

The fleeting shadows of delight,
In memory I trace ;
In fancy stop their rapid flight,
And all the past replace :
But, ah, I wake to endless woes,
And tears the fading visions close !

SONG.

O TUNEFUL voice ! I still deplore
Those accents which, tho' heard no more,
Still vibrate on my heart ;
In echo's cave I long to dwell,
And still would hear the sad farewell,
When we were doom'd to part.

Bright eyes, O that the task were mine,
To guard the liquid fires that shine,
And round your orbits play ;
To watch them with a vestal's care,
And feed with smiles a light so fair,
That it may ne'er decay.

THE DEATH SONG,

*Written for, and adapted to, an original
Indian Air.*

THE sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away :
Begin, you tormentors ! your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
Remember your chiefs, by his hatchet laid low :
Why so slow ? Do you wait till I shrink from the
pain ?
No ; the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood, where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation
away :

Now the flame rises fast ; you exult in my pain ;
But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone,
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son :
Death comes like a friend to relieve me from pain ;
And thy son, O Alknomook ! has scorn'd to
complain.

TO MY DAUGHTER,

On being separated from her on her Marriage.

DEAR to my heart as life's warm stream,
Which animates this mortal clay,
For thee I court the waking dream,
And deck with smiles the future day ;
And thus beguile the present pain
With hopes that we shall meet again.

Yet will it be, as when the past
Twin'd every joy, and care, and thought,
And o'er our minds one mantle cast
Of kind affections finely wrought ?
Ah no ! the groundless hope were vain,
For so we ne'er can meet again !

May he who claims thy tender heart

Deserve its love, as I have done !

For, kind and gentle as thou art,

If so belov'd, thou'rt fairly won.

Bright may the sacred torch remain,

And cheer thee till we meet again !

HESTHER LYNCH PIOZZI,

Born 1739, died 1821,

More distinguished as the friend and hostess of Johnson, than as an authoress, was the daughter of John Salusbury, Esq., of Bodvel in Caernarvonshire: her first husband was Mr. Thrale, an eminent brewer; her second, Signior Piozzi, a music-master.

The superiority of *The Three Warnings* to her other poetical pieces, has excited suspicions that Johnson assisted her in its composition: it first appeared in "The Miscellanies" of Mrs. Anna Williams.

The Three Warnings.

THE tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,
That love of life increas'd with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pain grows sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears:
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,

If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,
Death call'd aside the jocund groom
With him into another room ;

And looking grave, " You must," says he,
" Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."

" With you ! and quit my Susan's side !
" With you !" the hapless husband cried ;
" Young as I am ! 'Tis monstrous hard !
" Besides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd ;
" My thoughts on other matters go,
" This is my wedding night, you know."

What more he urg'd I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger ;
So Death the poor delinquent spar'd,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet, calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,
" Neighbour," he said, " farewell ! no more
" Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour :
" And farther, to avoid all blame
" Of cruelty upon my name,
" To give you time for preparation,
" And fit you for your future station,

“ Three several warnings you shall have,
“ Before you’re summon’d to the grave :
“ Willing for once I’ll quit my prey,
“ And grant a kind reprieve,
“ In hopes you’ll have no more to say,
“ But, when I call again this way,
“ Well pleas’d the world will leave.”

To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.
What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he liv’d, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smok’d his pipe, and strok’d his horse,
The willing Muse shall tell :

He chaffer’d then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceiv’d his growing old,

Nor thought of Death as near ;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He pass’d his hours in peace :
But while he view’d his wealth increase,
While thus along Life’s dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncall’d, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now, one night, in musing mood
As all alone he sat,
Th' unwelcome messenger of fate
Once more before him stood.
Half kill'd with anger and surprise,
" So soon return'd !" old Dobson cries ;
 " So soon d'ye call it !" Death replies,
" Surely, my friend, you're but in jest !
 " Since I was here before,
" 'Tis six and thirty years at least,
 " And you are now fourscore."
" So much the worse," the clown rejoin'd,
" To spare the aged would be kind :
" However, see your search be legal ;
" And your authority—is't regal ?
" Else you're come on a fool's errand,
" With but a secretary's warrant :
" Besides, you promis'd me Three Warnings,
" Which I have look'd for nights and mornings !
" But for that loss of time and ease,
" I can recover damages."
 " I know," cries Death, " that, at the best,
" I seldom am a welcome guest ;
" But don't be captious, friend, at least :
" I little thought you'd still be able
" To stump about your farm and stable ;

"Your years have run to a great length,

"I wish you joy, tho', of your strength!"

"Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast,

"I have been lame these four years past."

"And no great wonder," Death replies;

"However, you still keep your eyes;

"And sure, to see one's loves and friends,

"For legs and arms would make amends."

"Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might,

"But latterly I've lost my sight."

"This is a shocking story, faith,

"Yet there's some comfort still," says Death;

"Each strives your sadness to amuse,

"I warrant you hear all the news."

"There's none," cries he, "and if there were,

"I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."

"Nay then," the spectre stern rejoind,

"These are unjustifiable yearnings;

"If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,

"You've had your Three sufficient Warnings;

"So come along, no more we'll part!"

He said, and touch'd him with his dart;

And now, old Dobson turning pale,

Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

ANN RADCLIFFE,

Born 1764, died 1823.

The well-known works of this lady are interspersed with pieces of poetry. Her maiden name was Ward.

To the Winds.

VIEWLESS, thro' heaven's vast vault your course
ye steer,
Unknown from whence ye come, or whither go!
Mysterious powers! I hear you murmur low,
Till swells your loud gust on my startled ear,
And, awful, seems to say—some God is near!
I love to list your midnight voices float
In the dread storm, that o'er the ocean rolls,
And, while their charm the angry wave controls,
Mix with its sullen roar, and sink remote.
Then, rising in the pause, a sweeter note,
The dirge of spirits, who your deeds bewail,
A sweeter note oft swells while sleeps the gale!
But soon, ye sightless powers! your rest is o'er,
Solemn and slow, ye rise upon the air,

Speak in the shrouds, and bid the-sea-boy fear,
And the faint-warbled dirge—is heard no more!

Oh! then I deprecate your awful reign!
The loud lament yet bear not on your breath!
Bear not the crash of bark far on the main,
Bear not the cry of men, who cry in vain,
The crew's dread chorus sinking into death!
Oh! give not these, ye powers! I ask alone,
As rapt I climb these dark romantic steepes,
The elemental war, the billow's moan;
I ask the still, sweet tear, that listening Fancy
 weeps.

The Glow-worm.

1.

How pleasant is the green wood's deep-matted
 shade
On a midsummer's eve, when the fresh rain is
 o'er;
When the yellow beams slope, and sparkle thro'
 the glade,
And swiftly in the thin air the light swallows
 soar!

2.

But sweeter, sweeter still, when the sun sinks to
rest,

And twilight comes on, with the fairies so gay
Tripping thro' the forest-walk, where flowers un-
prest

Bow not their tall heads beneath their frolic
play.

3.

To music's softest sounds they dance away the
hour,

Till moonlight steals down among the trembling
leaves,

And checkers all the ground, and guides them to
the bower,

The long-haunted bower, where the nightingale
grieves.

4.

Then no more they dance, till her sad song is done,

But, silent as the night, to her mourning attend;
And often as her dying notes their pity have won,
They vow all her sacred haunts from mortals to
defend.

5.

When, down among the mountains, sinks the
evening star,
And the changing moon forsakes this shadowy
sphere,
How cheerless would they be, tho' they fairies are,
If I, with my pale light, came not near !

6.

Yet cheerless tho' they'd be, they're ungrateful
to my love !
For, often when the traveller's benighted on
his way,
And I glimmer in his path, and would guide him
thro' the grove,
They bind me in their magic spells to lead him
far astray ;

7.

And in the mire to leave him, till the stars are all
burnt out,
While, in strange-looking shapes, they frisk
about the ground,
And, afar in the woods, they raise a dismal shout,
Till I shrink into my cell again for terror of the
sound !

8.

But, see where all the tiny elves come dancing in
a ring,
With the merry, merry pipe, and the tabor, and
the horn,
And the timbrel so clear, and the lute with dulcet
string ;
Then round about the oak they go till peeping
of the morn.

9.

Down yonder glade two lovers steal, to shun the
fairy queen,
Who frowns upon their plighted vows, and
jealous is of me,
That yester eve I lighted them, along the dewy
green,
To seek the purple flower, whose juice from all
her spells can free.

10.

And now, to punish me, she keeps afar her jocund
band,
With the merry, merry pipe, and the tabor, and
the lute ;

If I creep near yonder oak, she will wave her fairy
wand,
And to me the dance will cease, and the music
all be mute.

11.

O! had I but that purple flower whose leaves her
charms can foil,
And knew like fays to draw the juice, and throw
it on the wind,
I'd be her slave no longer, nor the traveller beguile,
And help all faithful lovers, nor fear the fairy
kind!

12.

But soon the *vapour of the woods* will wander afar,
And the fickle moon will fade, and the stars
disappear,
Then, cheerless will they be, tho' they fairies are,
If I, with my pale light, come not near!

Song of a Spirit.

IN the sightless air I dwell,
On the sloping sunbeams play ;
Delve the cavern's inmost cell,
Where never yet did daylight stray :

I dive beneath the green sea waves,
And gambol in the briny deeps ;
Skim every shore that Neptune laves,
From Lapland's plains to India's steeps.

Oft I mount with rapid force,
Above the wide earth's shadowy zone ;
Follow the day-star's flaming course,
Thro' realms of space to thought unknown ;

And listen to celestial sounds
That swell in air, unheard of men,
As I watch my nightly rounds
O'er woody steep and silent glen.

Under the shade of waving trees,
On the green bank of fountain clear,
At pensive eve I sit at ease,
While dying music murmurs near.

And oft, on point of airy clift
That hangs upon the western main,
I watch the gay tints passing swift,
And twilight veil the liquid plain.

Then, when the breeze has sunk away,
And Ocean scarce is heard to lave,
For me the sea-nymphs softly play
Their dulcet shells beneath the wave.

Their dulcet shells!—I hear them now;
Slow swells the strain upon mine ear;
Now faintly falls—now warbles low,
Till rapture melts into a tear.

The ray that silvers o'er the dew,
And trembles thro' the leafy shade,
And tints the scene with softer hue,
Calls me to rove the lonely glade;

Or hie me to some ruin'd tower,
Faintly shown by moonlight gleam,
Where the lone wanderer owns my power,
In shadows dire that substance seem;

In thrilling sounds that murmur woe,
And pausing silence make more dread;

In music breathing from below
Sad, solemn strains, that wake the dead.

Unseen I move—unknown am fear'd ;
Fancy's wildest dreams I weave ;
And oft by bards my voice is heard
To die along the gales of eve.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD,

Born 1743, died 1825,

Was the daughter of the Rev. J. Aikin, D.D., by whom she was carefully instructed in classical literature, and sister of the late Dr. Aikin, in association with whom some of her works were written. She married the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld. In 1772 she gave to the world a volume of Poems, which was received with great applause, and passed through several editions. It displayed the variety of her powers,—in light and graceful Songs,—in Odes, no unhappy imitations of the lyric strains of Collins,—in Blank verse, remarkable for elevation of thought and manner,—in Hymns, &c. Of Mrs. Barbauld's talents, Charles James Fox used to speak with admiration, and her Songs he had got by heart.

A Summer Evening's Meditation.

'Tis past! the sultry tyrant of the south
Has spent his short-liv'd rage : more grateful hours
Move silent on : the skies no more repel
The dazzled sight ; but, with mild maiden beams
Of temper'd light, invite the cherish'd eye
To wander o'er their sphere ; where hung aloft

Dian's bright crescent, like a silver bow
New strung in heaven, lifts high its beamy horns,
Impatient for the night, and seems to push
Her brother down the sky. Fair Venus shines,
Even in the eye of day; with sweetest beam
Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood
Of soften'd radiance from her dewy locks.
The shadows spread apace; while meeken'd Eve,
Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires
Thro' the Hesperian gardens of the west,
And shuts the gates of day. 'Tis now the hour
When Contemplation, from her sunless haunts,
The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth
Of unpierc'd woods, where wrapt in solid shade
She mus'd away the gaudy hours of noon,
And, fed on thoughts unripen'd by the sun,
Moves forward; and with radiant finger points
To yon blue concave swell'd by breath divine,
Where, one by one, the living eyes of heaven
Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of ether
One boundless blaze; ten thousand trembling fires,
And dancing lustres, where th' unsteady eye,
Restless and dazzled, wanders unconfin'd
O'er all this field of glories: spacious field,
And worthy of the master: he whose hand,
With hieroglyphics elder than the Nile,
Inscrib'd the mystic tablet; hung on high.

To public gaze ; and said, Adore, O man,
The finger of thy God ! From what pure wells
Of milky light, what soft o'erflowing urn,
Are all these lamps so fill'd ? these friendly lamps,
For ever streaming o'er the azure deep
To point our path, and light us to our home.
How soft they slide along their lucid spheres !
And, silent as the foot of Time, fulfil
Their destin'd courses : Nature's self is hush'd,
And, but a scatter'd leaf, which rustles thro'
The thick-wove foliage, not a sound is heard
To break the midnight air ; tho' the rais'd ear
Intensely listening, drinks in every breath.
How deep the silence, yet how loud the praise !
But are they silent all ? or is there not
A tongue in every star that talks with man,
And woos him to be wise ? nor woos in vain :
This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.
At this still hour the self-collected soul
Turns inward, and beholds a stranger there
Of high descent, and more than mortal rank ;
An embryo God ; a spark of fire divine,
Which must burn on for ages, when the sun
(Fair transitory creature of a day)
Has clos'd his golden eye, and, wrapt in shades,
Forgets his wonted journey thro' the east.

Ye citadels of light, and seats of Gods !
Perhaps my future home, from whence the soul,
Revolving periods past, may oft look back,
With recollected tenderness, on all
The various busy scenes she left below,
Its deep-laid projects and its strange events,
As on some fond and doting tale that sooth'd
Her infant hours—O be it lawful now
To tread the hallow'd circle of your courts,
And with mute wonder and delighted awe
Approach your burning confines!—Seiz'd in
thought,
On fancy's wild and roving wing I sail
From the green borders of the peopled earth,
And the pale moon, her duteous fair attendant ;
From solitary Mars ; from the vast orb
Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk
Dances in ether like the lightest leaf ;
To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,
Where cheerless Saturn, midst his watery moons,
Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp,
Sits like an exil'd monarch : fearless thence
I launch into the trackless deeps of space,
Where, burning round, ten thousand suns appear,
Of elder beam ; which ask no leave to shine
Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light
From the proud regent of our scanty day ;

Sons of the morning, first-born of creation,
And only less than Him who marks their track,
And guides their fiery wheels. Here must I stop,
Or is there aught beyond? What hand unseen
Impels me onward thro' the glowing orbs
Of habitable nature, far remote,
To the dread confines of eternal night,
To solitudes of vast unpeopled space,
The deserts of creation wide and wild,
Where embryo systems and unkindled suns
Sleep in the womb of chaos? fancy droops,
And thought astonish'd stops her bold career.
But, O thou mighty Mind! whose powerful word
Said, Thus let all things be, and thus they were,
Where shall I seek thy presence? how unblam'd
Invoke thy dread perfection?——
Have the broad eyelids of the morn beheld thee?
Or does the beamy shoulder of Orion
Support thy throne? O look with pity down
On erring, guilty man! not in thy names
Of terror clad; not with those thunders arm'd
That conscious Sinai felt, when fear appall'd
The scatter'd tribes! Thou hast a gentler voice,
That whispers comfort to the swelling heart,
Abash'd, yet longing to behold her Maker.

But now, my soul, unus'd to stretch her powers
In flight so daring, drops her weary wing,

And seeks again the known accustom'd spot,
Drest up with sun, and shade, and lawns, and
streams ;

A mansion fair and spacious for its guest,
And full replete with wonders. Let me here,
Content and grateful, wait the appointed time,
And ripen for the skies ; the hour will come
When all these splendours bursting on my sight
Shall stand unveil'd, and to my ravish'd sense
Unlock the glories of the world unknown.

Verses written in an Alcove.

Now the moonbeam's trembling lustre,
Silters o'er the dewy green,
And in soft and shadowy colours,
Sweetly paints the chequer'd scene.

Here, between the opening branches,
Streams a flood of soften'd light ;
There, the thick and twisted foliage
Spreads the browner gloom of night.

This is sure the haunt of fairies ;
In yon cool alcove they play :
Care can never cross the threshold,
Care was only made for day.

Far from hence be noisy clamour,
Sick disgust and anxious fear,
Pining grief and wasting anguish
Never keep their vigils here.

Tell no tales of sheeted spectres,
Rising from the quiet tomb :
Fairer forms this cell shall visit ;
Brighter visions gild the gloom.

Choral songs and sprightly voices
Echo from her cell shall call ;
Sweeter, sweeter, than the murmur
Of the distant waterfall.

Every ruder gust of passion,
Lull'd with music, dies away ;
Till within the charmed bosom,
None but soft affections play :

Soft, as when the evening breezes
Gently stir the poplar grove ;
Brighter than the smile of summer,
Sweeter than the breath of love.

Thee, th' enchanted Muse shall follow
Lissy, to the rustic cell,

And each careless note repeating,
Tune them to her charming shell.

Not the muse who, wreath'd with laurel,
Solemn stalks with tragic gait,
And in clear and lofty vision
Sees the future births of fate ;

Not the maid who, crown'd with cypress,
Sweeps along in scepter'd pall ;
And in sad and solemn accents
Mourns the crested hero's fall ;

But that other smiling sister,
With the blue and laughing eye,
Singing, in a lighter measure,
Strains of woodland harmony ;

All unknown to fame and glory,
Easy, blithe, and debonair,
Crown'd with flowers, her careless tresses
Loosely floating on the air :

Then, when next the star of evening
Softly sheds the silent dew,
Let me in this rustic temple,
Lissy, meet the muse and you.

Ode to Spring.

SWEET daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
Hoar Winter's blooming child, delightful Spring!
Whose unshorn locks with leaves
And swelling buds are crown'd ;

From the green islands of eternal youth,
(Crown'd with fresh blooms, and ever-springing
shade,)
Turn, hither turn thy step,
O thou, whose powerful voice

More sweet than softest touch of Doric reed,
Or Lydian flute, can soothe the madding winds,
And thro' the stormy deep
Breathe thy own tender calm.

Thee, best belov'd ! the virgin train await
With songs and festal rites, and joy to rove
Thy blooming wilds among,
And vales and dewy lawns,

With untir'd feet ; and cull thy earliest sweets
To weave fresh garlands for the glowing brow
Of him, the favour'd youth
That prompts their whisper'd sigh.

Unlock thy copious stores ; those tender showers
That drop their sweetness on the infant buds,
And silent dews that swell
The milky ear's green stem,

And feed the flowering osier's early shoots ;
And call those winds, which thro' the whispering
boughs
With warm and pleasant breath
Salute the blowing flowers.

Now let me sit beneath the whitening thorn,
And mark thy spreading tints steal o'er the dale ;
And watch with patient eye
Thy fair unfolding charms.

O nymph, approach ! while yet the temperate sun
With bashful forehead, thro' the cool moist air
Throws his young maiden beams,
And with chaste kisses wooes

The earth's fair bosom ; while the streaming veil
Of lucid clouds, with kind and frequent shade,
Protects thy modest blooms
From his severer blaze.

Sweet is thy reign, but short : the red dog-star
Shall scorch thy tresses, and the mower's sithe

Thy greens, thy flowerets all,
Remorseless shall destroy.

Reluctant shall I bid thee then farewell ;
For O ! not all that Autumn's lap contains,
Nor Summer's ruddiest fruits,
Can aught for thee atone,

Fair Spring ! whose simplest promise more delights
Than all their largest wealth, and thro' the heart
Each joy and new-born hope
With softest influence breathes.

To a Lady, with some Painted Flowers.

FLOWERS to the fair : to you these flowers I bring,
And strive to greet you with an earlier spring.
Flowers sweet, and gay ; and delicate like you ;
Emblems of innocence, and beauty too.
With flowers the Graces bind their yellow hair,
And flowery wreaths consenting lovers wear.
Flowers, the sole luxury which nature knew,
In Eden's pure and guiltless garden grew.
To loftier forms are rougher tasks assign'd ;
The sheltering oak resists the stormy wind,
The tougher yew repels invading foes,
And the tall pine for future navies grows ;

But this soft family, to cares unknown,
Were born for pleasure and delight alone.
Gay without toil, and lovely without art,
They spring to cheer the sense and glad the heart.
Nor blush, my fair, to own you copy these;
Your best, your sweetest empire is—to please.

SONG.

COME here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be,
That boasts to love as well as me;
And if thy breast have felt so wide a wound,
Come hither, and thy flame approve;
I'll teach thee what it is to love,
And by what marks true passion may be found.

It is to be all bath'd in tears;
To live upon a smile for years;
To lie whole ages at a beauty's feet:
To kneel, to languish, and implore;
And still tho' she disdain, adore:
It is to do all this, and think thy sufferings sweet.

It is to gaze upon her eyes,
With eager joy, and fond surprise;
Yet temper'd with such chaste and awful fear

As wretches feel who wait their doom ;
Nor must one ruder thought presume,
Tho' but in whispers breath'd, to meet her ear.

It is to hope, tho' hope were lost ;
Tho' heaven and earth thy passion crost ;
Tho' she were bright as sainted queens above,
And thou the least and meanest swain
That folds his flock upon the plain,
Yet if thou dar'st not hope, thou dost not love.

It is to quench thy joy in tears ;
To nurse strange doubts and groundless fears :
If pangs of jealousy thou hast not prov'd,
Tho' she were fonder, and more true
Than any nymph old poets drew,
O never dream again that thou hast lov'd !

If, when the darling maid is gone,
Thou dost not seek to be alone,
Wrapt in a pleasing trance of tender woe,
And muse, and fold thy languid arms,
Feeding thy fancy on her charms,
Thou dost not love, for love is nourish'd so.

If any hopes thy bosom share
But those which love has planted there,

Or any cares but his thy breast enthral,
Thou never yet his power hast known;
Love sits on a despotic throne,
And reigns a tyrant, if he reigns at all.

Now if thou art so lost a thing,
Here all thy tender sorrows bring,
And prove whose patience longest can endure:
We'll strive whose fancy shall be lost
In dreams of fondest passion most;
For if thou thus hast lov'd, oh! never hope a cure.

SONG.

WHEN first upon your tender cheek
I saw the morn of beauty break
With mild and cheering beam,
I bow'd before your infant shrine,
The earliest sighs you had were mine,
And you my darling theme.

I saw you in that opening morn
For beauty's boundless empire born,
And first confess'd your sway;
And ere your thoughts, devoid of art,
Could learn the value of a heart,
I gave my heart away.

I watch'd the dawn of every grace,
And gaz'd upon that angel face,
While yet 'twas safe to gaze;
And fondly bless'd each rising charm,
Nor thought such innocence could harm
The peace of future days.

But now despotic o'er the plains
The awful noon of beauty reigns,
And kneeling crowds adore;
These charms arise too fiercely bright,
Danger and death attend the sight,
And I must hope no more.

Thus to the rising God of day
Their early vows the Persians pay,
And bless the spreading fire;
Whose glowing chariot mounting soon
Pours on their heads the burning noon;
They sicken and expire.

ELEANOR ANNE FRANKLIN,

Born died 1825,

The daughter of Mr. Porden, an architect, and wife of the enterprising Captain Franklin, wrote *The Veils, or The Triumph of Constancy; Cœur de Lion, or The Third Crusade*; and *The Arctic Expedition*.

Her best work is *Cœur de Lion*, in sixteen books. It bears in many passages the stamp of genuine poetry; but the taste of the day being decidedly against the epic style, its readers have been far from numerous.

From The Veils.

(Book V.)

Volcanoes seen by Night.

As slowly now descend the shades of night,
What glories burst on Leonora's sight!
Far to the left, the flame in flashes broke
Thro' the thick volumes of incumbent smoke
That shroud Vesuvio's head; before them far
The stronger flames of Stromboli appear,
Vulcano's sulphurous fumes, and Etna's brow

Where crimson vapours tinge the eternal snow,
And all the heavens with awful beauty glow.

On lofty Stromboli the sky was bright,
As when it sparkles with the northern light,
And ever as the mountain hurled on high
Its mass of molten lava to the sky,
O'er all the isle the vivid lustre spread,
And brighten'd ocean with a glow of red ;
Like distant thunder, burst a hollow sound,
Disturb'd the quivering air, and shook the shores
around.

From Cœur de Lion.

(Book XIII.)

Berengaria having assumed the Garb of a Minstrel, discovers Richard in the Castle of Trivallis.

FREED from the castle* ere the dawn of day,
The minstrel queen pursued her anxious way ;
Scarce on the right-hand path one glance bestow'd,
But took, impetuous, the forbidden road.
Scarce could she still the beatings of her breast,
Or pause herself, or give her palfrey rest,

* The castle of Count Maynard.

When the hot sun in cloudless skies was bright,
Or glimmering stars diffus'd a doubtful light.
She trod the burning crags, whose ruins spread
The dizzy ledge, and beetled o'er her head ;
Plung'd in rude dells, unconscious of the beam,
Or to its cradle trac'd the brawling stream ;
Nor sought the goat-herd's shed,—her scrip
supplied

The scanty meal ; she drank the limpid tide.
Till when at last those awful walls appear'd,
Which cowards fled, and e'en the valiant fear'd,
They seem'd like forms in waking visions wrought,
When hope obsequious paints the secret thought.

Fell'd was the nearer wood — beyond, it rose
To screen the fort, but not to hide its foes :
High on a hill, the triple towers were seen,
On three huge crags, with horrid depths between ;
A triple foss the vast enclosure bound,
And massy walls the triple vallum crown'd.
The stones were black with age, the struggling day
Scarce thro' the loopholes sent a scanty ray.
From those dark halls no sounds of welcome
breathe,

No hamlet shelters in its shade beneath ;
One awful beam th' autumnal evening threw,
That ting'd the western front with sanguine hue ;

While from behind, the moon arising bright,
Cloth'd the pale landscape in contrasted light.

She left her steed beneath the beechen shade,
“And art thou there, my best belov'd!” she said,
“Upbraiding all that to thy help should fly,
Nor think'st what fond, what anxious heart is
nigh.”

Eve's last soft flushes fade, and all is still,
While veil'd in gloom, she climbs the arduous hill.
Rude was the path, nor oft by pilgrim worn,
O'ergrown with briars, long, wildering, and forlorn :
Scarce might the horseman trace that dangerous
way,

Thro' brakes, impervious to the summer day,
Now wrapt in night ; while onward as she hies,
Scar'd at her step the birds of carnage rise.
At last, yet shrouded in the castle's shade,
Cautious she crost its spacious esplanade ;
Mark'd each strong wall with towers begirt around,
The massy keep what lofty turrets crown'd ;
The boy who never dreamt of war might know
Those awful ramparts would but mock the foe ;
While not one light the abode of man confest,
Or gave the weary pilgrim hope of rest.
Those grated loopholes o'er the gate — ah there
Perchance her Richard wastes with secret care !

Whose gifts were kingdoms, now by famine dies —
His only prospect those relentless skies,
His only visitants the bats, that prowl
Round the grim tower, or nightly-hooting owl!
Mournful she stood; but soon the breeze that
sighs

Thro' her lone harp, bids other thoughts arise:
" Yet, yet," she said, " some dear familiar strain
May reach his cell, and bolts and bars be vain;
While, should some jealous warder mark the lay,
'Tis but a minstrel sings to cheer his way.
Ah, me! that air to early love so dear,
Even in the tomb might rouse my Richard's ear;
Oh! could I pour his deep clear tones along,
And steal his accents as I steal his song.

Frown, frown, Clorinda — I would prize
Thy smile o'er all that arms might gain;
O'er wealth and fame; yet mock my sighs,
My faded cheek, my tears despise,
Nor I my fate arraign;
While every rival's grief I see,
And know that all are scorn'd like me."

She ceas'd, for from on high a fuller tone,
Tho' faint in distance, blended with her own;
That voice, those words, could come from one
alone.

“ O smile not, if thou e’er bestow
On others, grace I think sincere ;
Such smiles are like the beams that glow
On the dark torrent’s bridge of snow,
And wreck the wretch they cheer.
Thine icy heart I well can bear,
But not the love that others share.”

Bright hour of rapture ! who may dare to tell
In her fond breast what blended feelings swell !
With parted lips, clos’d eyes, and hands comprest,
To still th’ impetuous beatings of her breast,
Listening she stood ; while conscious memory
 strays,

To that blest hour when first she heard the lays.
Ecstatic dream—at length her faltering tongue
Its grief exprest in emblematic song :

“ The widow’d dove can never rest,
The felon kite has robb’d her nest ;
With wing untir’d she seeks her mate,
To share or change his dreadful fate.”

Again she paus’d, and listening, from on high
Caught from the friendly gale the faint reply.

“ But kites a higher power obey,
Th’ Imperial Eagle claims the prey—
Hence ! to his spacious eyrie go,
The Eagle is a nobler foe.”

She strikes the harp—"Farewell! farewell!"
Her thrilling notes of transport swell:

"The monarch bird may build his nest
On oak, or tower, or mountain crest,—
But love can match his daring flight,
Can fell the tree, or scale the height."

"Ho! who art thou," a surly warder calls,
"That dar'st to sing beneath Trivallis' walls?"

"A wandering bard, good friend, who fain
would win

These awful gates to let the weary in."

"Nay, hence—nor dare to touch thy harp
again,

And thank thy saints 'twas I that heard the strain;
Tir'd as thou art, fly swiftly o'er the heath,
And shun these walls as thou wouldst shun thy
death."

But was that pilgrim weary? Oh! less fleet
The mountain chamois plies its fearless feet:
"Farewell! my ears are blest tho' not my eyes,
Thy chains shall fall," she warbles as she flies;
"Thou gentle guardian of my steps, my will,
Take my soul's blessing, and direct me still.
At Haguenau soon the empire's magnates meet,
Oh! touch the Eagle's heart—oh! guide my
wandering feet."

LADY ANNE BARNARD,

Born died 1825,

Sister of the late Earl of Balcarras, and wife of Sir Andrew Barnard, wrote the charming song of *Auld Robin Gray*.

A quarto tract, edited by “the Ariosto of the North,” and circulated among the members of the Bannatyne Club, contains the original ballad, as corrected by Lady Anne, and two Continuations by the same authoress; while the Introduction consists almost entirely of a very interesting letter from her to the Editor, dated July 1823, part of which I take the liberty of inserting here:—

“ ‘Robin Gray,’ so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarras, was born soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married, and accompanied her husband to London; I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody, of which I was passionately fond; — —, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarras. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did. I longed to sing old Sophy’s air to different words, and give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hard-

wicke, who was the only person near me, 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea—and broken her father's arm—and made her mother fall sick—and given her Auld Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one.'—'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed. At our fireside, and amongst our neighbours, 'Auld Robin Gray' was always called for. I was pleased in secret with the approbation it met with; but such was *my dread* of being suspected of writing *anything*, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write *nothing*, that I carefully kept my own secret." * * * * *

"Meantime, little as this matter seems to have been worthy of a dispute, it afterwards became a party question between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. 'Robin Gray' was either a very very ancient ballad, composed perhaps by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity, or a very very modern matter, and no curiosity at all. I was persecuted to avow whether I had written it or not,—where I had got it. Old Sophy kept my counsel, and I kept my own, in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point past a doubt, and the still more flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr. Jerningham, secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who endeavoured to entrap the truth from me in a manner I took amiss. Had he asked me the question obligingly, I should

have told him the fact distinctly and confidentially. The annoyance, however, of this important ambassador from the Antiquaries, was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of the ‘Ballat of Auld Robin Gray’s Courtship,’ as performed by dancing-dogs under my window. It proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure while I hugged myself in my obscurity.”

The two versions of the second part were written many years after the first; in them, Auld Robin Gray falls sick,—confesses that he himself stole the cow, in order to force Jenny to marry him,—leaves to Jamie all his possessions,—dies,—and the young couple, of course, are united. Neither of the Continuations is given here, because, though both are beautiful, they are very inferior to the original tale, and greatly injure its effect.

*Auld Robin Gray.**

1.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows
come hame,
When a’ the weary world to quiet rest are gane,
The woes of my heart fa’ in showers frae my ee,
Unken’d by my gudeman, who soundly sleeps by
me.

* The text of the corrected copy is followed.

2.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought me for
his bride;

But saving ae crown-piece, he'd naething else
beside.

To make the crown a pound,* my Jamie gaed to
sea;

And the crown and the pound, O they were baith
for me!

3.

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a
day,

My father brak his arm, our cow was stown
away;

* "I must also mention" (says Lady Anne, in the letter already quoted) "the Laird of Dalziel's advice, who, in a *tête-à-tête*, afterwards said, 'My dear, the next time you sing that song, try to change the words a wee bit, and instead of singing, 'To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea,' say, to make it twenty merks, for a Scottish pund is but twenty pence, and Jamie was na such a gowk as to leave Jenny and gang to sea to lessen his gear. It is that line [whisper'd he] that tells me that sang was written by some bonnie lassie that didna ken the value of the Scots money quite so well as an auld writer in the town of Edinburgh would have kent it.'"

My mother she fell sick — my Jamie was at sea —
And auld Robin Gray, oh ! he came a-courting me.

4.

My father cou'dna work — my mother cou'dna
spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna
win ;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears
in his ee,
Said, " Jenny, oh ! for their sakes, will you marry
me ? "

5.

My heart it said na, and I look'd for Jamie back ;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a
wrack :
His ship it was a wrack ! Why didna Jamie dee ?
Or, wherefore am I spar'd to cry out, Woe is me !

6.

My father argued sair — my mother didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like
to break ;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the
sea ;
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

7.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist — I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, " I'm come hame, my love, to marry
thee !"

8.

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a' ;
Ae kiss we took, nae mair — I bad him gang awa.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee ;
For O, I am but young to cry out, Woe is me !

9.

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin ;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For auld Robin Gray, oh ! he is sae kind to me.

JANE ELLIOT.

“ The following well-known and beautiful stanzas,” says Sir W. Scott, in the *Minstrelsy of the S. B.*, “ were composed, many years ago, by a lady of family in Roxburghshire. The manner of the ancient Minstrels is so happily imitated, that it required the most positive evidence to convince the editor that the song was of modern date.”

The Flowers of the Forest.

(The supposed date of the lamentation is about the period of the field of Flodden.)

I’VE heard them lilting, at the ewe-milking,
Lasses a’ lilting, before dawn of day ;
But now they are moaning, on ilka green loaning ;
The flowers of the forest are a’ wede awae.

At bughts, in the morning, nae blithe lads are
scorning ;

Lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae ;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing ;
Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her awae.

In har’st, at the shearing, nae youths now are
jeering ;

Bandsters are runkled, and lyart, or grey ;

At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching ;
The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae younkers are roaming,
'Bout stacks, with the lasses at bogle to play ;
But ilk maid sits dreary, lamenting her deary—
The flowers of the forest are weded away.

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the
border !

The English for ance, by guile wan the day ;
The flowers of the forest, that fought aye the
foremost,
The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting, at the ewe-milking ;
Women and bairns are heartless and wae ;
Sighing and moaning, on ilka green loaning—
The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

NOTE.—*Lilting*, singing cheerfully—*loaning*, broad-lane—*wede awae*, weeded out—*scorning*, rallying—*dowie*, dreary—*daffing*, joking—*gabbing*, chatting—*leglin*, milk-pail—*har'st*, harvest—*shearing*, reaping—*bandsters*, sheaf-binders—*runkled*, wrinkled—*lyart*, inclining to grey—*fleeching*, coaxing—*gloaming*, twilight.

“ The following verses, adapted to the ancient air of ‘ *The Flowers of the Forest*,’ ” says the Editor of the *Minstrelsy of the S. B.*, “ are, like the elegy which precedes them, the production of a lady. The late Mrs. Cockburn, daughter of Rutherford of Fairnalie, in Selkirkshire, and relict of Mr. Cockburn of Ormiston (whose father was Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland), was the authoress. Mrs. Cockburn has been dead but a few years.”

The Flowers of the Forest.

Part Second.

(This piece was written at an early period of life, and without peculiar relation to any event, unless it were the depopulation of Ettrick Forest.)

I’VE seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,
 I’ve tasted her favours, and felt her decay;
 Sweet is her blessing, and kind her caressing,
 But soon it is fled,—it is fled far away.

I’ve seen the forest adorn’d of the foremost,
 With flowers of the fairest, both pleasant and
 gay;
 Full sweet was their blooming, their scent the air
 perfuming,
 But now they are wither’d, and a’ wede awae.

I've seen the morning, with gold the hills adorning,
And the red storm roaring, before the parting
day;

I've seen Tweed's silver streams, glittering in the
sunny beams,
Turn drumly and dark, as they roll'd on their
way.

O fickle Fortune! why this cruel sporting?
Why thus perplex us poor sons of a day?
Thy frowns cannot fear me, thy smiles cannot
cheer me,
Since the flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

NOTE.—*Drumly*, discoloured.

HANNAH MORE.

From Sensibility,

An Epistle to the Honourable Mrs. Boscawen.

SWEET Sensibility! thou secret power
Who shed'st thy gifts upon the natal hour,
Like fairy favours; art can never seize,
Nor affectation catch thy power to please:
Thy subtle essence still eludes the chains
Of definition, and defeats her pains.
Sweet Sensibility! thou keen delight!
Unprompted moral! sudden sense of right!
Perception exquisite! fair virtue's seed!
Thou quick precursor of the liberal deed!
Thou hasty conscience! reason's blushing morn!
Instinctive kindness ere reflection's born!
Prompt sense of equity! to thee belongs
The swift redress of unexamin'd wrongs!
Eager to serve, the cause perhaps untried,
But always apt to choose the suffering side!

To those who know thee not, no words can paint,
And those who know thee, know all words are
faint!

She does not feel thy power who boasts thy
flame,
And rounds her every period with thy name;
Nor she who vents her disproportion'd sighs
With pining Lesbia when her sparrow dies:
Nor she who melts when hapless Shore expires,
While real misery unreliev'd retires!
Who thinks *feign'd* sorrows all her tears deserve,
And weeps o'er Werter while her children starve.

As words are but th' external marks to tell
The fair ideas in the mind that dwell;
And only are of things the outward sign,
And not the things themselves they but define;
So exclamations, tender tones, fond tears,
And all the graceful drapery Feeling wears;
These are her garb, not her, they but express
Her form, her semblance, her appropriate dress;
And these fair marks, reluctant I relate,
These lovely symbols, may be counterfeit.
There are, who fill with brilliant plaints the page,
If a poor linnet meet the gunner's rage;
There are, who for a dying fawn deplore,
As if friend, parent, country, were no more;

Who boast quick rapture trembling in their eye,
If from the spider's snare they snatch a fly;
There are, whose well-sung plaints each breast
 in flame,
And break all hearts—but his from whom they
 came!

He, scorning life's low duties to attend,
Writes odes on Friendship, while he cheats his
 friend.

Of gaols and punishments he weeps to hear,
And pensions prison'd virtue with a tear;
While unpaid bills his creditor presents,
And ruin'd innocence his crime laments.
Not so the tender moralist of Tweed,
His generous *man of feeling* feels indeed.

O Love divine! sole source of Charity!
More dear one genuine deed perform'd for thee,
Than all the periods Feeling e'er could turn,
Than all thy touching page, perverted Sterne!
Not that by deeds alone this love's express'd,
If so, the affluent only were the bless'd;
One silent wish, one prayer, one soothing word,
The page of mercy shall, well pleas'd, record;
One soul-felt sigh by powerless pity given,
Accepted incense! shall ascend to heaven!

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;

Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And tho' but few can serve, yet all may please ;
O let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.
To spread large bounties, tho' we wish in vain,
Yet all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With rank to grace them, or to crown with
 health,
Our little lot denies ; yet liberal still,
God gives its counterpoise to every ill ;
Nor let us murmur at our stinted powers,
When kindness, love, and concord, may be ours.
The gift of minist'ring to others' ease,
To all her sons impartial Heaven decrees ;
The gentle offices of patient love,
Beyond all flattery, and all price above ;
The mild forbearance at a brother's fault,
The angry word suppress'd, the taunting thought ;
Subduing and subdued the petty strife,
Which clouds the colour of domestic life ;
The sober comfort, all the peace which springs
From the large aggregate of little things ;
On these small cares of daughter, wife, or friend,
The almost sacred joys of *Home* depend :
There, Sensibility, thou best mayst reign,
Home is thy true legitimate domain.

A solitary bliss thou ne'er couldst find,
Thy joys with those thou lov'st are intertwin'd ;
And he whose helpful tenderness removes
The rankling thorn which wounds the breast he
loves,

Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
But clears th' obstruction which impedes his own.

The hint malevolent, the look oblique,
The obvious satire, or implied dislike :
The sneer equivocal, the harsh reply,
And all the cruel language of the eye ;
The artful injury, whose venom'd dart,
Scarce wounds the hearing, while it stabs the heart ;
The guarded phrase, whose meaning kills, yet told,
The listener wonders how you thought it cold ;
Small slights, neglect, unmix'd perhaps with hate,
Make up in number what they want in weight.
These, and a thousand griefs minute as these,
Corrode our comfort, and destroy our ease.

As Feeling tends to good or leans to ill,
It gives fresh force to vice or principle ;
'Tis not a gift peculiar to the good,
'Tis often but the virtue of the blood :
And what would seem compassion's moral flow,
Is but a circulation swift or slow.
But to divert it to its proper course,
There wisdom's power appears, there reason's force :

If ill directed it pursue the wrong,
It adds new strength to what before was strong;
Breaks out in wild irregular desires,
Disorder'd passions, and illicit fires;
Without, deforms the man, depraves within,
And makes the work of God the slave of sin.
But if Religion's bias rule the soul,
Then Sensibility exalts the whole;
Sheds its sweet sunshine on the moral part,
Nor wastes on fancy what should warm the heart.

*From Florio,—a Tale for fine Gentlemen and
fine Ladies.*

FLORIO and his Friend BELLARIO.

EXHAUSTED Florio, at the age
When youth should rush on glory's stage;
When life should open fresh and new,
And ardent hope her schemes pursue;
Of youthful gaiety bereft,
Had scarce an unbroach'd pleasure left;
He found already to his cost,
The shining gloss of life was lost;
And pleasure was so coy a prude,
She fled the more, the more pursu'd;

Or if, o'ertaken and caress'd,
He loath'd, and left her when possess'd.
But Florio knew the *world*; that science
Sets sense and learning at defiance;
He thought the *world* to him was known,
Whereas he only knew the *town*;
In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set—Mankind.

Tho' high renown the youth had gain'd,
No flagrant crimes his life had stain'd;
No tool of falsehood, slave of passion,
But spoilt by *Custom*, and the *Fashion*.
Tho' known among *a certain set*,
He did not like to be in debt;
He shudder'd at the dicer's box,
Nor thought it very heterodox
That tradesmen should be sometimes paid,
And bargains kept, as well as made.
His growing credit, as a sinner,
Was that he lik'd to spoil a dinner;
Made pleasure, and made business wait,
And still, by system, came too late;
Yet 'twas a hopeful indication,
On which to found a reputation:
Small habits, well pursu'd betimes,
May reach the dignity of crimes,

And who a juster claim preferred,
Than one who always broke his word ?

His mornings were not spent in vice,
'Twas lounging, sauntering, eating ice ;
Walk up and down St. James's Street,
Full fifty times the youth you'd meet :
He hated cards, detested drinking,
But stroll'd to shun the toil of thinking ;
'Twas doing nothing was his curse,
Is there a vice can plague us worse ?
The wretch who digs the mine for bread,
Or ploughs, that others may be fed,
Feels less fatigue than that decreed
To him who cannot think or read.
Not all the peril of temptations,
Not all the conflict of the passions,
Can quench the spark of glory's flame,
Or quite extinguish Virtue's name ;
Like the true taste for genuine saunter,
Like Sloth, the soul's most dire enchanter.
The active fires that stir the breast,
Her poppies charm to fatal rest ;
They rule in short and quick succession,
But Sloth keeps one long, fast possession ;
Ambition's reign is quickly clos'd,
Th' usurper Rage is soon depos'd ;

Intemperance, where there's no temptation,
Makes voluntary abdication ;
Of other tyrants short the strife,
But Indolence is king for life ;
The despot twists, with soft control,
Eternal fetters round the soul.

Yet tho' so polish'd Florio's breeding,
Think him not ignorant of reading ;
For he to keep him from the vapours,
Subscrib'd at Hookham's, saw the papers ;
Was deep in poet's-corner wit ;
Knew what was in Italics writ ;
Explain'd fictitious names at will,
Each gutted syllable could fill ;
There oft, in paragraphs, his name
Gave symptom sweet of growing fame ;
Tho' yet they only serv'd to hint
That Florio lov'd to see in print,
His ample buckles' alter'd shape,
His buttons chang'd, his varying cape.
And many a standard phrase was his
Might rival *bore*, or banish *quiz* ;
The man who grasps this young renown,
And early starts for fashion's crown ;
In time that glorious prize may wield,
Which clubs, and even Newmarket yield.

He studied while he dress'd, for true 'tis,
He read *Compendiums, Extracts, Beauties,*
Abrégés, Dictionnaires, Recueils,
Mercures, Journaux, Extraits, and Feuilles ;
No work in substance now is follow'd,
The Chemic Extract only's swallow'd.
He lik'd those literary cooks,
Who skim the cream of others' books ;
And ruin half an author's graces,
By plucking bons-mots from their places ;
He wonders any writing sells,
But these spic'd mushrooms and morells ;
His palate these alone can touch,
Where every mouthful is *bonne bouche*.
Some phrase, that with the public took,
Was all he read of any book ;
For plan, detail, arrangement, system,
He let *them* go, and never miss'd 'em.
Of each new play he saw a part,
And all the *Anas* had by heart ;
He found whatever they produce
Is fit for conversation—use ;
Learning so ready for display,
A page would prime him for a day :
They cram not with a mass of knowledge,
Which smacks of toil, and smells of college,

Which in the memory useless lies,
Or only makes men—good and wise.
This might have merit once indeed,
But now for other ends we read.

A friend he had, Bellario hight,
A reasoning, reading, learned wight ;
At least with men of Florio's breeding,
He was a prodigy of reading.
He knew each stale and vapid lie,
In tomes of French philosophy ;
And then, we fairly may presume,
From Pyrrho down to David Hume,
'Twere difficult to single out
A man more full of shallow doubt ;
He knew the little sceptic prattle,
The sophist's paltry arts of battle ;
Talk'd gravely of th' Atomic dance,
Of moral fitness, fate, and chance ;
Admir'd the system of Lucretius,
Whose matchless verse makes nonsense specious ;
To this his doctrine owes its merits,
Like poisonous reptiles kept in spirits ;
Tho' sceptics dull his scheme rehearse,
Who have not souls to taste his verse.

Bellarion founds his reputation
On dry, stale jokes, about Creation ;

Would prove, by argument circuitous
The combination was fortuitous.
Swore Priests' whole trade was to deceive,
And prey on bigots who believe ;
With bitter ridicule could jeer,
And had the true free-thinking sneer.
Grave arguments he had in store,
Which have been answer'd o'er and o'er ;
And us'd, with wondrous penetration,
The trite, old trick of false citation ;
From ancient authors fond to quote
A phrase or thought they never wrote.

Upon his highest shelf there stood
The classics, neatly cut in wood ;
And in a more commodious station,
You found them in a French translation :
He swears, 'tis from the Greek he quotes,
But keeps the French — just for the notes.
He worshipp'd certain modern names,
Who History write in Epigrams,
In pointed periods, shining phrases,
And all the small poetic daisies,
Which crowd the pert and florid style,
Where fact is dropt to raise a smile ;
Where notes indecent or profane
Serve to *raise* doubts, but not *explain* :

Where all is spangle, glitter, show,
And truth is overlaid below :
Arts scorn'd by History's sober Muse,
Arts Clarendon disdain'd to use.

Whate'er the subject of debate,
'Twas larded still with sceptic prate ;
Begin whatever theme you will,
In unbelief he lands you still ;
The good, with shame I speak it, feel
Not half this proselyting zeal ;
While cold their Master's cause to own,
Content to go to Heaven alone ;
The infidel in liberal trim,
Would carry all the world with him ;
Would treat his wife, friend, kindred, nation,
Mankind — with what ? — Annihilation.

Tho' Florio did not quite believe him,
He thought, why should a friend deceive him ?
Much as he priz'd Bellario's wit,
He lik'd not all his notions yet ;
He thought him charming, pleasant, odd,
But hop'd one might believe in God ;
Yet such the charms that grac'd his tongue,
He knew not how to think him wrong.
Tho' Florio tried a thousand ways,
Truth's insuppressive torch would blaze ;

Where once her flame has burnt, I doubt
If ever it go fairly out.

Yet under great Bellario's care
He gain'd each day a better air;
With many a leader of renown,
Deep in the learning of the town,
Who never other science knew,
But what from that prime source they drew;
Pleas'd, to the opera they repair,
To get recruits of knowledge there;
Mythology gain at a glance,
And learn the classics from a dance:
In Ovid they ne'er car'd a groat
How far'd the venturous Argonaut;
Yet charm'd they see Medea rise
On fiery dragons to the skies.
For Dido, tho' they never knew her
As Maro's magic pencil drew her,
Faithful, and fond, and broken-hearted,
Her pious vagabond departed;
Yet, for Didone how they roar!
And *cara! cara!* loud encore.

One taste Bellario's soul possess'd,
The master-passion of his breast;
It was not one of those frail joys,
Which, by possession, quickly cloy;

This bliss was solid, constant, true,
'Twas action, and 'twas passion too ;
For tho' the business might be finish'd,
The pleasure scarcely was diminish'd ;
Did he ride out, or sit, or walk,
He liv'd it o'er again in talk ;
Prolong'd the fugitive delight,
In words by day, in dreams by night.
'Twas *eating* did his soul allure,
A deep, keen, modish epicure ;
Tho' once this name, as I opine,
Meant not such men as live to dine ;
Yet all our modern Wits assure us,
That's all *they* know of Epicurus :
They fondly fancy, that repletion
Was the *chief good* of that fam'd Grecian.
To live in gardens full of flowers,
And talk philosophy in bowers,
Or, in the covert of a wood,
To descant on the *sovereign good*,
Might be the notion of their founder,
But they have notions vastly sounder ;
Their bolder standards they erect,
To form a more substantial sect ;
Old Epicurus would not own 'em ;
A dinner is their *summum bonum*.

More like you'll find such sparks as these
To Epicurus' Deities;
Like them they mix not with affairs,
But loll and laugh at human cares.
To beaux this difference is allow'd,
They choose a sofa for a cloud;
Bellario had embrac'd with glee
This practical philosophy.*

* See volume first of Hannah More's admirable works.
19 vols. Cadell, 1818.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

*Sonnet to Hope.**

O EVER skill'd to wear the form we love !
To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart ;
Come, gentle Hope ! with one gay smile remove
The lasting sadness of an aching heart.
Thy voice, benign Enchantress ! let me hear ;
Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom,
That Fancy's radiance, Friendship's precious tear,
Shall soften, or shall chase, misfortune's gloom.
But come not glowing in the dazzling ray,
Which once with dear illusions charm'd my eye,
O ! strew no more, sweet flatterer ! on my way
The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die ;
Visions less fair will soothe my pensive breast,
That asks not happiness, but longs for rest !

* To this sonnet, the authoress has subjoined the following note, in an edition of her Poems printed 1823 :
“ I commence the Sonnets with that to Hope, from a predilection in its favour, for which I have a proud reason ; it is that of Mr. Wordsworth, who lately honoured me with his visits while at Paris, having repeated it to me from memory, after a lapse of many years.”

SONG.

AH, Evan, by thy winding stream
How once I lov'd to stray,
And view the morning's reddening beam,
Or charm of closing day!

To yon dear grot by Evan's side,
How oft my steps were led,
Where far beneath the waters glide,
And thick the woods are spread!

But I no more a charm can see
In Evan's lovely glades;
And drear and desolate to me
Are those enchanting shades.

While far—how far from Evan's bowers,
My wandering lover flies;
Where dark the angry tempest lowers,
And high the billows rise!

And O, where'er the wanderer goes,
Is that poor mourner dear,
Who gives, while soft the Evan flows,
Each passing wave a tear!

And does he now that grotto view?
On those steep banks still gaze?
In fancy does he still pursue
The Evan's lovely maze?

O come! repass the stormy wave,
O toil for gold no more!
Our love a dearer pleasure gave
On Evan's peaceful shore.

Leave not my breaking heart to mourn
The joys so long denied;
Ah, soon to those green banks return
Where Evan meets the Clyde.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

The Kitten.

WANTON drole, whose harmless play
Beguiles the rustic's closing day,
When drawn the evening fire about,
Sit aged crone, and thoughtless lout,
And child upon his three-foot stool,
Waiting till his supper cool ;
And maid, whose cheek outblossoms the rose,
As bright the blazing faggot glows,
Who, bending to the friendly light,
Plies her task with busy sleight ;
Come, shew thy tricks and sportive graces,
Thus circled round with merry faces.

Backward coil'd, and crouching low,
With glaring eyeballs watch thy foe,
The housewife's spindle whirling round,
Or thread, or straw, that on the ground
Its shadow throws, by urchin sly
Held out to lure thy roving eye ;
Then, onward stealing, fiercely spring
Upon the futile, faithless thing.

Now, wheeling round, with bootless skill,
Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,
As oft beyond thy curving side
Its jetty tip is seen to glide ;
Till, from thy centre starting far,
Thou sidelong rear'st, with rump in air,
Erected stiff, and gait awry,
Like madam in her tantrums high :
Tho' ne'er a madam of them all
Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall,
More varied trick and whim displays,
To catch the admiring stranger's gaze.

Doth power in varied measures dwell,
All thy vagaries wild to tell ?

Ah no ! the start, the jet, the bound,
The giddy scamper round and round,
With leap, and jerk, and high curvet,
And many a whirling somerset,
(Permitted be the modern muse
Expression technical to use,)
These mock the deftest rhymester's skill,
But poor in art, tho' rich in will.

The featest tumbler, stage-bedight,
To thee is but a clumsy wight,
Who every limb and sinew strains,
To do what costs thee little pains,

For which, I trow, the gaping crowd
Requites him oft with plaudits loud.
But, stopp'd the while thy wanton play,
Applauses too, *thy* feats repay :
For then, beneath some urchin's hand,
With modest pride thou tak'st thy stand,
While many a stroke of fondness glides
Along thy back and tabby sides.
Dilated swells thy glossy fur,
And loudly sings thy busy pur ;
As, timing well the equal sound,
Thy clutching feet bepat the ground,
And all their harmless claws disclose,
Like prickles of an early rose ;
While softly from thy whisker'd cheek,
Thy half-clos'd eyes peer mild and meek.

But not alone by cottage fire
Do rustics rude thy feats admire ;
The learned sage, whose thoughts explore
The widest range of human lore,
Or, with unfetter'd fancy, fly
Thro' airy heights of poesy,
Pausing, smiles with alter'd air,
To see thee climb his elbow-chair,
Or, struggling on the mat below,
Hold warfare with his slipper'd toe.

The widow'd dame, or lonely maid,
Who in the still, but cheerless shade
Of home unsocial, spends her age,
And rarely turns a letter'd page;
Upon her hearth for thee lets fall
The rounded cork, or paper ball,
Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch
The ends of ravell'd skein to catch,
But lets thee have thy wayward will,
Perplexing oft her sober skill.
Even he, whose mind of gloomy bent,
In lonely tower or prison pent,
Reviews the coil of former days,
And loathes the world and all its ways;
What time the lamp's unsteady gleam
Doth rouse him from his moody dream,
Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat,
His heart with pride less fiercely beat,
And smiles, a link in thee to find
That joins him still to living kind.

Whence hast thou, then, thou witless puss,
The magic power to charm us thus?
Is it, that in thy glaring eye,
And rapid movements, we descry,
While we at ease, secure from ill,
The chimney-corner snugly fill,

A lion darting on the prey,
A tiger at his ruthless play?
Or, is it, that in thee we trace,
With all thy varied wanton grace,
An emblem view'd with kindred eye,
Of tricky, restless infancy?
Ah! many a lightly-sportive child,
Who hath, like thee, our wits beguil'd,
To dull and sober manhood grown,
With strange recoil our hearts disown.
Even so, poor Kit! must thou endure,
When thou becom'st a cat demure,
Full many a cuff and angry word,
Chid roughly from the tempting board.
And yet, for that thou hast, I ween,
So oft our favour'd playmate been,
Soft be the change which thou shalt prove
When time hath spoil'd thee of our love;
Still be thou deem'd, by housewife fat,
A comely, careful, mousing cat,
Whose dish is, for the public good,
Replenish'd oft with savoury food.

Nor, when thy span of life is past,
Be thou to pond or dunghill cast;
But gently borne on goodman's spade,
Beneath the decent sod be laid,

And children shew, with glistening eyes,
The place where poor old Pussy lies.

SONG.

(*In Ethwold.*)

WAKE awhile, and pleasant be,
Gentle voice of melody.

Say, sweet carol, who are they
Who cheerly greet the rising day?
Little birds in leafy bower;
Swallows twittering on the tower;
Larks upon the light air borne;
Hunters rous'd with shrilly horn;
The woodman whistling on his way;
The new-wak'd child at early play,
Who barefoot prints the dewy green,
Winking to the sunny sheen;
And the meek maid who binds her yellow hair,
And blithely doth her daily task prepare.

Say, sweet carol, who are they
Who welcome in the evening grey?

The housewife trim and merry lout,
Who sit the blazing fire about ;
The sage a conning o'er his book ;
The tired wight, in rushy nook,
Who half asleep, but faintly hears
The gossip's tale hum in his ears ;
The loosen'd steed in grassy stall ;
The Thanies feasting in the hall ;
But most of all, the maid of cheerful soul,
Who fills her peaceful warrior's flowing bowl.

Well hast thou said ! and thanks to thee,
Voice of gentle melody !

SONG.

(In Orra.)

THE cough and crow to roost are gone,
The owl sits on the tree,
The hush'd wind wails with feeble moan,
Like infant charity.
The wild-fire dances on the fen,
The red star sheds its ray,
Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men !
It is our opening day.

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,
And clos'd is every flower,
And winking tapers faintly peep
High from my Lady's bower ;
Bewilder'd hinds with shorten'd ken
Shrink on their murky way,
Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men !
It is our opening day.

Nor board nor garner own we now,
Nor roof nor latched door,
Nor kind mate bound by holy vow
To bless a good man's store ;
Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
And night is grown our day,
Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men !
And use it as ye may.

SONG.

(In The Beacon.)

WISH'D-FOR gales the light vane veering,
Better dreams the dull night cheering ;
Lighter heart the morning greeting,
Things of better omen meeting ;

Eyes each passing stranger watching,
Ears each feeble rumour catching,
Say he existeth still on earthly ground,
The absent will return, the long, long lost be found.

In the tower the ward-bell ringing,
In the court the carols singing;
Busy hands the gay board dressing,
Eager steps the threshold pressing,
Open'd arms in haste advancing,
Joyful looks thro' blind tears glancing;
The gladsome bounding of his aged hound,
Say he in truth is here, our long, long lost is found.

Hymned thanks and beedsmen praying,
With sheath'd sword the urchin playing;
Blazon'd hall with torches burning,
Cheerful morn in peace returning;
Converse sweet that strangely borrows
Present bliss from former sorrows,
O who can tell each blessed sight and sound,
That says, he with us bides, our long, long lost is
found.

SONG.

(In The Beacon.)

Up! quit thy bower, late wears the hour ;
Long have the rooks caw'd round thy tower ;
On flower and tree, loud hums the bee ;
The wilding kid sports merrily :
A day so bright, so fresh, so clear,
Shineth when good fortune's near.

Up! lady fair, and braid thy hair,
And rouse thee in the breezy air ;
The lulling stream, that sooth'd thy dream,
Is dancing in the sunny beam ;
And hours so sweet, so bright, so gay,
Will waft good fortune on its way.

Up! time will tell ; the friar's bell
Its service sound hath chim'd well ;
The aged crone keeps house alone,
And reapers to the fields are gone ;
The active day so boon and bright,
May bring good fortune ere the night.

SONG.

O WELCOME bat and owlet grey
Thus winging low your airy way ;
And welcome moth and drowsy fly,
That to mine ear come humming by :
And welcome shadows, long and deep,
And stars that from the pale sky peep ;
O welcome all ! to me you say,
My woodland love is on her way.

Upon the soft wind floats her hair,
Her breath is on the dewy air ;
Her steps are in the whisper'd sound
That steals along the stilly ground.
O dawn of day, in rosy bower,
What art thou to this witching hour !
O noon of day, in sunshine bright,
What art thou to this fall of night !

SONG.

THE gowan glitters on the sward,
The lavrock's in the sky,
And colley on my plaid keeps ward,
And time is passing by.

Oh no! sad and slow!

I hear nae welcome sound;
The shadow of our trysting-bush,
It wears so slowly round!

My sheep-bell tinkles frae the west,
My lambs are bleating near;
But still the sound that I lo'e best,
Alack! I canna hear!

Oh no! sad and slow!

The shadow lingers still;
And like a lanely ghaist I stand,
And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,
The mill wi' clacking din;
And luckey scolding frae the door,
To bring the bairnies in.

Oh no! sad and slow!

These are nae sounds for me;
The shadow of our trysting-bush,
It creeps sae drearily!

I coft yestreen from chapman Tam
A snood o' bonnie blue,
And promis'd, when our trysting cam,
To tie it round her brow.

Oh no! sad and slow!
The time it winna pass!
The shadow of that weary thorn
Is tether'd on the grass.

O now I see her on the way,
She's past the Witch's knowe;
She's climbing up the Brownie's brae;
My heart is in a lowe.
Oh no! sad and slow!
'Tis glamrie I hae seen;
The shadow of that hawthorn bush
Will move nae mair till e'en.

My book o' grace I'll try to read,
Tho' conn'd wi' little skill;
When colley barks I'll raise my head,
And find her on the hill.
Oh no! 'tis nae so!
The time will ne'er be gane!
The shadow of the trysting-bush
Is fix'd like ony stane.

SCOTT.

In the third volume of Ellis's *Specimens of the E. E. P.* are two poems by Miss Scott of Ancram. The following is one of them.

The Owl.

WHILE the Moon, with sudden gleam,
Thro' the clouds that cover her,
Darts her light upon the stream,
And the poplars gently stir,
Pleas'd I hear thy boding cry!
Owl, that lov'st the cloudy sky,
Sure, thy notes are harmony!

While the maiden, pale with care,
Wanders to the lonely shade,
Sighs her sorrows to the air,
While the flowerets round her fade,—
Shrinks to hear thy boding cry,
Owl, that lov'st the cloudy sky,
To her it is not harmony!

While the wretch, with mournful dole,
 Wrings his hands in agony,
Praying for his brother's soul
 Whom he pierced suddenly,—
 Shrinks to hear thy boding cry,—
 Owl, that lov'st the cloudy sky,
 To him it is not harmony.

AMELIA OPIE.

The Orphan Boy's Tale.

STAY, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale,
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake,
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor foolish child! how pleas'd was I,
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home my mother sought,
She could not bear to see my joy;
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud,
My mother, shuddering, clos'd her ears;
' Rejoice ! rejoice !' still cried the crowd ;
My mother answer'd with her tears.
' Why are you crying thus,' said I,
' While others laugh and shout with joy ?'
She kiss'd me — and with such a sigh !
She call'd me her poor orphan boy.

' What is an orphan boy ?' I cried,
As in her face I look'd, and smil'd ;
My mother thro' her tears replied,
' You'll know too soon, ill-fated child !'
And now they've toll'd my mother's knell,
And I'm no more a parent's joy,
O lady, — I have learnt too well
What 'tis to be an orphan boy.

Oh ! were I by your bounty fed !
Nay, gentle lady, do not chide, —
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread ;
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
Lady, you weep ! — ha ? — this to me ?
You'll give me clothing, food, employ ?
Look down, dear parents ! look, and see
Your happy, happy orphan boy !

SONG.

Go, youth belov'd, in distant glades,
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find !
Yet sometimes deign, midst fairer maids,
To think on her thou leav'st behind.
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share
Must never be my happy lot ;
But thou mayst grant this humble prayer,
Forget me not, forget me not.

Yet, should the thought of my distress
Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express,
Nor ever deign to think on me :
But, oh ! if grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
Forget me not ! forget me not !

ANNE GRANT.

From The Highlanders.

(Part II.)

The domestic Group assembled in the evening, rehearse to each other the toils, adventures, visions, and contemplations of the day. Enthusiastic feeling, excited by the simple pathos of artless narrative or unstudied composition—contrasted with the apathy common among those in whom much intercourse with the world has blunted the finer feelings—illustrated by a comparison. Evening worship.

WHEN the declining Sun withdraws his fires,
And slowly from the mountain top retires;
When echoes whisper to the evening gale,
And shadows dim the visionary vale:
When cattle slumber in the peaceful fold,
And clouds in wild fantastic shapes are roll'd;
The scatter'd family delighted meet,
And with complacent smile each other greet.
All day from deep recesses of the woods,
From shelving rocks, or secret winding floods,

Each individual strives to bring a share
To aid their household wants, or help their frugal
fare.

The boastful *Boy*, caught by his feeble hook
Displays the scaly tenants of the brook :
The *Goat-herds* in their osier baskets bring
The wholesome herbs on airy cliffs that spring ;
The alder bark that gives the sable dye,
Or buds of heath that with the saffron vie ;
While moss, that wont on aged rocks to grow,
Shall make the various woof with purple glow :
The housewife pleas'd the varied gifts beholds,
While hope anticipates the chequer'd folds ;
And colours of the home-made drapery,
Pride of her heart, and pleasure of her eye.
The cumbrous burden see the *Father* bear,
Of pliant birch, or smooth-grain'd juniper ;
To form the roof that shields the humble dome,
“ Where every wandering stranger finds a home ;”
Or frame the seemly vessels that contain
The milky store which from their flocks they drain ;
For here scarce known the sordid arts of trade,
They seek no gross mechanic's frigid aid :
Tho' mean the dwelling thus uncouthly rear'd,
'Tis still by kindly gratitude endear'd :
While each his neighbour aids with cordial smile,
To build, like labouring ants, the rustic pile,

The household stuff their simple wants demand,
Is fashion'd by the ingenious owner's hand :
The knife, the axe, the auger, and the fire,
The only tools that aid th' inventive sire.
From courtly domes on marble columns borne,
Let not the artist view their works with scorn ;
Till he another cot produce to view,
By means as simple, and with tools as few.

The wish'd *Repast* the weary inmates cheers,
And kindness now on every face appears ;
Well pleas'd to meet in comfort, and display
The mix'd adventures of the various day.
What bounding deer and fluttering game they
trac'd,

What hunter met them on the moory waste ;
What straying cattle from the adjacent strath,
They careful turn'd into the homeward path :
Or tell what rude and new-invented lay,
With soothing cadence lull'd their tedious day :
Th' unearthly voice, deep-sounding thro' the wood,
Or vision wild of mournful solitude,
That brings the long-lost brother back again
From Quebec's gates, or sad Culloden's plain :
By turns in wonder wrapt, or chill'd with fear,
Or sunk in woe, th' attentive audience hear ;
And each impression which their words impart,
Sinks with deep interest on the artless heart :

Not all the magic cunning of the scene,
Tho' Siddons' self in sorrow's pomp be seen,
Can wake emotions in the callous mind,
Vers'd in the crooked science of mankind,
So soft, so strong, so warm, as here are known,
Where modest Nature works, and works alone.
The vivid portion of celestial fire,
Which bids the energetic soul aspire,
Like the clear flames that light the frozen zone,
Blown by the favouring breath of heaven alone,
More brightly blazes, more intensely glows,
Than where slow art her languid aid bestows.

Now all the household with due reverence kneel,
While in emphatic phrase with fervent zeal,
The *Parent Swain* pours out his ardent prayer,
For the dear objects of his tenderest care;
Or else, by humble gratitude inspir'd,
His swelling heart with holy transport fir'd,
Presents his praise—an *Evening Sacrifice*,
Sincere and welcome to the approving skies.
Thus blessing Heaven, and by each other blest,
They drown their toils in sweet oblivious rest.

No Hamlet without some Widow, who is in a great measure supported, and saved from the disgrace of a mendicant life, by the little Society.

WHERE yonder ridgy mountains bound the scene,
The narrow opening glens that intervene
Still shelter, in some lowly nook obscure,
One poorer than the rest—where all are poor;
Some *widow'd Matron*, hopeless of relief,
Who to her secret breast confines her grief;
Dejected sighs the wintry night away,
And lonely muses all the summer day:
Her gallant sons, who smit with honour's charms,
Pursued the phantom Fame thro' war's alarms,
Return no more; stretch'd on Hindostan's plain,
Or sunk beneath th' unfathomable main;
In vain her eyes the watery waste explore,
For heroes—fated to return no more!
Let others bless the morning's reddening beam,
Foe to her peace—it breaks th' illusive dream
That, in their prime of manly bloom confest,
Restor'd the long lost warriors to her breast;
And as they strove, with smiles of filial love,
Their widow'd parent's anguish to remove,
Thro' her small casement broke th' intrusive day,
And chas'd the pleasing images away!
No time can e'er her banish'd joys restore,
For ah! a heart once broken, heals no more.

The dewy beams that gleam from pity's eye,
The "still small voice" of sacred sympathy,
In vain the mourner's sorrows would beguile,
Or steal from weary woe one languid smile;
Yet what they can they do,—the scanty store,
So often open'd for the wandering poor,
To her each cottager complacent deals,
While the kind glance the melting heart reveals;
And still, when evening streaks the west with gold,
The milky tribute from the lowing fold
With cheerful haste officious children bring,
And every smiling flower that decks the Spring:
Ah! little know the fond attentive train,
That Spring and flowerets smile for her in vain:
Yet hence they learn to reverence modest woe,
And of their little all a part bestow.
Let those to wealth and proud distinction born,
With the cold glance of insolence and scorn
Regard the suppliant wretch,—and harshly grieve
The bleeding heart their bounty would relieve,—
Far different these;—while from a bounteous heart
With the poor sufferer they divide a part;
Humbly they own that all they have is given
A boon precarious from indulgent Heaven:
And the next blighted crop, or frosty spring,
Themselves to equal indigence may bring.

HOLFORD.

From WALLACE, or the Fight of Falkirk.

(Canto II.)

WALLACE in sober mood revolves
High soaring hopes and deep resolves ;
Sees victory gain'd, the day his own,
A native monarch on the throne,
And hears his much-lov'd country shed
A thousand blessings on his head !
'Twas a gay dream,—the voice of Græme
 Dispers'd it, and it fled away,
As fly from morning's ruddy beam
 The mists of early day :
As its accents came to Wallace' ear,
They sounded with half their wonted cheer,
And when he rais'd his speaking eye,
It sparkled with half the usual joy,
For who so blithe as the gallant Græme,
When he stood on the edge of the hour of fame!
But now a strange, unwelcome guest
O'erclouds his brow, and chills his breast ;

His generous heart disdain'd to bear
The ponderous weight of untold care ;
Tho' half asham'd, his lips confess
His fancy's dreary dreams, his bosom's heaviness.

“ Wallace, in many a busy hour
We have look'd on death together,
We have seen the fiercest war-clouds lower,
Stood calm mid many an iron shower,
And mock'd the pelting weather ;
And smil'd to see our burnish'd mail
Turn the thick storm of arrowy hail ;
For still, wherever Wallace trod
My foot as firmly press'd the sod ;
My heart's first boast, my dearest pride,
To stand or fall by Wallace' side !
How wilt thou marvel then to hear,
That gossip tales and baby fear,
Sleep's flimsy shades — night's mockeries,
With magic film delude my eyes,
Till to my heart the future seems
Crowded with sanguine forms, a scene of ghastly
dreams.

Nay, Wallace, smile not on thy friend ;
'Tis pressing on a thorn :
Chide, and thy voice shall not offend ;
But Græme endures not scorn !

Of late in great Kincardine's tower,
Subdued by slumber's welcome power,
In willing thrall I lay;
When to my eyes a phantom rose,
Which scar'd the angel of repose,
And fill'd me with dismay:
All shivering, wan, and smear'd with blood,
Close to my couch Sir Patrick stood;
His pale, pale cheek and clotted hair,
His hollow eyes' unearthly glare,
Appall'd my senses; from my brow
The beads of fear began to flow;
The phantom shook its gory head —
' Art thou a Græme?' it sternly said,
' Art thou a Græme? and does thine eye
Shrink to behold war's livery?
The Fates, enamour'd of our name,
Loudly demand another Græme;
Thy death-word is pronounc'd on high,
The last of all thy fields is nigh!
Farewell, thy task shall soon be o'er;
We meet ere long, to part no more!

* * * * *

I sprang from my couch as the dawn arose,
And thought in my restless mind,
That the grizzly forms of vex'd repose,
Would flee from the morning wind;

And I climb'd to the brow of the upland heath,
 To taste of the gale the freshest breath ;
 A cloud was on Craig Rossie's brow,
 Dark gloom'd Kincardine's towers below,
 And the winding Ruthven's rippling swell
 Murmur'd low on mine ear, ' Farewell, farewell !'
 Then I thought on thee, and thy loyal tryste,
 And I sprang on my berry-brown steed,
 That it might not be said that Græme was miss'd
 In the hour of Scotland's need ;
 But still as I rode, I turn'd me round,
 To list to the Ruthven's mournful sound,
 And thou canst not think how its voice was dear,
 When its last faint murmur met mine ear !
 For prophetic was my answering sigh
 To the stream which I lov'd in infancy !"

" By Heaven !" cried Wallace, " yonder foe
 Has brib'd some demon of the night,
 To chill thy bosom's generous glow,
 Unstring thy right arm for the blow,
 And blunt the sword of our worthiest knight !
 But blush not, man ! a goblin tale
 Oft makes the hero's cheek turn pale ;
 Oft has my sleep been vex'd and cross'd
 By wailing sprite, or grizzly ghost,
 Till gazing on the shadows grim,
 Spell-bound, I've shook in every limb ;

But when arose the welcome day,
The cowards shunn'd the piercing ray,
And reason whistled them away ;
But see, where the warlock rowan* bends,
And offers its mystic aid,
For 'tis said that the helm which its leaf defends
Shall mock the temper'd blade.”
Then smiling, he tore a branch in haste,
And fast in the helm of his comrade plac'd,
And tho' little of warlock aid he reck'd,
With the powerful plant his bonnet deck'd.

“ Oh, Græme ! my brother, and my friend,
The dawn is creeping on,
And thou or I may meet our end,
Ere this day's work is done ;
Or by the cozie ingle side
Thro' tame old age may safely glide ;
But this we know — no 'coward slave
Shall ever sleep in either grave ;
Yet lest life's wintry eve *be* ours,
Let's cut out talk for tedious hours,
While still our proudest theme shall be,
The tale of this day's victory !
Our trampled fields refuse to give
Yon lawless plunderers means to live,

* Mountain ash.

And their wasted forms will but afford
 Half triumph to the hungry sword ;
 But Heaven is weary—to the skies
 The cries of ravag'd nations rise ;
 Yon Cambrians, harness'd to the yoke,
 Their bloody chains have rudely broke,
 For every sigh of the summer wind,

And every groan of the distant flood,
 Brings to each gall'd and fetter'd mind
 Their weeping country left behind,

And Conway's waves of blood ;
 Wrapt in gray mists, mid the evening gale,
 White-bearded prophets dimly sail,
 And our mountain echoes, sad and faint,
 Seem Hoel's mournful harp, and Hoel's mild
 complaint !”

* * * * *

Then Græme dismiss'd the transient gloom,
 And shook, well-pleas'd, his shadowy plume ;
 He pois'd his spear, and grasp'd his shield,
 And turn'd him towards the crowded field ;
 But the dark bird sate on the oak,
 And loaded the gale with his sullen croak ;
 On heavy wing, in cowering flight,
 The rowan he snatch'd from the helmet bright ;
 Then flew from the chieftain's eager gaze,
 Which follow'd his course in deep amaze !

E'en Wallace felt his cheek turn pale,
And his heart for doubt began to fail;
Græme cheerly smil'd on his faltering friend,
“ 'Tis well! Fate warns me of my end!
Another hour of toil and sorrow,
Sleep, tranquil sleep, is mine to-morrow!”
Then he strode away, and the woodland rang
With his ponderous armour's iron clang.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Infant Love.

(From *Blanch*, a Poem.)

IF in this world of breathing harm,
There lurk one universal charm,
One power, which, to no clime confin'd,
Sways either sex, and every mind ;
Which cheers the monarch on his throne ;
The slave beneath the torrid zone ;
The soldier rough, the letter'd sage,
And careless youth, and helpless age ;
And all that live, and breath, and move —
'Tis the pure kiss of infant love !

ANONYMOUS AUTHORESS.

Among the poems of Wordsworth are the following verses
by a Female Friend of the Author. They are understood to be the production of a very near relative of that exquisite writer.

Address to a Child, during a Boisterous Winter Evening.

WHAT way does the Wind come? what way
does he go?

He rides over the water and over the snow,
Thro' wood and thro' vale; and o'er rocky height
Which the goat cannot climb takes his sounding
flight.

He tosses about in every bare tree,
As, if you look up, you plainly may see;
But how he will come, and whither he goes,
There's never a scholar in England knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,
And rings a sharp larum;—but if you should look,
There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow

Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,
And softer than if it were covered with silk.

Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock;
Yet seek him,—and what shall you find in the
place?

Nothing but silence and empty space,
Save in a corner, a heap of dry leaves,
That he's left for a bed for beggars or thieves!

As soon as 'tis daylight, to-morrow with me
You'll go to the orchard, and then you will see
That he has been there, and made a great rout,
And cracked the branches, and strewn them about;
Heaven grant that he spare but that one upright
twig

That look'd up at the sky so proud and big
All last summer, as well you know,
Studded with apples, a beautiful show!

Hark! over the roof he makes a pause,
And growls as if he would fix his claws
Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle
Drive them down, like men in a battle:
— But let him range round; he does us no harm
We build up the fire, we're snug and warm;

Untouch'd by his breath, see the candle shines
bright,

And burns with a clear and steady light ;
Books have we to read,—hush ! that half-stifled
knell,

Methinks 'tis the sound of the eight-o'clock bell.

Come, now we'll to bed ! and when we are there,
He may work his own will, and what shall we care ?
He may knock at the door,—we'll not let him in,
May drive at the windows,—we'll laugh at his
din ;

Let him seek his own home wherever it be ;
Here's a *cozie* warm house for Edward and me.

FELICIA HEMANS.

The Treasures of the Deep.

WHAT hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?

—Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colour'd
shells,

Bright things which gleam unreck'd of, and in
vain.

—Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!

We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more!—What wealth
untold,

Far down, and shining thro' their stillness, lies!

Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,

Won from ten thousand royal argosies.

—Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful
main,

Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the depths have more ! thy waves have
roll'd

Above the cities of a world gone by !

Sand hath fill'd up the palaces of old,

Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.

— Dash o'er them, Ocean ! in thy scornful play,

Man yields them to decay !

Yet more ! the billows and the depths have more !

High hearts and brave are gather'd to thy breast !

They hear not now the booming waters roar,

The battle-thunders will not break their rest.

— Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy
grave—

Give back the true and brave !

Give back the lost and lovely !—those for whom

The place was kept at board and hearth so long !

The prayer went up thro' midnight's breathless
gloom,

And the vain yearning woke midst festal song !

Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,

— But all is not thine own !

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,

Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,

O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery
crown;
— Yet must thou hear a voice— Restore the dead !
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee,
— Restore the dead, thou sea !

The Voice of Spring.

I COME, I come ! ye have call'd me long ;
I come o'er the mountains with light and song !
Ye may trace my steps o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breath'd on the South, and the chesnut-
flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains.
— But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin of the tomb !

I have pass'd o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth ;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the rein-deer bounds thro' the pasture free,

And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent thro' the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the nightbird's lay thro' the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loos'd the
chain,

They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest-boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their starry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie, may be now your home;
Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly.
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay!

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen,

Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth,
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And Youth is abroad in my green domains.

The First of March.

THE bud is in the bough
And the leaf is in the bud,
And Earth's beginning now
In her veins to feel the blood,
Which, warm'd by summer's sun
In th' alembic of the vine,
From her founts will overrun
In a ruddy gush of wine.

The perfume and the bloom
That shall decorate the flower,
Are quickening in the gloom
Of their subterranean bower;
And the juices meant to feed
Trees, vegetables, fruits,
Unerringly proceed
To their pre-appointed roots.

How awful the thought
Of the wonders underground,
Of the mystic changes wrought
In the silent, dark profound;
How each thing upwards tends
By necessity decreed,
And a world's support depends
On the shooting of a seed !

The Summer's in her ark,
And this sunny-pinion'd day
Is commission'd to remark
Whether Winter holds her sway;
Go back, thou dove of peace,
With the myrtle on thy wing,
Say that floods and tempests cease,
And the world is ripe for Spring.

Thou hast fann'd the sleeping Earth
Till her dreams are all of flowers,
And the waters look in mirth
For their overhanging bowers;
The forest seems to listen
For the rustle of its leaves,
And the very skies to glisten
In the hope of summer eves.

Thy vivifying spell
Has been felt beneath the wave,
By the dormouse in its cell,
And the mole within its cave ;
And the summer tribes that creep,
Or in air expand their wing,
Have started from their sleep,
At the summons of the Spring.

The cattle lift their voices
From the valleys and the hills,
And the feather'd race rejoices
With a gush of tuneful bills ;
And if this cloudless arch
Fills the poet's song with glee,
O thou sunny first of March,
Be it dedicate to thee !

L. E. LANDON.

Descriptive Sketch.

(From the *Literary Gazette*, No. 375.)

It is a lovely lake, with waves as blue
As e'er were lighted by the morning ray
To topaz—crowded with an hundred isles,
Each named from some peculiar flower it bears :
There is the Isle of Violets, whose leaves,
Thick in their azure beauty, fill the air
With most voluptuous breathings ; the Primrose
Gives name to one ; the Lillies of the Valley,
Like wreath'd pearls, to another ; Cowslips glow,
Ringed with golden bells the fragrant peal
Which the bees love so, in a fourth. How sweet
Upon a summer evening, when the lake
Lies half in shadow, half in crimson light,
Like hope and fear holding within the heart
Divided empire, with a light slack sail
To steer your little boat amid the isles,

Now gazing in the clouds like fiery halls,
Till head and eye are filled with gorgeous thoughts
Of golden palaces in fairyland ;
Or, looking thro' the clear, yet purple wave,
See the white pebbles, shining like the hearts
Pure and bright even in this darksome world !
There is one gloomy isle, quite overgrown
With weeping willows ; green, yet pensively
Sweep the long branches down to the tall grass ;
And in the very middle of the place
There stands a large old yew—beneath its shade
I would my grave might be : the tremulous light,
Breaking at intervals thro' the sad boughs,
Yet without power to warm the ground below,
Would be so like the mockery of hope.
No flowers grow there—they would not suit my
tomb :
It should be only strewed with withered leaves ;
And on a willow, near, my harp might hang,
Forgotten and forsaken, yet at times
Sending sweet music o'er the lake.

The Farewell.

(From the same.)

YES, I am changed ; yes, much much changed
Since first I sang to thee ;
I marvel, knowing what I am,
At what I once could be.

The trace of pleasure on my heart
Was like that of the wind,
And sorrow's self had not then left
A deeper trace behind.

My song was like the bursting forth
Of the first birds in spring ;
I had some thought of future flowers,
But none of withering.

I thought of love, but of love as
Love never yet was known ;
Of truth, of hope, of happiness—
But all these dreams are flown.

As sometimes on Italian shores
At dawn of day is seen
A fleeting show of fairy land,
Just such my life has been.

How I now loathe my dreams of song !
They have been so untrue ;
But more I loathe the dearer dream,
The one that dwelt with you !

Farewell to one, farewell to all,
Both song and love are o'er ;
The essence of their life is past,
For they deceive no more !

STANZAS.

(From the *Literary Gazette*, No. 387.)

Is this the harp you used to wake,
The harp of other days ?
Or is it that another hand
Amid its music strays ?

No ! the same harp to the same hand
Yields up its melody—
The song, too, is the very same,
Yet they are changed for me.

They are the same—but oh ! how changed
Since last I heard their tone ;

The change I vainly seek in them
Is in my heart alone.

Nay, fling not back thy cloud of hair,
Its roses are unbound ;
See, Leila, see thy carelessness,
They're scattered o'er the ground.

Yet, but an hour, when first the dew
Fell from the twilight star,
How tenderly these flowers were culled,
And now how crushed they are !

And must I in those roses read
What my heart's fate will be ?
That when the prize is once possess'd,
How slight its worth to thee.

Oh, all in vain thy small snow hand
Awakes its wildering strain ;
Thy dark eyes breathe the soul of song,
To me they turn in vain.

I heard thee wake the deep harp chords
For other ears than mine —
I saw the light of thy soft eyes
Upon another shine.

The heart must speak, or ever words
My depth of love can tell;
But eyes, hand, heart, must all be mine,
Or else, farewell, farewell!



APPENDIX.

THE HON. GERTRUDE THIMELBY,

Born died

Daughter of Lord Aston, of Tixall in Staffordshire, married Henry Thimelby, Esq. Her husband having died young, and her only child having soon followed its father to the grave, she spent the remainder of her life in a convent of English nuns, at Louvaine in Flanders, of which her sister-in-law was abbess.

Several copies of verses, written by her without any view to publication, were first printed in a work called *Tixall Poetry*—Edinburgh, 1813.

To her Husband.

On New-year's-day, 1651.

How swiftly time doth pass away,
Where happiness completes the day!
Weeks, months, and years, but moments prove
To those that nobly are in love.

This computation's only known
 To them that our pure flame can own.
 Succeeding years example take
 By those are past; their numbers wake
 Envy, while with a will resign'd
 No will is known till th' other's mind.

On the Death of her only Child.

DEAR infant,* 'twas thy mother's fault
 So soon enclos'd thee in a vault!
 And father's good, that in such haste
 Has my sweet child in heaven plac'd.
 I'll weep the first as my offence,
 Then joy that he made recompence;
 Yet must confess my frailty such
 My joy by grief's exceeded much:
 Tho' I, in reason, know thy bliss
 Can not be wish'd more than it is,

* Mrs. Thimelby was at this time a widow, and, in the expression of her humble sorrows, she seems to think that her child was taken from her on account of her faults, that it might be joined to its father in heaven on account of his virtues. — *Note by the Editor of the T. P.*

Yet this self-love o'errules me so,
I'd have thee here, or with thee go.
But since that now neither can be,
A virtue of necessity
I yet may make, now all my pelf
Content for thee, tho' not myself.

*To Sir WILLIAM and my Lady PERSALL, upon
the Death of their and our dear MALL.*

WE are too much concern'd to dry your tears,
Nor can they lessen yours, to hear our cares.
But friendship will be busy, tho' we know
That repetition but augments our woe.
Let's tread a middle path, then, pay our prayers
For what we had, for what we lost, our tears.
How could we hope in this world's virtue's dearth
Long to enjoy that little heaven on earth?
Was not her mind drawn in her lovely face?
Did not her soul shine thro' the crystal case?
As a clear sun upon a cloudless day
On some calm stream bestows his brightest ray.
But death inform'd us that the goal was won
Before the race did seem to us begun.

It were a sin to wish her here again ;
But pardon if I say that all the pain
For such a loss belongs not so to you,
But we may challenge equal portions too.
We rival not, but thus our title prove,
Tho' yours by nature, she was ours by love.



THE END.

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At page 76, *for* Fowles, *read* Fowler.



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